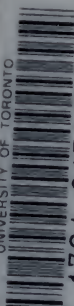


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DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA,
11/

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JOHANNOT.

LONDON:

J. J. DUBOCHET & CO., 75, OLD BROAD STREET.

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ANDREW W. KELT, LITH. PH. 269

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



LOVING Reader, you may believe me without an oath, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly and the most ingenious, that can be imagined.

But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like; and, therefore,

what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before? like one you may suppose born in a prison, where every inconvenience

keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Doubtless repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offspring to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost, as it were, with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, "Under my cloak, a fig for the king." All this exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation; and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without apprehension of being calumniated for the evil, or hope of reward for the good you shall report.

I would fain give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of a book. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write the history, I reckoned none greater than the writing of what you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my thoughtfulness. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor even to publish the achievements of that noble knight: for would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient law-giver, the vulgar, will say when they see me, at the end of so many years slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle,

of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading learning and eloquence?



When they cite the Holy Scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas's and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that in one line they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put

them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though the one was a railer and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquisses, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets; though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know would promptly furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved that signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned, you must own, by what I have told you.

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said, "By Jove, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions; but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so well made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that you say suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Say on," replied I, hearing what he said to me; "after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" He answered, "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trebizond of whom I have certain intelligence that they are both famous poets; and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two

farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it.

As to quoting, in the margin, the books and authors from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find: as, for example, treating of liberty and slavery,

‘Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.’

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have,

‘Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas regumque turres.’

If of friendship and loving our enemies as God enjoins, go to the Holy Scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God's own words:

‘Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros.’

If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the Gospel again,

‘De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.’

On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich,

‘Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.’

And so, with these scraps of Latin, and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it

safely in this manner: if you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliah; and with this alone, (which will cost almost nothing), you have a grand annotation: for you may put, The giant Golias, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.

Then, to show yourself a great scholar, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: The river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion its sands are of gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by rote. If you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora; and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject, Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders, Julius Cæsar offers you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, "Of the love of God," where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but using these names, or hinting these stories, in your text, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

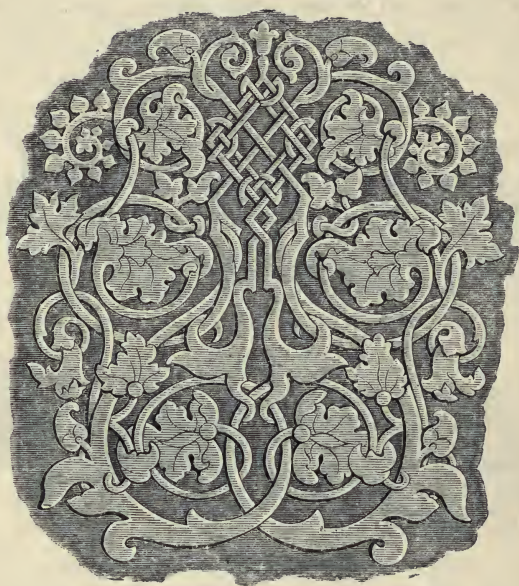
We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other works, that is wanting in yours; the remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do but to find a volume that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your book. And suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them, all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, at the first sight, give some authority to the book. And

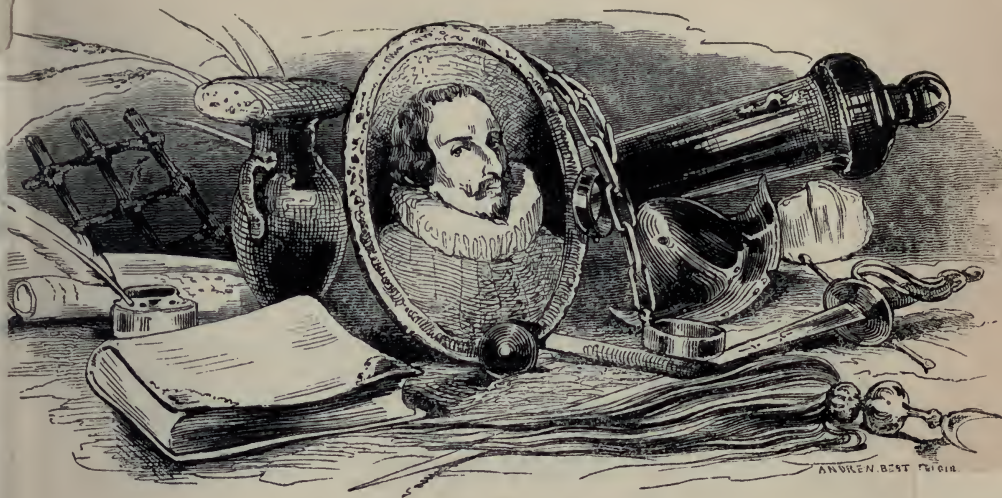
who will go about to disprove whether you follow them or not, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After all, if I take the thing right, this narrative of yours has no need of the ornaments you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere; nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture which no Christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do is to copy nature: imitation is the business, and the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. / Since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, by plainness, and significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and, as much as possible, making your conceptions clearly understood. Endeavour, also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humoured be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steadily to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; and, if you carry this point, you gain one of considerable importance.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface; wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, and my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his

squire, in whom, I think, I have decyphered all the squire-like graces that are scattered up and down in the whole mob of books of chivalry. And so God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.





MEMOIR OF CERVANTES,

WITH

A NOTICE OF HIS WORKS.



THE passage in the admirable memoir of M. Viardot, which we are about to submit to the English reader, states, that many of the allusions to be found in the works of Cervantes, can only be understood by those who are acquainted with the events of his life. Those events are so varied in their character, and so deeply interesting, that we should feel great surprise at their being passed over so briefly as they have been when former editions of *DON QUIXOTE* were published, if we did not recollect what insuperable obstacles, present themselves to acquiring minute particulars of the course of eminent men, who have lived even within a few years of our own time, and how many of the greatest magnitude might, in the ordinary course of

things, be expected to baffle the industry which aspired to collect materials for the complete history of an author, who lived three centuries ago. A happy coincidence gave M. Viardot opportunities for prosecuting such an enquiry which were denied to his predecessors. Not only had he facilities for studying Spanish manners, in all the several grades which society can furnish, but, favoured by the highest political, as well as the highest literary authorities in the country, he was enabled to make an extended and successful search for documents, facts, and traditions, and the result is a most gratifying picture, in detail, of the Author of *DON QUIXOTE*.

He has rendered a worthy service to letters and to humanity, for the character of Cervantes well deserves to be known. Like our own Raleigh it was his fate to shine in strangely dissimilar situations. His was a life of awful vicissitude. But a noble and generous spirit made him great in all,—whether we look at him on the day of battle, in the gloom of a Moorish dungeon, or contending with the consuming cares of ordinary life—we must admire the warrior, the captive and the man.

It may generally be said, M. Viardot remarks, that the history of an author, like that of an artist, is confined to the works which survive him: that his writings are his actions, and that, in fine, the man is lost in the author. This is not so in the case of Cervantes. Distinguished as a man, before he became illustrious as a writer, he performed great actions before he gave to the world an immortal book. His history would interest without the superadded recommendation of a glorious name; and his life, not less than his work, is replete with entertainment and morality.

Unknown till his death, or indeed it may be said until long after that event, Cervantes had no biographers at that period when contemporary attention, fixed on a celebrated man, usually collects, with religious care, the peculiarities of a glorious existence. All the efforts of posthumous admiration, slow to arouse itself, were necessary to supply, with the aid of tradition as well as authentic documents, conjecture as well as certainty, a memoir, at last incomplete, of a long and active life. Many difficulties opposed the performance of the task, many doubts were to be cleared up, but that which is known as having been averred, and that which is shown to be probable, is sufficient to give us a just idea of what was the true destiny of one of the greatest minds that ever reflected lustre on the human race.

Even now, the place which contains the tomb of Cervantes is unknown, and the world was long ignorant of that which had seen his cradle. Eight cities claimed the distinction of being his birth-place, Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Lucena, Esquivias, Alcazar de San Juan, Consuegra, and Alcala de Henares. It is in the last that he was born and baptized in the parish church of St. Mary the Greater, October 9th, 1547. His family, originally of Galicia, afterwards established in Castile, without belonging to the titled nobility, was at least reckoned among those respectable houses, the members of which are called *sons of somebody* (*hijos de algo*, or *hidalgos*). From the thirteenth century, we find the name of Cervantes mentioned with honour in the annals of Spain. There were warriors who bore it at the time of the great conquests of Ferdinand,

at the taking of Baeza and Seville. They had a share in the territorial divisions then made, when they re-peopled with Christians the lands evacuated by the Moors. Others of his ancestors are celebrated among the conquerors of the new world, as having carried into those distant regions some branches of the ancient stock. Early in the sixteenth century, Juan de Cervantes was corregidor of Ossuna. His son, Rodrigo de Cervantes, married, about the year 1540, Donna Leonora de Cortinas, a lady of a noble family, from the village of Barajos. Two daughters were the fruits of that union, Donna Andrea and Donna Louisa, and afterwards two sons, Rodrigo and Miguel. This latter was the youngest of that family, poor as it was honourable.

Few incidents connected with the youth of Cervantes are known. It is probable, being born in a university city, to which the youth of Madrid repaired for purposes of study, the capital being distant but four leagues, that there his education was commenced. That which is known of him, and from himself, is, that he had, from his most tender years, a great taste for letters, and he was fond of reading to such a degree, that he would *collect scraps of paper in the street* to peruse them. His inclination for poetry and for the theatre showed itself in his admiration of the street-performances of the famous Lope de Rueda, an itinerant actor and founder of the Spanish theatre, whose performances Cervantes witnessed, at Segovia and Madrid, before he was eleven years of age.

The young Miguel, having reached adolescence, set out for Salamanca, where he passed two years, and matriculated among the students of that celebrated university. It is known that he lived in the street *Los Moros*. It was there that he became acquainted with the manners of the students, which he has so well depicted in some of his works, among others, in the second part of *DON QUIXOTE*, and in two of his best novels, *Le Licencié Vidriera* (The Graduate Vidriera), and *La Tia Fingida* (The Feigned Aunt). Somewhat later, we find Cervantes at the school of a professor of considerable note, named Juan Lopez de Hoyos. This person, as Regent of the College, was directed, by the municipality of Madrid, to compose allegories and devices, which were to adorn in the church of *Las Descalzas Reales*, the mausoleum of Queen Elizabeth of Valois, on the occasion of the magnificent funeral ceremony celebrated there on the 24th of October, 1568. Hoyos required the assistance of some of his ablest pupils, and Cervantes is mentioned among the first. In the report which the Professor published, where he recounts, in detail, the sickness, the death, and the obsequies of the Queen, he mentions the work of Cervantes, whom he repeatedly terms "his dear and well-beloved disciple"—several pieces, the first an epitaph in the form of a sonnet, and, among the others, an elegy, composed in the name of all the class, and addressed to the Cardinal Don Diego de Espinosa, President of the Council of Castile, and Grand Inquisitor.

These first essays were applauded, and it was doubtless, at this time, encouraged by his success at school, that he composed the little pastoral poem of *Filena*, several sonnets and romances, and also some miscellaneous poetry. These he mentions, at a later period of his life, in his "*Voyage to Parnassus*," but none of them are now extant.

It was then that the mysterious and sanguinary drama was to be acted in the palace of Philip II., of which the double denouement was the death of the Infant Don Carlos, and that of the Queen Elizabeth, who survived him but two months. Pope Pius V. sent immediately a nuncia to Madrid, to offer to the King of Spain his compliments of condolence, and to claim also, through the medium of this embassy of etiquette, certain rights of the church, which had been denied, by Phillip, to his Italian dominions. The nuncio was a Roman prelate, named Giulio Acquaviva, son of the Duke of Atri, who received the Cardinal's hat on his return from Spain. His mission was any thing but agreeable to Philip, who had peremptorily ordered that no one, prince or subject, should speak to him on the death of his son, and who, devout as he was, would never give way on any point to the court of Rome. In consequence of this state of things, the delegate of the Pope made but a short stay at Madrid. He received his passports on the 2nd of December, 1568, two months after his arrival, with orders to return immediately to Italy, by the route of Valencia and Barcelona. As Cervantes assures us himself that he served the Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, in quality of valet, it is probable that the nuncio, to whom the young Miguel had been presented among the poets who had celebrated the obsequies of the Queen, conceived a regard for him, and, feeling for his situation, and being struck with his talents, consented to admit him into what was then called the *family* of a great personage, which was not considered exactly the same as passing into his domestic service. It was, moreover, a very common practice for Spanish young gentlemen to accept of such situations, without being thought to degrade themselves, in the service of the Roman purple, either with the view of visiting Italy at little expense, or in the hope of gaining church preferment, from the favour and influence of their patrons.

It was in accompanying his new master, on his return to Rome, that Cervantes travelled, taking the road through Valencia and Barcelona, of which he repeatedly sounds the praise in his writings. He also visited the southern provinces of France, which he describes in his *Galatea*, for at no other period of his life could he have seen those countries.

Notwithstanding the luxurious indolence which the ante-chamber of the Roman Prelate might offer to him, and the opportunity, more delightful still, which it afforded him for indulging his taste for poetry, Cervantes did not remain long in this situation. In the following year, 1569, he enrolled his name among the Spanish troops, who then occupied part of Italy. For gentlemen in poor circumstances, no prospect of advancement was open, but that offered by the church or the army; Cervantes preferred arms, and became a private soldier. The word, by-the-way, had not exactly the same signification as at present, it meant the first step towards military rank, from which a youth could immediately be made an ensign, or even a captain. He did not, therefore, go for a common soldier, but, as the Spanish phrase runs, *asentar plaza de soldado*, took the place of a soldier or volunteer.

The moment was well chosen for a man of courage like Cervantes. At that period a great quarrel had just broken out, which arrayed Christianity and Islamism against each other, Selim the Second, violating treaties, invaded, in a

time of profound peace, the Isle of Cyprus, which belonged to the Venetians. The latter implored aid from Pope Pius the V., who immediately ordered his galleys to join those of Spain, under the order of Marc-Antony Colona, and the Venetian galleys. The combined fleet took its departure early in the summer of 1570 for the Levant, with a view of arresting the progress of the common enemy. But misunderstandings and indecision, on the part of the commanders, caused the first campaign to prove a failure. The Turks took Nicosie by assault, and extended their conquest over the whole island, while the Christian squadrons, separated by storms, were obliged severally to return to the ports from which they had started. Among the forty-nine Spanish galleys, which had united with the naval force of the Pope, under the superior orders of John André Dorea, were twenty Neapolitan galleys, commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz. These had reinforced their crews with five thousand Spanish soldiers, among which were comprehended the company of the brave Captain Diego de Urbina, which was detached from the regiment of Miguel de Moncada. It was in this company that Cervantes was then enrolled, and made the first trial of his new profession.

While he wintered with the fleet, in the Port of Naples, military preparations were carried on vigorously by the three maritime powers of the South of Europe, and the diplomacy of the times laid the basis of a strict alliance. Eventually, on the 20th May, 1571, the famous treaty of the League was signed, between the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Republic of Venice. In the same treaty the powers agreed to receive, for the generalissimo of their combined forces, the natural son of Charles the V., Don Juan of Austria, who had just distinguished himself by his debut in arms, having put an end to the long revolt of the Moors in Grenada.

Don Juan collected, with all possible expedition, in Barcelona, the veteran troops, whose valour he had proved in the war of Alpuxarres, and, among others, the famous regiments of Don Miguel de Moncada, and of Don Lope de Figueroa; and setting sail for Italy without delay, he entered, on the 26th of June, the harbour of Genoa with forty-seven galleys. After distributing the troops and the crews in the different vessels of the squadron, he proceeded to the port of Messina, in Sicily, where the combined fleet reassembled. In this arrangement, the Italian galleys of Jean André Doria, then in the service of Spain, received two new companies of veterans, formed from the regiments of Moncada d' Urbina and Rodrigo de Mora: Cervantes followed his Captain on board the galley Marquesa, commanded by Francesco Santo-Pietro.

The fleet of the confederates, having succoured Corfu, and cleared for some time the enemy's squadron, discovered it on the morning of the 7th of October, at the entrance of the gulph of Lepanto. An action commenced shortly after noon by the wing of Barbarigo, extending itself nearly along the whole line, which terminated at the close of day, in one of the most signal and murderous, but at the same time one of the most useless victories, recorded in the annals of modern times.

Cervantes was then suffering from an intermitting fever, and when the battle was about to begin, his captain and comrades earnestly pressed him to withdraw

to the lower deck of the galley; but the generous descendant from the conquerors of Seville, though enfeebled by sickness, far from yielding to this prudent suggestion, begged, as a favour, that his captain would assign to him a post of the greatest peril. He was placed near the shollop, among twelve soldiers of the *élite*. His galley, the *Marquesa*, was one of those most distinguished in the action: she boarded *The Captain of Alexandria*, killed nearly five hundred Turks, with their commander, and captured the royal standard of Egypt. In the midst of this bloody struggle, Cervantes received three arquebuss-wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which was broken, in consequence of which he remained maimed through all his future life. Justly proud of having acted so noble a part in that memorable combat, Cervantes never regretted the loss of his hand, but often declared that he applauded himself for having paid this price, that he might be counted among the soldiers of Lepanto; and in proof of his courage, which he prized himself for, much more than for his wit, he loved to show the wounds received, as he would say, "on the most glorious occasion which had occurred in that century, or in those which had preceded it, or which, it could reasonably be hoped, would be witnessed for ages to come,—a triumph, which was among the stars destined to guide future warriors to the Heaven of honour."

Don Juan could have wished to follow up his victory, to carry the castles of Lepanto and Saint Maure, and to blockade the Turks in the Dardanelles, but the advanced season of the year, the want of provisions, the great number of sick and wounded which he had under his charge, and the express commands of his brother Philip, obliged him to return to Messina, which he reached on the last day of October. The troops were distributed in winter quarters, and the regiment of Moncada was stationed in the south of Sicily. For Cervantes, sick and wounded as he was, he could not quit Messina, and was compelled to remain six months in the hospital of that place. Don Juan, who had taken the most lively interest in his fate since the day after the battle, when he visited the different camps of his naval force, did not forget Cervantes in his sad retreat. Mention is made of little pecuniary grants sent to him from the pay office of the fleet, under date of the 15th and 23rd of January, and the 9th and 17th of March, 1572. Subsequently, when Cervantes had regained his health, an order of the Generalissimo, addressed on the 29th of April to the official paymaster of the fleet, gave the high allowance of three crowns per month to the soldier Cervantes, who served in a company of the regiment of Figueroa.

The campaign which followed that distinguished by the battle of Lepanto, was far from presenting the grand results which had been expected from it. Pious the V., the soul of the league, was dead; the Venetians, whose interests suffered from the interruption of their commerce in the Levant, were no longer hearty in the cause; the Spaniards found themselves engaged almost single-handed against the Turks, who, strengthened by the diversion France made in their favour, against the Catholic king, the very year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, threatening Spanish Flanders, had made great preparations, and threatened in their turn the coast of Sicily. Marc-Antony Colona, however, set sail on the 6th of June, for the Archipelago, with a portion of the confederate

fleet, and, among others, with thirty-six galleys of the squadron of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, with which was the company of the regiment of Figueroa, in which Cervantes had entered. Don Juan of Austria took his departure on the 9th of August with the rest of the fleet, but the two squadrons vainly sought to meet during the first part of the season. Afterwards, when they had at length joined, in the month of September, they lost, through the ignorance of the pilots, the opportunity for attacking, with advantage, the Turkish fleet, which had imprudently divided its forces in the ports of Navarin and Modon. After an useless attempt on the castle of Navarin, Don Juan was obliged to re-embark his troops, and to return at the commencement of November to the port of Messina. Cervantes recounts at length, in his history of "The Captive Captain," the details of the unsuccessful expedition of 1572, in which he had taken a part.

Philip the II., however, had not yet abandoned his design. He hoped to assemble, by the spring of the following year, three hundred galleys at Corfu, and to strike a blow against the Ottoman fleet which it should never recover. But the Venetians, who treated secretly with Selim, through the intervention of France, signed a treaty of peace in March, 1573. This unexpected defection broke up the league, and necessarily caused the projected attack on the Turks to be abandoned. To occupy the forces assembled by Spain, it was resolved to make a descent either on Algiers or Tunis : Philip and Don Juan both preferred attempting the latter, but the King only wished to overthrow the throne of the Turk Aluch-Aly, to place on it the Moor Muley-Mohammed, and to dismantle the fortresses which it cost so much to keep up, while the prince, his brother, to whom he denied the title of Infant of Spain, wished to make himself king of that country, in which the Spaniards, from the time of Charles V., had possessed the fort of Goletta.

The expedition was at first successful. After having landed his men at Goletta, Don Juan sent the Marquis of Santa Cruz at the head of several companies, the *élite* of his force, to take possession of Tunis, which had been abandoned by the Turkish garrison and nearly the whole of the inhabitants. Philip, however, not a little disturbed by the designs of the royal adventurer, sent an order for his immediate return into Lombardy. Don Juan obeyed, leaving but a weak garrison at Goletta and in the fort, which the Turks carried by assault towards the close of that year.

Cervantes, after being at Tunis with the Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the ranks of that famous regiment of Figueroa, which made, according to the historian Vander-Hamen, "the earth tremble at their muskets," returned to Palermo with the fleet. Thence he embarked under the Duke de Sesá, who attempted, but unsuccessfully, to relieve Goletta. Afterwards he went into winter quarters at Sardinia, and was thence recalled into Italy, with the galleys of Marcel Doria. It was at that time that Cervantes obtained from Don Juan, who had returned to Naples in June 1575, permission to return to Spain, from which he had been absent seven years.

From his connection with these military expeditions, Cervantes was enabled to travel through Italy. He visited Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo,

and the college of Bologna, founded for Spaniards by Cardinal Albornoz. He acquired the Italian language, and applied himself assiduously to the study of that literature which had formerly boasted the names of Boscan, Garcilaso, Hurtado de Mendoza, and which presented in his time those of Mesa, Virues, Mira de Amescua, and the brothers Leonardo de Argensola. This study had great influence on his subsequent labours, and on his general style, in which some of his contemporaries, belonging to the sect of *Anti-Petrarchists*, point out a number of Italianisms, which he took little care to disguise.

Cervantes, at that period twenty-eight years of age, lame, weakened by the fatigues of three campaigns, and having always served as a common soldier, resolved to visit his native country and his family. He might hope, in approaching the court, to gain a suitable recompense for his brilliant services. He obtained from his general more than a mere furlough: Don Juan of Austria gave him letters to the King, his brother, in which, warmly eulogising the soldier who was wounded at Lepanto, he entreated Philip immediately to confer on him the command of one of the companies, then in the course of being raised in Spain, to serve in Italy or Flanders. The viceroy of Sicily, Don Carlos of Arragon, Duke de Sesa, recommended also to the favour of the King and his ministers a soldier, till then neglected, who had won by his valour, his wit, and his exemplary conduct, the esteem of his comrades and also of his commanders.

Provided with such powerful recommendations, which promised a happy issue to his voyage, Cervantes embarked at Naples in the Spanish galley *El Sol* (the Sun), with his elder brother, Rodrigo, a soldier like himself, the general of artillery, Pero Diez Carrillo de Quesada, the late governor of Goletta, and many other military officers of distinction, who were, like himself, returning to their country. But new trials awaited Cervantes, and the period of repose had not yet arrived for him. On the 26th of September, 1575, the galley *El Sol* was surrounded by an Algerine squadron, under the command of Mami, an Albanian, who had gained the title of "Captain of the Sea." Three Turkish vessels boarded the Spanish galley, and, among others, a galleon, with twenty-two benches of rowers, commanded by Dali-Mami, a Greek renegade, who was called the Cripple. After a combat, as obstinate as it was unequal, in which Cervantes displayed his wonted bravery, the galley, obliged to strike her flag, was conducted in triumph to the port of Algiers, where the captives were divided among their conquerors. It was the lot of Cervantes to fall into the hands of Dali-Mami, who had acted so important a part in capturing the Christian ship.

This man was equally avaricious and cruel. As soon as he had read the letters addressed to the King by Don Juan of Austria and the Duke de Sesa, he supposed his prisoner to be a Spanish gentleman of the most noble family, and of the greatest importance in his own country. To obtain a high price and an early ransom, he loaded him with chains, threw him into prison, and subjected him to all kinds of privations and tortures. Such was the custom of those barbarous corsairs, when captives of distinction fell into their hands. They subjected them to the most cruel treatment, at least during the first period of their captivity, either to compel them to deny their faith, or to induce them to

consent that their relations and friends should be importuned to send promptly the price fixed for their redemption.

In this struggle against incessant persecution, Cervantes exhibited a high degree of heroism, more rare and more noble than mere courage, the heroism of patience—"that second description of valour," as it is called by Solis, "and the daughter of the heart, which the first inhabits." Far from yielding—far from sinking, Cervantes then conceived the project, afterwards repeatedly hazarded by him, of attempting to regain his liberty by his boldness and his perseverance. He wished also to restore all his companions to freedom, of whom he became the soul and the guide, by the superiority of his mind and his high character. Of these, the names of several have been preserved, and among them those of Don Francisco de Meneses, the ensigns Rios and Castaneda, a Serjeant named Navarrete, a certain Don Beltran del Salto y Castilla, and another gentleman named Osorio. Their first design, according to P. Haedo, was to proceed by land, as other captives had done, to Oran, which belonged at that time to Spain. They so far succeeded as to get out of Algiers with the assistance of a Moor of the country, who had been gained over by Cervantes to act as guide. This man, however, abandoned them on the second day, and the fugitives had no resource but to return to the houses of their masters, there to receive chastisement for their attempt to escape. Cervantes was considered the chief actor in the plot.

Some of his companions, among others the ensign Gabriel de Castaneda were ransomed about the middle of the year 1576, Castaneda took upon himself to carry letters to the parents of Cervantes—letters, in which the two brothers gave an account of their deplorable situation. Rodrigo de Cervantes, their father, sold or mortgaged the small patrimony of his son, his own property, which was little more considerable, and even the dowries of his two unmarried sisters; thus condemning the whole family to poverty. These affectionate efforts, alas! were all useless. When the produce of the sales and the mortgage had been sent to Cervantes, he wished to come to an arrangement with his master, Dali-Mami, but the renegade set too high a value on his captive to admit of his being ransomed on moderate terms. His demands were so exorbitant that Cervantes was obliged to renounce the hope of purchasing his liberty. He generously appropriated his share of the money to effect the redemption of his brother, which, a lower price being set upon him, was brought about in August, 1577. On leaving, he promised to fit out, from Valencia or the Balearic Isles, very speedily, an armed frigate, which should proceed to a certain indicated part of the African coast, to liberate his brother and the other Christians. He carried with him pressing letters, praying that this might be done, from many captives of high birth, to the viceroys of the maritime provinces.

This project was connected with a plan long since formed by Cervantes. Three miles from Algiers, on the eastern side of the town, there was a garden and summer-house belonging to Kaid Hassan, a renegade Greek. One of his slaves named Juan, a Spaniard, native of Navarre, had secretly dug in this garden, which he was employed to cultivate, a sort of cave, or subterranean apartment. Thither, in obedience to directions given by Cervantes, from the end of February, 1577, the captive Christians successively repaired, as oppor-

tunity offered, and made it their residence. Their number, when Rodrigo left for Spain, already amounted to fourteen or fifteen. Cervantes then, without quitting his master, governed this little subterranean republic, providing for the wants and the safety of its members. This fact, which proves the great resources of his mind, might be somewhat doubted, if it were not proved by a multitude of testimonies and documents. He had, for his principal assistants in this enterprise, Juan, the Navarrese above mentioned, who kept the wicket, and would not suffer any one to approach Hassan's garden; and, afterwards, another slave called *el Dorador* (the Gilder), who, when very young, had forsaken his religion, and who had recently again become a Christian. The latter was charged with the task of carrying food to the cavern, which no one was allowed to leave but in the darkness of night. When Cervantes thought the arrival of the frigate might be expected, which his brother had undertaken to get sent, he made his escape from the house of *Dali-Mami*, and, on the 20th of September, after taking leave of his friend, the Doctor Antonio de Sosa, who was too ill to accompany or follow him, he proceeded to take up his abode in the subterranean retreat.

His calculation was correct. In the interval which had passed, a ship was fitted out from Valencia or Majorca, under the command of an officer named Viana, who had but lately been ransomed; a man, active, brave, and well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. The frigate arrived within sight of Algiers on the 28th of September; and, after keeping the high sea all day, she approached at night the spot agreed upon, near the garden, to communicate with the captives, whence they might be embarked in a few moments. Unfortunately, some fishermen, who had not yet left their vessel, perceived, notwithstanding the gloom of night, the Christian frigate. They gave the alarm, collected a force to act against it, and Viana was obliged to retire to the open sea. He subsequently attempted to approach the shore a second time, but his attempt had a disastrous issue. The Moors were on their guard; they surprised the frigate where it was intended to effect a landing, made prisoners of all on board, and thus defeated the projected escape.

Up to that period, Cervantes and his companions had patiently endured, in the hope of regaining their liberty, all the privations, annoyances, and even the sickness, which had been created among them by a long residence in their humid and gloomy cave. But that hope now failed them. The morning after the capture of the frigate, the Gilder, the renegade, who had been reconciled to the Church, and in whom Cervantes had reposed the utmost confidence, abjured it again, and hastened to make known to the Dey of Algiers, Hassan-Aga, the retreat of the captives whom Viana had purposed to carry off. The Dey, delighted with such intelligence, which enabled him, according to the custom of that country, to appropriate all those Christians, as lost slaves, to himself, sent the commandant of his guards, with thirty Turkish soldiers, to arrest the fugitives, and the gardener who concealed them. The soldiers, conducted by the treacherous informer, made their appearance unexpectedly, sword in hand, in the cavern. While they were securing the astonished Christians, Cervantes raised his voice, and, with a noble firmness, declared that "none of his companions were at all to

blame; that he alone had induced them to fly, had concealed them; and that, as he alone was the author of the plot, he alone ought to suffer for it." Astonished at conduct so generous, which went to draw down on the head of Cervantes all the wrath of Hassan-Aga, the Turks sent a messenger to their master, to make him acquainted with what had occurred. The Dey ordered that the captives should be conducted to a building reserved for his slaves, and that their chief should be immediately brought before him: Cervantes, loaded with chains, was conducted from the cavern, on foot, to the palace of Hassan, amidst the angry hootings of the excited populace.

The Dey interrogated him many times, and employed alternately the most flattering promises and the most terrible threats, to induce him to betray his accomplices. Cervantes, deaf to all he could urge, inaccessible to fear, persisted in accusing himself alone. The Dey, tired of attempting to shake his resolution, and doubtless in some degree touched by his magnanimity, contented himself with ordering him to be chained in his slave-house, or prison.

Kaïd Hassan, from the garden in which the fugitives had been taken, ran to the Dey to demand that severe punishment should be awarded to all the captives; and, beginning with his slave Juan, the gardener, he hanged him with his own hands. The same fate would undoubtedly have been shared by Cervantes and his companions, had not the avarice of the Dey abated in some measure his natural cruelty. But the greater part of the prisoners were claimed by their former masters, and Cervantes himself was again placed in the power of Dali-Mami. Whether he had given the Dey some offence, or whether the latter thought this particular captive would be likely to be ransomed at a high price, is not known; but he, (the Dey), purchased him shortly afterwards, paying for him five hundred crowns.

Hassan-Aga, who was of Venetian origin, and whose real name was Andreta, was one of the most ferocious wretches who had given Barbary an infamous celebrity by their monstrous crimes. What P. Haedo recounts of the atrocities, committed during his government, surpasses all belief, and makes the reader shudder with horror. He was not less terrible to his Christian slaves, of whom the number amounted to nearly two thousand, than he was to his Mussulman subjects. On this subject Cervantes says, in his "Captive Captain"—"Nothing caused us so much torment as the witnessing of the stupid cruelties which my master perpetrated on the Christians. Every day he ordered one to be hanged. One he impaled; he cut the ears off another, and that for nothing at all, or for offences so trifling, that the Turks themselves acknowledged that he committed crime merely for the pleasure of being criminal, and because his natural instinct led him to act the part of butcher to the human race."

Cervantes was purchased by Hassan-Aga about the end of February, 1577. Notwithstanding the rigour of his captivity, notwithstanding the imminent peril which threatened him on each attempt to escape, he never ceased using, to that end, all the means which circumstances offered, or which could be gained by his own address. In the course of the year 1578, he contrived to send a Moor to Oran, with letters addressed to Don Martin de Cordova, governor of the fortress; but this emissary was arrested, at the moment the object of his expedition was

on the point of being attained, and he, with his dispatches, was brought back to the Dey of Algiers. Hassan-Aga caused the unfortunate messenger to be impaled; and condemned Cervantes, whose signature was attached to the letters, to receive two thousand lashes. Some friends, however, who at the time surrounded the Dey, interposed their good offices, and once more the pitiless Hassan pardoned him. His clemency in this case was the more remarkable, as, at this period, the barbarian caused three Spanish captives to be beaten to death in his presence, whose crime was, that they had attempted to fly by the same road, and who had been seized, and brought back to Algiers by the natives.

So much misfortune, and such repeated disasters, could not, however, conquer the resolution of Cervantes, and his mind was unceasingly occupied with plans for effecting his own emancipation, and that of the companions most dear to him. About September, 1579, he formed an acquaintance with a Spanish renegade, who was a native of Grenada, where he called himself the 'licentiate Giron, but who had assumed with the turban the name of Abd-al-Rhamen. This person seemed to repent the course he had pursued, and manifested a desire to return to his own country, and to seek a reconciliation with the Catholic Church: in concert with him, Cervantes formed a new project for effecting his escape. They applied to two Valencian merchants, established in Algiers, whose names were Onofre Exarque, and Balthazar de Torres. Both favoured the scheme; and the former gave about fifteen hundred doubloons to buy an armed frigate, with twelve benches of rowers, which the renegade Abd-al-Rhamen purchased, under the pretence of going on a cruise. The crew was engaged, and many persons of distinction, apprized by Cervantes of what was in contemplation, only waited for the signal to embark. One contemptible wretch sold them all; the Doctor Juan Blanco de Paz, a Dominican monk, went, like another Judas, attracted by the vile hope of gain, and betrayed to the Dey the scheme of his countrymen.

Hassan-Aga chose at first to dissemble. He wished, by seizing on the parties at the moment of making their attempt, to acquire the right of appropriating them to himself, as slaves condemned to death. Notwithstanding this, news of the perfidious betrayal got abroad, and the Valencian merchants could not doubt but the Dey was well acquainted with the arrangement in which they had participated, and had been the moving instruments. Trembling for his fortune and for his life, Onofre Exarque desired that Cervantes should escape by himself, as of his evidence he stood greatly in fear, expecting that confession would be extorted from him on the rack. He offered to ransom him at any price, and to send him immediately to Spain. But Cervantes, incapable of flight while impending danger was about to fall on his friends, rejected this offer, but he consoled the merchant, by swearing to him that neither torture, nor the dread of death, should induce him to accuse any one.

At this time, being ready to leave Algiers in the renegade's frigate, he had concealed himself in the dwelling of one of his old companions in arms, the ensign Diego Castellano. An order, issued by the Dey, was soon proclaimed in the streets, demanding the slave Cervantes, and threatening whoever should harbour him, with the severest punishment. Always generous, Cervantes

promptly relieved his friend from this dangerous responsibility ; and voluntarily presented himself before the Dey, in some measure protected by the intercession of a renegade from Murcia, named Morato Ræz Maltrapillo, who had gained the good graces of Hassan-Aga. The latter demanded from Cervantes the names of all his accomplices ; and, in order to intimidate him the more, caused his hands to be tied behind his back, a rope being passed round his neck, giving him to understand that, failing to comply, he should be instantly conducted to the gallows. Cervantes manifested the same firmness of soul for which he had been distinguished before : he accused no one but himself ; and declared that he had no accomplices but four Spanish gentlemen, who had recently obtained their liberty. His answers were so noble, and so ingenious, that Hassan-Aga was again moved. He contented himself with exiling the licentiate Giron to the kingdom of Fez ; and with sending Cervantes to a cell in the prison of the Moors, where the sufferer languished for five whole months, shackled and chained. Such was the price of that magnanimous act which procured for him, in the words of an ocular witness, the ensign Louis de Pedrôso, "renown, honour, and a crown of glory, among his fellow Christians."

These several adventures, of which, Cervantes says, "that they would long remain in the recollection of the people of that country ;" and P. Haedo likewise tells us, that "they would form a history by themselves," gave our author so much credit, both with the Christians and the Moors, that Hassan lived in constant apprehension of some enterprise being undertaken of a more general and more important character. Previously, two brave Spaniards had attempted to bring about an insurrection in Algiers. Cervantes, looked up to by twenty thousand captives then in the capital of the regency, might very well have entertained the same idea. One of his later historians, Fernandez-Navarrete, makes him do so ; and even affirms that the attempt might have succeeded, but for the malevolence and ingratitude of which he was so often the victim. Be that as it may, Hassan-Aga stood so much in fear of his courage, his address, and the influence which he had gained over his companions in captivity, that he said of him, "while I keep this Spanish cripple under a secure guard, my capital, my slaves, and my galleys are safe." Nevertheless, (such is the power of true greatness,) Cervantes, was the only prisoner whom the barbarian treated with forbearance and moderation. This is proved by the latter ; who, speaking of himself in "The Captive Captain," says, "One only got on well with him. This was a Spanish soldier, named Saavedra ; who performed actions which will long be remembered in that country, the object of them all being to recover his liberty. Hassan-Aga, however, never gave him a blow with the stick, nor caused him to be struck by others, nor addressed to him one injurious word ; while each of the numerous attempts made by this captive to escape, made us all fear that he would be impaled ; and he himself expected, more than once, that such would be his fate."

Cervantes, chained in his cell, had little more to lament than the slaves, who were said to be free, and whose condition now became intolerable. By monopolising the commerce in grain, and all kinds of provisions, Hassan-Aga caused such a famine, that the streets of the city were strewn with the dead

bodies of the native inhabitants who died from hunger and disease. The Christians, fed from avarice rather than from compassion, did not receive from the Turks, their masters, more than was absolutely necessary to sustain life; notwithstanding they were still, without intermission, overwhelmed with the most severe tasks; for the great preparations which Philip the Second, was then making against Portugal, while announcing an expedition against Algiers, had alarmed the regency; and they compelled the prisoners to work day and night, to repair the fortifications, and to re-fit the fleet.

While Cervantes was making so many useless attempts in Algiers to win his liberty, his parents had recourse to every effort at Madrid, to procure it for him by the ordinary means of ransom. Having exhausted all their resources in 1577, to procure the release of his elder brother, they now caused an enquiry to be instituted, before one of the *alcaldes* of the court, under date of March 17th, 1578; at which many witnesses came forward to prove the honourable services of Cervantes, in the campaigns of the Levant, and the great distress of his family, which put it out of their power to effect his liberation by their own means. To this document, which was transmitted to the king, the Duke de Sesa, the late viceroy of Sicily, added a sort of certificate, in which he warmly recommended his old soldier to the benevolence of the monarch.

The death of the father of Cervantes interrupted these proceedings, and overwhelmed the unhappy family with the deepest affliction. In the following year Philip the Second resolved to send to Algiers, commissioners of ransom. The father Fray Juan Gil, procurator-general to the order of the Holy Trinity, and who had besides the title of *Redeemer for the crown of Castile*, was entrusted with this mission, to which they joined another monk of the same order, named Fray Antonio de la Bella. Before these religious functionaries, on the 31st July, 1579, Donna Leonora de Cortinas and her daughter, Donna Andrea de Cervantes, presented themselves, bringing with them three hundred ducats, to be applied towards the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes, their son and brother. Two hundred and fifty ducats were offered by the poor widow, and fifty by the daughter.

The redeemers set out on their journey, and reached Algiers, May 29th, 1580. They immediately commenced their honorable labours. But great difficulties for a long time opposed the liberation of Cervantes. The Dey, his master, demanded a thousand crowns for his freedom, being double the sum he had given for him; and threatened, if this were not paid immediately, to carry his slave to Constantinople. In effect, a firman from the Grand-Seignior, having been received, appointing a successor to the Government of the Regency, Hassan-Aga, prepared to carry off with him his wealth, and had already chained Cervantes to one of his galleys. The father Juan Gil, moved with compassion, and trembling lest this interesting prisoner should lose for ever the opportunity of regaining his liberty, used such earnest prayers and entreaties, that he at length effected his ransom, on paying five hundred crowns in Spanish gold. To raise this sum, he had found it necessary to borrow from several European merchants; and, at the same time, to draw heavily on the general redemption fund. At length, after having paid nine doubloons, as a compliment

to the officers of the galley, in which he had been placed as a rower, Cervantes was permitted to go on shore on the 19th Sept., 1580; at the very moment when Hassan-Aga, set sail for Constantinople. Thus was Cervantes preserved for his country and the world.

The first use which he made of his liberty, was to refute, in the most public and most convincing manner, the calumnies of which he had lately been the victim. His infamous traducer, the monk Juan Blanco de Paz, who falsely arrogated to himself the dignity of Commissary to the Holy office, had taken advantage of the close confinement of Cervantes, to attribute to him the exile of the renegade Giron; and also the failure of the last attempt of the captives to escape. Cervantes was no sooner free than he prayed the father Juan Gil to institute an enquiry into the facts. Eventually, the apostolical notary received the declarations of eleven Spanish gentlemen, of the highest distinction, among the captives, in answer to twenty-five questions which were submitted to them. This proceeding, in connection with which are found, minutely recounted, all the circumstances of the captivity of Cervantes, furnishes, besides, interesting details relating to his wit, his character, the purity of his manners, and that noble devotion to the cause of the unhappy, which gained him so many friends. Among the testimonials thus obtained, may be mentioned one by Don Diego de Benavides; which states, that, on his arrival at Algiers, desiring to be informed who were the principal Christian captives, Cervantes was named to him in the first rank, because he was loyal, noble, virtuous, of excellent character, and beloved by the other gentlemen. This Benavides sought for the friendship of Cervantes; and he was so cordially received, that he describes himself as having found in him a father and mother. The carmelite monk, Fray Feliciano, likewise declares, that, after detecting the falsehood of a calumnious accusation circulated against Cervantes, he had become his friend; like all the other captives who envied the reputation he enjoyed for his noble conduct, his Christian, honourable and virtuous character. In addition to what has already been stated, Louis de Pedrosa declares, that, of all the gentlemen residing in Algiers, no one had rendered more good than Cervantes had done to the other prisoners, or been more distinguished by unsullied honour. Signalized above all the rest, there was an indescribable grace attached to his actions; and for high-minded feeling, prudence and reflection, few men could be compared with him.

Is it matter of astonishment, when the strange events of his captivity are considered, that Cervantes preserved the memory of them in his after life, and found in his own adventures, subjects for dramas and novels, and that he made, in almost all his works, allusions not easily to be understood, without a previous acquaintance with the course of his eventful life? He never forgot the manner in which he had been restored to freedom, and gratitude dictated to him, in the tale called the *Anglo-Spaniard*, a just eulogium on the good redeemers. Provided with the minutes of the inquiry made by the notary Pedro de Ribera, and the individual certificate of father Juan Gil, he, about the end of October, 1580, experienced, to use his own expression, "one of the greatest joys a human being can taste in this world; that of returning, after a long period of slavery, safe and sound to

his native land"—“for, on earth,” he adds in another place, “there is no good which can equal that of regaining lost liberty.”

Misfortune soon drove him from the bosom of his family. At the period of his return, Philip II. remained convalescent at Badajoz, after the death of his second wife, Anne of Austria. That monarch entered Portugal on the 5th of December, which the Duke of Alba had recently conquered and tranquilized. The Spanish army, however, still occupied the country, as well to secure its submission, as to pave the way for an attack on the Azores, where the friends of the Prior of Ocrato continued to hold out. Rodrigo de Cervantes, after his ransom, had re-entered the service, and had probably re-joined his old corps, the regiment of the Camp Major General, Don Lope de Figueroa. Our author determined to do the same; and the man whom the Dey of Algiers had feared, though chained in his slave prison-house, resumed, with his mutilated hand, the musket of a private soldier. Cervantes embarked, in the summer of 1581, in the squadron of Don Pedro Valdes, who had orders to make a descent on the Azores, and to protect the commerce of the Indies. He made the campaign in the following year, under the orders of the Marquis de Santa Cruz; and was in the naval battle which that admiral gained on the 25th of July, within sight of the island of Terceira, over the French fleet which had taken part with the insurgents of Portugal. The galeon San-Mateo, which carried the veterans of Figueroa, among which Cervantes was unquestionably to be found, took a most conspicuous part in this victory. Afterwards, the two brothers made the campaign of 1583, and were at the taking of Terceira, which was captured by assault. Rodrigo de Cervantes distinguished himself in this affair, and was one of the first to spring on shore, for which he received the rank of ensign, on the return of the fleet.

Notwithstanding his humble rank in the army, from which merit only could redeem him, in the absence of fortune, Cervantes boasts, on his return to Portugal, where he went into winter quarters, that he was admitted into the most distinguished circles. He had there, by a lady of Lisbon, a natural daughter named Donna Isabel de Saavedra, who continued with him the remainder of his life, even after his marriage, as he never had another child.

It was love that caused Cervantes to devote himself to the study of letters. In the interval between his campaigns, he made the acquaintance of a young lady of a noble family of the little town of Esquivias, in Castile: her name was Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. He became passionately in love with her, and found means, in the midst of a soldier's stormy life, to write in her honour the poem called the *Galatea*. This poem, which he calls an eclogue, is a pastoral novel, wholly in the manner of that time, in which he contrived to recount, as a tale of fiction, part of his own adventures; to praise the leading wits of the day; and, above all, to offer the lady, the object of his affection, a delicate but impassioned homage. It cannot be doubted, from the example of Rodrigo de Cota, author of the *Celestina*—of Jorge de Montemayor, author of the *Diana*; and from the direct testimony of Lope de Vega, that Cervantes, under the name of *Elicia*, a shepherd on the shores of the Tagus, represented

the story of his own love for Galatea, a shepherdess, *born on the shores of the same river*. Nor can it be doubted, that the other shepherds introduced into the fable, Tircis, Damon, Meliso, Siralvo, Lauso, Larsileo, Artidoro, are intended to image Francisco de Figueroa, Pedro Lainez, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, Luis Galvez de Montalvo, Luis Barahona de Soto, Don Alonzo de Ercilla, Andres Rey de Artieda, his own friends, all writers, more or less celebrated in their day. The *Galatea*, of which we have but the first part, is remarkable for the purity of its style, the beauty of the descriptions, and the delicacy of its pictures of love. But the shepherds of Cervantes are too erudite, too philosophical, too eloquent; and the somewhat ill-regulated fecundity of his genius, led him to heap up episode upon episode, with too little order, and with but indifferent taste. These are the defects of which Cervantes accuses himself in the prologue to his pastoral; and which he would, doubtless, have avoided in the second part, which he often promised, but never made the promise good.

The *Galatea*, dedicated to the abbot of Saint Sophia, Ascanio Colona, son of Marc Antonio Colona, the admiral under whom he had formerly served, was published at the close of 1584; and on the 14th of December, in that year, Cervantes, then thirty-seven years of age, married the heroine of his poem. The father of Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar was dead, and the widow promised, when her daughter was affianced, to give her a moderate dower, in moveable goods and other property. This was done two years afterwards; and in the contract of marriage, dated August the 9th, 1586, before the notary Alonzo de Aguilera, Cervantes, in like manner, settles on his wife one hundred ducats, which are stated to be the tenth part of his property.

Having left the army, after so many years of service, a private soldier as he had entered it, and become a citizen of Esquivias, the monotonous dullness of which life ill-accorded with the activity of his mind, Cervantes, urged by his circumstances to seek for some addition to his very moderate means, recalled his earlier dreams, and resumed the first occupation of his youth. The proximity of Madrid enabled him to visit the capital frequently, and, indeed, almost to reside there. It was there that he again became intimate with many authors of the time, and, among others, with Juan Rufo, Lopez Maldonado, and, above all, with Vicente Espinel, the author of the romance of *Marcos de Obregon*, which Le Sage has turned to such good account in his *Gil Blas*. It is even probable, that Cervantes was admitted to a sort of academy, which a nobleman had just opened in his house at Madrid; who thus did, near the court of Philip II., what had made Ferdinand Cortes illustrious at that of Charles V. Cervantes, at least, speaking in one of his novels of the Italian academies, mentions the *imitatorial academy* of Madrid.

During the four years immediately following his marriage, Cervantes again became a man of letters, as well as a citizen of Esquivias, and gave up pastoral poetry, which brought him nothing, to devote himself exclusively to the theatre. It was while he was yet a child, that the Spanish theatre, emancipated from the church and *secularized*, if such an expression may be used, began to exhibit in public the entertainments of Lope de Rueda, a wandering Æschylus, author as well as actor, the humble, but the undoubted founder of the stage which was

subsequently to be illustrated by Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, and Solis, whence Corneille and Molière were to derive their inspiration. The court of Spain, which had always been accustomed to move from the capital of one province to another, fixed its residence permanently at Madrid in 1561; and, about the year 1580, the two theatres, *de la Cruz* and *del Principe*, which still exist, were erected. At that time, there were some superior minds, who did not disdain to labour for the scene, which till then had been neglected or abandoned to the heads of strolling companies, who composed for themselves the farces, which formed their stock list. Cervantes was one of the earliest to enter on this new career, and his first production was a comedy, written in six acts, founded on his own adventures, and entitled *Los Tratos de Argel*. This was followed by more than twenty others, among which he himself mentions, with satisfaction and with praise, *La Numancia*, *La Batalla Naval*, *La Gran-Turquesca*, *La Entretenida*, *La Casa de los celos*, *La Jerusalem*, *La Amaranta o la del Mayo*, *El Bosque amoroso*, *La Unica y bizarra Arsinda*, and, above all, *La Confusia*, which appeared, as he thought, to admirable advantage on the stage. "I," said he, "did not hesitate to reduce comedies to three acts from five, in which they had been written till then. I was the first who represented imagination and the secret thoughts of the soul; giving moral impersonations to the theatre, for the gratification of the public, who received them with general applause. I wrote, at this period, from twenty to thirty comedies, which were all well received, without having a single cucumber or projectile thrown at them; and each had its run, without encountering hisses, hootings, or groanings."

All these pieces, as part of our author's writings, were long known but by name; and their loss was much regretted. It was thought that, with an imagination so rich, so much vivacity, an understanding of so high an order, and a taste so pure,—that with his knowledge of the rules of the drama, as displayed in many parts of *DON QUIXOTE*,—and after the praises which he so ingenuously bestows on himself, as a comic playwright, together with the singular talent which he has really displayed in his interludes;—it was thought, all these things borne in mind, that his so lauded dramatic compositions must be pre-eminent. Unfortunately for his theatrical renown, three or four of them have been recovered; and, among others, *La Numancia*, *La Entretenida*, and *Los Tratos de Argel*. These pieces are far from justifying the regrets which their loss had excited; and the reputation of their author would assuredly have gained by their only being known from the parental judgment which he had pronounced upon them. It is a curious instance, and not the only one which he furnishes, of the incapacity of a man of superior genius to form a just estimate of his own works.

Of the plays, above mentioned as regained, the best is, unquestionably, the *Numancia*. Though far removed from perfection, it is incomparably better than the tragedies of Lupericio de Argensola, on which Cervantes is prodigal of eulogium. (vide *DON QUIXOTE*, part I. chap. 48;) a circumstance very remarkable, coming, as it does, from a pen so little accustomed to flattery. In the heroic sentiments of a people who devote themselves to death, rather

than submit to lose their liberty; in the touching episodes which grow out of a catastrophe so immense; in the enthusiasm, the friendship, the love, and the maternal fondness displayed in connection with it—he displays all the energy and delicacy of a soul so noble, and yet so tender. But still, taken altogether, the drama is defective; the plan vague and unconnected, the details incoherent, and the interest, being too much divided, fatigues attention and exhausts itself. Upon the whole, the best productions which Cervantes has given to the stage, are his interludes, little pieces called *sainetes*, farcical entertainments; which were acted then, not after a regular play, but between the acts of more important performances. Nine interludes, by Cervantes, have been discovered, *El Juez de los divorcios*, *El Ruffian viudo*, *La Eleccion de los alcaldes*, &c. which are, for the most part, models of whimsical buffoonery.

Poor Cervantes did not long find, in theatrical success, the profit and glory which he had expected. That source of emolument was soon dried up. “Comedies,” as he himself says, in his prologue, “have their times and seasons.” It was at this period, that that prodigy of nature, the great Lope de Vega came to claim the comic monarchy as his own; to bring under his jurisdiction all actors, and to fill the world with his plays.” Driven from the theatre, like many others, by the unheard of fecundity of Lope de Vega, Cervantes was compelled to seek another occupation—one, undoubtedly, less to his taste, less brilliant, and less noble; but which might give him bread. More than forty years of age, without patrimony, unrecompensed for his twenty years of service and suffering, he had to sustain the burthen of a family, which was increased by two sisters and his natural daughter. A counsellor of finance, Antonio de Guevara, was appointed, in 1588, as Commissary at Seville to victual ships and fleets sailing to the Indies; with the right of naming four commissioners to assist in the performance of his duty. At this time he was engaged in completing the equipment of that *invincible Armada*, which the English and the tempests destroyed. Guevara offered one of these situations to Cervantes, who, in consequence, set out for Andalusia, accompanied by all his family, with the exception of his brother Rodrigo, who was still serving with the army in Flanders.

Here then we see the author of ‘*Galatea*,’ the dramatist twenty times successful, compelled to become clerk to a victualler of the navy! But this was not all: he solicited from the king by a petition dated May 1590, some employment as paymaster in New Grenada, or as *corregidor* in the little town of Goetemala. He, in fact, wished to go to America, which he mentions as “the common refuge for desperate Spaniards.” Happily his petition was buried among the papers of the Council of the Indies.

The abode of Cervantes at Seville was of long duration. Excepting several excursions into Andalusia and a single journey to Madrid he remained there ten consecutive years. After having been clerk to the victualler of the fleet, Guevara, up to 1590, he filled the same situation for the ensuing two years, under Pedro de Isunza, the successor of Guevara. Afterwards, when this subordinate situation failed him, by the suppression of the superior office, he became a business agent, and lived for many years by the commissions given him by municipal bodies, and rich individuals, among whom may be named Don Her-

nando de Toledo of Cigales, whose affairs he managed, and made a friend of his employer.

In the midst of occupations so unworthy of him, and so uncongenial to his taste, Cervantes, would not bid the muses a last adieu: he still secretly worshipped at their shrine, and carefully kept alive the sacred fire of his genius. The house of the celebrated painter Francisco Pacheco, master and father-in-law of the great Velasquez, was open then to every variety of merit. The studio of the artist, who likewise cultivated poetry, was, to use the words of Rodrigo Caro, the regularly established academy or rendezvous for all men of genius in Seville. Cervantes was among its most constant visitors, and his portrait figures in that invaluable gallery, containing more than a hundred distinguished persons, who had been painted and brought together by the pencil of its proprietor. In that academy he contracted a friendship with the illustrious lyric poet Fernando de Herrera, whose memory has been almost suffered to perish by his countrymen; as they neither know the date of his birth nor that of his death, nor any particulars of his life, and whose works, or rather the few of them which remain, were found in fragment in the portfolios or scrap books of his friends. Cervantes wrote a sonnet on the death of Herrera, but was equally the friend of another poet, Juan de Jauregui; the elegant translator of the *Aminta* of Tasso, whose translation, equalling the original, has the rare privilege of being so accounted among classic works. The painter Pacheco, studied poetry; the poet Jauregui, practised painting, and, as well as his friend, produced a portrait of Cervantes.

It was during his abode at Seville, that Cervantes wrote most of his novels; which successively increased in number, were collected and published long afterwards, between the two parts of *Don Quixote*. The adventures of two celebrated robbers, who were apprehended at Seville, in 1569; and of whom the history was still generally known, furnished matter for his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. The plunder of Cadiz, where on the 1st July, 1596, an English force was landed from the fleet, commanded by Admiral Howard and the Earl of Essex, suggested to him the idea of the *Anglo Spaniard*. He also wrote at Seville *El Curioso impertinente*, which he inserted in the first part of *Don Quixote*; *El Zeloto Estremeno*, and *La Tia fingida*, founded on recollections of his abode at Salamanca, of which, for a long period the title only was known, and which has but lately been discovered in manuscript.

Up to the time of Cervantes, since the wars of Charles the Vth., which opened to Spain a knowledge of Italian literature, Spanish writers had confined themselves to translating the licentious tales of the Decameron, and to imitations of Boccaccio. Cervantes, therefore, is justified in saying in his prologue, "I present myself as the first who has written novels in Spanish, for though there are a great number printed and circulated in our language, they are all borrowed from foreign authors. Those which I have produced are mine; they are neither imitations nor thefts; my mind engendered and my pen gave them birth." He termed them *Novelas ejemplares*, "example novels," to distinguish them from Italian tales, and because, as he said, there was no one of them from which some useful example might not be drawn. They are further divided into two classes, *serious* and *jocose*. Of the former there are seven, and eight of the latter.

On the occasion of the death of Philip II., which occurred on 13th September, 1598, a magnificent catafalque was erected in the cathedral of Seville, "the most wonderful funereal monument," writes one who saw and recorded the ceremony, "that human eyes had ever the happiness to behold." It was on this occasion, that Cervantes wrote that famous burlesque sonnet, in which he ridicules with so much humour the bombast of the Andalusians, the Gascons of Spain, and which he calls, in one of his late works, "The Journey to Parnassus," the *principal* honour of his writings. The date of that sonnet serves to fix the time of his residence at Seville, which he left shortly afterwards never to return. The cause of this was as follows.

Cervantes, who in many respects resembled Camoens, experienced the worst misfortune which embittered the life of that great man, when he was accused of malversations, in his office of commissioner of the victualling department at Macao, thrown into prison, and brought before the tribunal of accounts. Like the poet of the *Lusiad*, Cervantes remained poor, and clearly proved his innocence. Towards the close of 1594, when engaged at Seville, in settling the accounts of his commissariat, and when he was recovering with difficulty some arrears, Cervantes transmitted repeatedly sums of money to the treasurer at Madrid, in bills of exchange drawn from Seville. One remittance arising from the taxation of the district of Velez-Malaga, and amounting to 7,400 reals was sent by him in specie to a merchant at Seville, named Simon Freire de Lima, who undertook to convey it to the treasury in Madrid. It was then that Cervantes made a journey to the capital, and not finding there the cash which he had transmitted, he reclaimed from the merchant the sum which he had confided to him, but, in the mean time, Freire had failed, and fled from Spain. Cervantes returned immediately to Seville, where he found that all the goods of his debtor had been seized by other creditors. He upon this, addressed a petition to the king, and a decree of the 7th August, 1595, ordered doctor Bernardo de Olmedilla, judge of *los grados*, at Seville, to take by privilege from the assets of Freire, the sum which had been remitted by Cervantes. That judge effectually enforced the claim, and forwarded the amount to the Treasurer General, Don Pedro Mesia de Tobar, by a bill of exchange drawn November 22, 1596.

The tribunal of the Treasury exerted the greatest severity in adjusting the accounts of all connected with the Exchequer, which had been completely drained by the conquests of Portugal and Terceira, by the campaigns in Flanders, the destruction of the invincible Armada, and the ruinous experiments made by certain charlatans in finance, who were called at that time *arbitristas*. The inspector general, to whom Cervantes had been but the agent, was conducted to Madrid to make up his accounts. He represented, that all the documents necessary as vouchers, were at Seville in the hands of Cervantes. A royal order dated Sept. 6, 1597, directed in a summary way, the judge Gaspar de Vallejo, to arrest, and to send Cervantes under a proper escort to the prison of the capital, there to be dealt with by the tribunal of accounts. He was in consequence, forthwith committed to prison, but, having offered security for the payment of 2,641 reals, to which the alleged deficiency was reduced, he was released under a second order dated December 1st, of the same year, on condition

that he presented himself before the court within thirty days to pay the balance.

It is not exactly known how this first proceeding against Cervantes terminated; but, some years afterwards, he was again disturbed on account of this paltry claim for 2,641 reals. The inspector of Baza, Gaspar Osorio de Tejada, presented in his accounts, at the end of 1602, an acknowledgement from Cervantes, proving, that that sum had been received by him in 1594, when he was commissioned to recover arrears of claims on that city and district. Having consulted on this point, the judges of the court of the Treasury, made a report dated Valladolid Jan. 24th, 1603, in which they gave an account of the arrest of Cervantes in 1597, for this same sum, and of his conditional enlargement, adding, that since he had not appeared before them. It was on this occasion that Cervantes went with all his family to Valladolid, where for two years Philip the III., had held his Court. Proof has been obtained, that, on the 8th February 1603, his sister Donna Andrea was engaged in superintending the household and wardrobe of a certain Don Pedro de Toledo Osorio, Marquis de Villafranca, who had returned from the expedition to Algiers. Among the papers found there are house-keeping accounts, which prove the distress of Cervantes, and of his family and many notes and bills, in his hand writing. He settled his affairs with the tribunal of accounts either by proving an anterior payment, or by satisfying the claim at this period, for the suit commenced against him ceased, and he passed the rest of his life peaceably in the vicinity of that tribunal by which he had been so sharply treated. The honour of Cervantes requires that these minute details should thus be stated; but if it were necessary to prove by other evidence that his probity stood above all suspicion, it would suffice to recall the fact, that he himself mentions in a spirit of gaiety, his numerous imprisonments. It would have been too much for effrontery itself to do this, if he had been subjected to them by any disgraceful action; and his enemies, those who envied his talents and detracted from his merit in every possible way, and reproached him even with his crippled hand, would not have failed to wound, in the most vulnerable part, the self-love of the gifted writer.

The materials for tracing the course of Cervantes here present a serious hiatus. Nothing is known of him with certainty from 1598, when he wrote at Seville the sonnet on the tomb of Philip II, till 1603, when he had returned to Valladolid where the court then resided. It is, however, during this interval of five years, that he conceived, commenced, and nearly finished the first part of *Don Quixote*. Many circumstances render it probable that he quitted Seville with his family about the year 1599, and that he settled in some village of La Mancha, a province where he had relations established, and where he had a variety of engagements. The promptitude with which he appeared before the tribunal of accounts held at Valladolid, in 1603, seems to prove that he must have been residing at some place nearer than Andalusia; and the perfect knowledge which he shows in his romance of the localities, and manners of La Mancha, likewise prove, that he must have remained there for a considerable period. It is probable that he had fixed his abode at Argamasilla de Alba, and that, in placing himself there, the country of his insane gentleman, he designed to ridicule the inhabitants of

that village, who precisely at that date were carrying on, for certain claims to pre-eminence, quarrels so disgraceful, and law-suits so obstinate, that, according to the chronicles of the time, they had, from the ruin they caused, and the constant collision of individuals, the effect of diminishing the numbers of the population not a little.

When we see it announced by Cervantes, in his prologue to *Don Quixote*, that the offspring of his genius was "The history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical———born in a prison, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation;" we ask, with eager curiosity, on what occasion, at what period, and in what country, did he obtain the sad leisure for his mind to give birth to one of the finest efforts of human wit? It has generally been the opinion out of Spain, for a long time, that he conceived and begun his work in the cells of the Holy Inquisition. It would be difficult, as Voltaire says, for any one to calumniate the Holy Inquisition whatever he might say; but, in the midst of all his troubles, Cervantes had at least the happiness to avoid any quarrel with that fraternity. On the subject of his imprisonment in *La Mancha*, a thousand conjectures have been hazarded; but all is still uncertainty: some believe that this misfortune befel him in the village of Toboso, in consequence of a bitter sarcasm, addressed to a female, whose offended relatives took this method of avenging the insult. It is, however, almost generally admitted, that it was the inhabitants of the village of Argamasilla de Alba, who threw Cervantes into a gaol, being exasperated against him, either because he exacted from them the arrears of tithes claimed by the grand priory of San Juan, or because that he deprived them of the small rills that irrigated their lands, which they had drawn from the waters of the Guadiana, to carry on the Government salt-petre works. It is certain that they show to this day, in that village, an ancient edifice called the *Casa de Medrano*, which the immemorial tradition of the country has distinguished as the prison of Cervantes. It is equally certain that the poor commissioner of tithes, or of gunpowder, remained there a very long time; and in so miserable a condition, that he was obliged to have recourse to his uncle, Don Juan Barnabe de Saavedra, citizen of Alcazar de San Juan, to solicit protection and assistance. The recollection of a letter, written by Cervantes at that time to his uncle, is preserved, which commenced with these words, "Long days and short, or rather sleepless nights fatigue me in this prison, or, to speak more correctly, this cavern." It is in reference to this severe treatment, that he begins *Don Quixote* with an expression of mild resentment. "Domiciled in a village of *La Mancha*, the name of which I purposely omit."

Returned, after an absence of thirteen years, from what was called the Court, that is to say to the city in which the residence of the king was established, Cervantes found himself as in a foreign country. Another prince, and other favorites governed the state, and his former friends were dead, or widely dispersed. If the soldier of Lepanto, if the author of *Galatea*, had found neither justice nor protection while his titles to consideration were fresh in the minds of men, what could he hope for from the successors of Philip the second, and his ministers, after being forgotten for so many years. Notwithstanding the discouragements of his situation, pressed by the necessities of his family, Cervan-

tes resolved on a last effort. He presented himself at the levee of the duke of Lerma, the Atlas, as he was called, who thus sustained the whole weight of the monarchy, who was, in other words, the omnipotent dispenser of court patronage. The proud favorite treated him with contempt; and Cervantes, wounded to the bottom of his proud but susceptible soul, renounced, for ever, the part of dancing attendance on the great. From that time, his hours were divided between business agencies and the labours of his pen. He lived, resigned to his lot, in retirement, and with humble means, on the produce of his labours, and the assistance he received from his patrons, the Count de Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo.

The unfortunate situation in which Cervantes found himself, poor and despised, caused him to hasten the publication of *Don Quixote*, at least of the first part of it, in which he had already made great progress. He obtained permission of the king to print it under date of the 26th Sept. 1604. It was, however, necessary to find a Macænas to accept the dedication, and to allow it to be brought forward, under the protecting shadow of his name. In conformity with established custom, this was indispensable to Cervantes, poor and unknown, and for a work like his. If his book, the title of which might mislead, were taken for a mere romance of chivalry, it might have fallen into the hands of people, who, not finding in it the extravagancies they sought, would have been incapable of appreciating the delicate satire it threw on a taste depraved like theirs. On the other hand, if it should be immediately recognised and comprehended, the subtle and bold criticisms there combined, in a thousand allusions to the principal object of criticism, rendered high protection eminently desirable. The patronage of a grandee, would avert the evil he dreaded on either hand. Cervantes, under these circumstances, made choice of Don Alonzo Lopez de Zuniga y Sotomayor, seventh duke of Bejar, one of those specimens of noble blood, who condescend to bestow on letters and the fine arts, the encouraging smile of their titled ignorance. It is stated that the duke, on learning that *Don Quixote* was a work of raillery, fancied it would compromise his dignity, and refused to accept its dedication. Cervantes, affecting to give way to the repugnance thus manifested by the duke, only requested the favour of being permitted to read one chapter of the work to his lordship. This being conceded, such was the surprise and the pleasure which the reading afforded to his auditory, that from chapter to chapter, he was obliged to go on to the end of the book. The author was overwhelmed with praise, and the duke, yielding to the general prayer of those present, permitted himself to be immortalized.

It is likewise said, that an ecclesiastic, steward to the Duke of Bejar, who at the same time regulated his house and governed his conscience, shocked at the success of Cervantes, censured the book and the author with equal bitterness, and severely reproached the duke for the favourable reception which both had received from him. This morose monk had no doubt great influence over his client, for the duke forgot Cervantes, who, in his turn, dedicated nothing else to him. He indeed revenged himself after his own fashion, by representing the scene which has been described, with the several personages engaged in it, in the second part of *Don Quixote*.

The first part was published in 1605. It may be as well before going further

with this narrative, to explain what was, as to the special object of the book, the state of things at the time when it made its appearance.

The period at which it is supposed knight-errantry flourished, and within which the adventures of the paladins is comprehended, is between the extinction of ancient, and the rise of modern civilization. It was in those days of darkness and barbarism, when might was right, when justice was rendered by wager of battle, when feudal anarchy incessantly desolated the land, when religious power called to the aid of the civil authority, could find no other means than "The truce of God," to secure to a nation a few days of peace. Certainly at such an epoch, it might have been well that a brave knight should devote himself to the defence of the unfortunate and the protection of the oppressed. A warrior of high rank, lance in hand, and covered with armour, who should thus have traversed the world seeking occasions to exercise his noble profession, the generosity of his heart, and the prowess of his arm, might have been a glorious benefactor entitled to the gratitude and admiration of mankind. When he had destroyed some of the banditti who infested the high roads, or drawn from their retreats other escutcheoned robbers, who, from their castles built on the summits of the rocks, pounced like an eagle from his nest, on the helpless passengers who presented themselves an easy prey to violence; when he had delivered captives from their chains, snatched an innocent man from punishment, brought a murderer to justice, hurled a usurper from the throne—when he had in fact renewed in this primeval age of modern society, the labours of Hercules, of Theseus, of the demi-gods of a former world in its infancy—then his name, repeated from mouth to mouth, would have been preserved in the memory of men, with all the decorations of traditional history. On the other hand, women, whom public manners did not as yet protect from outrage, which they wanted bodily strength to resist, would become the principal object of the generous care of the knight-errant. Gallantry, that new description of love, unknown to antiquity, the gallantry to which christianity has given birth, mingling with sensual pleasures, respect, and a species of religious worship, would blend the knight's sweetest enjoyments with the justice his lance might administer, and thus divide his existence between war and love.

There was assuredly in the subject, treated in a certain way, matter not for a book, but for the whole literature of a country. It was easy to connect with the history of knights-errant, that of the customs of the age in which they lived, descriptions of tournaments and fêtes, the gallant justice of the courts of love, the songs of troubadours, the exhibitions of dancers and the pilgrimages of monks or warriors to the Holy-Land; and the east was open, with all its wonders; to the writer of romance. But it was not thither that they shaped their course, or at least it was not there that authors of chivalry were content to stop. Without respect for truth, or even for probability, they heaped up at pleasure the grossest blunders in history, in geography, in philosophy and even added the most dangerous errors in morals. They only knew how to tell of blows of the lance and blows of the sword, of perpetual battles, of incredible exploits, of inconsistent adventures put together from end to end without plan, connection, or intelligence; they mixed tenderness with ferocity, vice with super-

stition; they called to their aid giants, monsters, enchanters, and in fine each strove to surpass by exaggerations, impossibilities and wonders.

Nevertheless, by their very defects, books of this description could not fail to please. At the time when they appeared, some learned men had, it is true, made a noble beginning to seek the treasures of antiquity among its ruins: but the multitude, ignorant and idle, were still without wholesome aliment to fill up their leisure and the void left in their minds. On such prey they sprang with greediness. Besides, since the crusades, a general taste for adventurous enterprises had marvellously prepared them for chivalric romances, and if these had found in Spain more popular and more lasting success than any where else, it was because in Spain, more than in any other place, the taste for a chivalrous career was deeply rooted. To eight centuries of incessant warfare against the Moors and the Arabs, had succeeded the discovery and conquest of the New World, and then came the wars of Italy, Flanders and Africa. How can we be astonished at the passion evinced for books of chivalry, in a country where the examples set forth in them had been actually reduced to practice? Don Quixote was not the first madman of his kind, and the fictitious hero of La Mancha had had living precursors, models of flesh and blood. If we open the "Illustrious Men of Castile," by Hernando del Pulgar, we shall there see the well known extravagance of Don Suéro de Quinonès, son of the chief magistrate of the Asturias, spoken of with praise; who, having agreed to break three hundred lances, in order to ransom himself from the chains cast around him by his lady, defended during thirty days the pass of Orbigo, as did Rodomont the bridge of Montpellier. The same chronicler, without departing from the reign of John II., (from 1407 to 1454,) mentions a crowd of warriors personally known to him, such as Gonzalo de Guzman, Juan de Merlo, Gutierre Quejada, Juan de Polanco, Pero Vazquez de Sayavedra, Diego Varela, who not only visited their neighbours the Moors of Grenada, but traversed foreign countries, like true knights-errant, France, Germany and Italy, offering to break a lance in honour of their ladies, with any who would accept of their challenge.

This immoderate taste for romance of chivalry soon bore its fruits. Young persons estranged from the study of history, which did not offer sufficient matter for their ill-regulated curiosity, took the books of their choice, offering as models both in language and manners. Obedience to the caprice of women, adulterous amours, false points of honour, sanguinary vengeance for the most trivial injuries, unbridled luxury, contempt for social order, all these were brought into practice, and books of chivalry thus became not less fatal to good manners, than to good taste.

These fatal consequences excited at first the zeal of the moralists. Luis Vivès, Alexo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchor Cano, Fray Luis de Granada, Malon de Chaïde, Arias-Montano, and other sensible and pious writers, expressed aloud their indignation at the evil effects produced by such reading. The laws afterwards came to their aid. A decree of Charles V. issued in 1543, ordered the viceroys and courts of the New-World not to suffer, by either Spaniard or Indian, any romance of chivalry to be printed, sold or read. In 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid claimed, in a very energetic petition, the same prohibi-

tion for the Peninsula, and still more, demanded that all the books of that description then in existence, should be collected and burnt. Queen Jane, promised a law on this subject, which however never appeared*.

But neither the declamations of rhetoricians or moralists, nor the anathemas of legislators, could put a stop to the contagion. All these remedies were impotent opposed to the prevailing taste for the marvellous, a taste over which reason, philosophy and science, cannot gain a perfect triumph. Romances of chivalry were still written and read. Princes, lords and prelates, accepted the dedications of them; and Saint Theresa, very much attached in her youth to this kind of literature, invented a chivalrous romance, before writing *The interior of the Chateau*, and her other mysterious works. Charles V. devoured in secret the *Don Belianis of Greece*, one of the most monstrous productions of this literature run mad, even while he was issuing against it decrees of proscription; and when his sister the Queen of Hungary, wished to give a grand entertainment on her return to Germany, she could find nothing better to offer in the celebrated fêtes of Bins, 1549, than the realization of the adventures of a book of chivalry, in which all the lords of the court, and the austere Philip II. himself, took a part. This taste had even penetrated the cloisters; they read there, and even wrote romances. A franciscan monk, who was called Fray Gabriel de Mata, caused to be printed, not in the thirteenth century, but in the year 1589, a chivalric poem, of which the hero was Saint Francis the patron of his order, and the poem was entitled *ell caballero Asisio*, the knight of the Assizes. For a frontispiece it had a portrait of the saint on horseback and armed at all points, after the manner of those figures which decorate the *Amadis de Gaul* and the *Eplandian*. His horse was gaily caparisoned and adorned with magnificent plumes. He wore on the head-piece of his casque, a cross with nails and a crown of thorns. On his shield, the representation of the five wounds appeared, and on the standard of his lance, one of Faith holding

* The following are some of the passages contained in this curious petition.

"We further say that the mischief is most notorious which has been done, and is now doing to the youth of both sexes, by the reading of books of lies and vanities, such as *Amadis*, and all the books of like character, published since that period. For as young men and young women, from idleness, principally occupy themselves with these, they imbibe a taste for those reveries and adventures of which they read, as well in love as in war, and at the same time fall into other follies, and for these having once conceived a passion, when favourable opportunities occur, they give a loose run to extravagance, much more than but for such reading they would ever have done. Very often it will happen that the mother will leave her daughter shut up in the house, believing that she may leave her with safety in such a retreat, when the latter will so well employ her time in these studies, that the mother may find it would have been much wiser to have taken her child out with her. Not only does this lead to the prejudice and disparagement of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, for the more the parties become attached to such foolery, the more will they become indifferent to the holy, true and christian doctrine. To remedy the above mentioned evil, we supplicate your Majesty to order, under severe penalties, that no books of this description, or approaching to it, shall be read or printed, and further that those which have already been published may be collected and burnt. Doing this your Majesty will render a great service to God, in taking from young persons the reading of books of vanity, and in compelling them to read religious works, which will edify their souls and reform their lives, and your Majesty will further confer on these kingdoms a great benefit and favour."

the cross and the chalice with this legend, "In this there can be no failure." This singular book was dedicated to the constable of Castile.

Such was the state of things, when Cervantes, shut up in his little village of La Mancha, conceived the idea of overthrowing from top to bottom the whole fabric of chivalric literature. It was then in the zenith of its popularity, of its success, of its triumph, when he resolved, poor, humble, unknown, without a protector, having no power at his command but his wit and his pen, to attack the hydra which had set common sense and law at defiance. But he opposed to it arms much more efficacious in the cause of reason, than arguments, sermons and legislative prohibitions—ridicule. His success was complete. The moralists and legislators who had previously opposed books of knight-errantry, might say as Buffon said of J. J. Rousseau, with regard to nursing mothers: "We had all advised the same thing; he alone dared to order it and made himself obeyed." A gentleman of the court of Philip III., Don Juan de Silva y Toledo, lord of Canada-Hermosa, had published in 1602, *the chronicle of the prince Don Policisne de Bœcia*. This book, one of the most extravagant of its kind, was the last romance of chivalry produced in Spain. After the appearance of Don Quixote, not only was there no new romance published, but the old ones wholly ceased to be re-printed, which thus rendered scarce, have no longer value but as bibliographic curiosities. There are many of which the names only are known, and doubtless there were many more of which not even the names have been preserved. In a word, the success of the history of Don Quixote was such, that some moody critics have complained, that by the excessive power of the remedy, an opposite disease has been produced, and they have not scrupled to affirm that the irony of this satire, over-shooting the mark, had hit and severely shaken the maxims till then revered, of the old Castilian point of honour.

Having explained the primitive object of Don Quixote, it is now time to return to the history of the book and its author. According to a tradition generally admitted, and which is not at variance with probability, the first part of the work when it originally came out, was received with the most perfect indifference. As Cervantes had reason to fear, it was read by people who could not understand it, and so neglected by those who ought to have been able to comprehend all its merit. A thought struck him then, to publish under the title of *Buscapié*, (a name, given to those little fusees or serpents, thrown forward in military operations to give light to a night-march,) an anonymous pamphlet, in which, affecting to criticise his book, (as Popedid his pastorals a century later,) he explained its real object, at the same time hinting, imaginary as they were, that his characters and their actions had some reference to the men and the events of the times. This little trick completely answered the purpose. Excited by the imperfect disclosures of *Buscapié*, the leading wits of the day read the book, and from that time Cervantes saw the indifference of the public rapidly resolve itself into insatiable curiosity. The first part of Don Quixote was reprinted four times in Spain in one year, 1605, and almost immediately found its way into foreign parts,—editions of it being printed in France, Italy, Portugal and Flanders.

The dazzling success of his work was destined to have for Cervantes a result

more certain than the drawing of him from obscurity and misery—that of exciting envy, and raising up enemies against him. It is not meant to speak merely of that base vanity which all merit offends, and which the glory of another's triumph always exasperates; but there was in Don Quixote enough of literary satire—enough of arrows launched against the authors or the admirers of the books and publications of the time, to put in motion all who were in any way connected with letters. As is ever the case, great reputations can receive, without being disturbed, the blows dealt to them; and thus Lope de Vega, perhaps the most ill-treated of all, exhibited no rancour against the new writer, who ventured to mingle a few drops of wormwood with the nectar of praise with which the public had conspired to intoxicate his brains. His fame and his wealth enabled him to be generous. He had even the courtesy to declare that Cervantes wanted neither grace nor style. But it was not so with authors of the second rank, who had to defend their trumpery characters and interests. From them there was a regular out-breaking against poor Cervantes, a concert of public censures and secret diatribes. One, from the height of his pedantic erudition, treated him as having the mind of a lay-brother, wanting culture and science; another, thinking to demolish, entitled him a *Quixote-ist*; one railed at him in small pamphlets, the journals of the time; another addressed to him under cover a sonnet most injurious in its character, which Cervantes to revenge the outrage, took care to publish himself. Among men of some reputation for courage who appeared most ardent to make war upon him, the poet Don Luis de Gongora, founder of the sect of *cultos*, may be named as envious from nature, as critical from the turn of his wit; doctor Cristoval Suarez de Figueroa, another writer, cynical and jealous; and thus down to the hair-brained D'Esteban Villegas, who gave his poems dated from college, the title of “Delicious morsels,” and had the modesty to cause his likeness to be given for the frontispiece, in which he was represented as a rising sun, dimming the lustre of the stars, adding to this device, lest by some it should be thought too obscure, a motto well calculated to guard against all ambiguity: *sicut soli matutinus me surgente, quid istæ?* Cervantes, who had as little malice as vanity, must have laughed at these attempts of self-love on the part of his adversaries, vainly to arrest the progress of his rising glory; but what must have most deeply wounded his affectionate heart, was the desertion of some of his friends, or those at least, who are such so long as their contemporaries do not rise above their level, but who never pardon in their associates the crime of transcending themselves. It is painful to number among these the name of Vicente Espinel, a romance-writer, poet and musician, the author of *Marcos de Obregon*—who invented the strophe called *espinela*, and who gave the fifth cord to the guitar. Cervantes would have been too happy if he had not experienced that alloy which always mingles with the joy consequent on success. It is sufficient to mention this once for all, as that which is inevitable, and it will therefore be unnecessary to recur to it.

The period of the publication of Don Quixote, is that of the birth of Philip IV., which took place at Valladolid, April 8, 1605. In the preceding year, Don Juan Fernandez de Velasco, constable of Castile, had been sent to

England, to negotiate a peace. James I., in return for this high compliment, despatched Admiral Lord Howard to present the treaty of peace to the king of Spain, and to congratulate him on the birth of his son. Lord Howard landed at Corunna with six hundred English, and entered Valladolid, May 26th 1605. He was received with all the magnificence that the court of Spain could display. Among the religious ceremonies, the bull-fights, the masked-balls, the reviews and the games or tourneys, where the king himself ran at the ring, and all the fêtes, which were lavished on the admiral, mention is made of a dinner given to his lordship by the constable of Castile, where twelve-hundred dishes were served of meat and fish, without mentioning the dessert and a superabundance of other delicacies. The duke of Lerma had an account of these ceremonies written, which was printed at Valladolid in the same year. Cervantes is believed to be the author, at least an epigrammatic sonnet of Gongora, who was an eye witness, seems to give proof of it.*

It was in the train of these rejoicings, that an unhappy event occurred to distress the family of Cervantes, and conduct him, for the third time, to prison. A knight of St. James, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, wishing to pass, on the night of the 27th of June, 1605, over the wooden bridge of the river Esqueva, was prevented by a stranger; a quarrel ensued, and the two combatants drawing their swords, Don Gaspar was pierced with several wounds. Crying for help, he took refuge, covered with blood, in one of the neighbouring houses: one of the two apartments on the first floor of this house, was occupied by Donna Luisa de Montoya, widow of the historian Esteban de Garibay, with her two sons, and the other by Cervantes and his family. At the cries of the wounded man, Cervantes hastened to him, with one of the sons of his neighbour; they found Don Gaspar lying under the portico, his sword in one hand, and his shield in the other, and they took him in to widow Garibay's, where he expired on the following day. An inquest was immediately held, by the *alcalde de casa y corte*, Cristobal de Villaroel; they took the depositions of Cervantes, of his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, of his natural daughter Donna Isabel de Saavedra, then twenty years of age, of his sister Donna Andrea de Cervantes, a widow, having a daughter twenty-eight years of age, called Donna Constanza de Ovando, of a nun Donna Magdalena de Sotomayor, who was also said to be the sister of Cervantes, of his servant Maria de Cevallos, and lastly of two friends, who happened to be in the house Senor de Cigales and a Portuguese named Simon Mendez. Supposing, whether right or wrong, that

* The following is the substance of the sonnet:—

“The queen is delivered; the Lutheran is come, with his six hundred heretics and as many heresies; we have spent a million in a fortnight, to give him jewels, banquets and wine.

“We have made a parade, or a grand display, and given feasts, which were so many tumults, to the English legate, and the spies of him who swore to observe the peace, by Calvin.

“We have baptized the son of a monarch, who is born to be king of Spain, and we have made a dance of enchantments.

“We remain poor, Luther is become rich, and these great exploits have been written by Don Quixote, by Sancho and by his ass.”

Don Gaspar had been killed in a love affair with the daughter or the niece of Cervantes, the judge had those ladies arrested, as well as Cervantes himself and his sister, the widow Ovando. It was not till the end of eight or ten days, after examinations and hearing witnesses, and even giving bail, that the four prisoners were released. The depositions to which this disagreeable incident gave rise, prove that at this time, to sustain the burthen of four women, of whom he was the only support, Cervantes still occupied himself with agencies, and mixed with the cultivation of literature the dull, but less barren pursuits of business.

It may be presumed that Cervantes followed the court to Madrid in 1606, and that he fixed his residence from that time forward, in that capital, where he was near to his relations at Alcala, to those of his wife at Esquevias, and well placed at the same time for his literary engagements and his business agencies. It has been lately established, that in June, 1609, he lived in the street de la *Magdalena*, and shortly afterwards behind the college of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette; in June, 1610, in the street *del Leon*, No. 9; in 1614, in the street *Las Huertas*; afterwards in the street *duc d'Albe*, at the corner of that of San Isidoro; thence he is traced to the spot, whence he took his final departure in 1616, in the street *del Leon*, No. 20, at the corner of that of *Francos*, where he died.

After his return to Madrid, Cervantes, growing old, without fortune and having to struggle for a numerous family, experienced the same ingratitude in regard to his talents that he had met with for his services, at a period when, if sordid dedications produced pensions for their authors, books brought them nothing; neglected by his friends, outraged by his rivals, and having been brought by long and painful experience, to a state, which from the absence of every gay illusion, the Spanish describe by the word *desengano*, Cervantes sought complete retirement. He lived as a philosopher, without murmuring, without complaining, not in that state of golden mediocrity, which Horace commends to the votaries of the muses, but in poverty and distress. He found however, two patronizing friends, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, archbishop of Toledo, and a distinguished and enlightened nobleman, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, Count de Lemos, author of the comedy entitled *la Casa Confusa*, which brought round him, in 1610, a little literary court in his vice-royalty at Naples, who did not forget, in a situation at once so exalted and so distant, the old wounded soldier who was unable to follow him.

One thing really inexplicable, which, however, does as much honour to the independent spirit of Cervantes, as it reflects shame on those who had the dispensing of royal favours, is the obscurity in which this illustrious man was left, while crowds of small wits received allowances, which they had begged by their pitiful strains in prose and verse. It is mentioned that one day Philip III., being at the balcony of his palace, perceived a student, who was walking with a book in his hand, on the margin of the Manzanares. This man, wrapped up in a black cloak, stopped every minute, struck his forehead with his hand and burst out in loud peals of laughter. Philip, observing this pantomime from a distance, exclaimed,—“That student is a madman, or he is reading Don Quixote.” Some of the courtiers ran immediately to ascertain if royal penetration was, in this instance right, and returning, announced to the king that it was

really Don Quixote the student was engaged with and from which he received so much delight; but it occurred to none of them to advise the prince of the neglect under which the author of a work so popular and so admirable then languished.

Another anecdote of a somewhat later period, it may not be improper to insert here, to shew still more decidedly the high estimation in which Cervantes was held, as well as the poverty to which he was reduced. The party from whom this fact is obtained, the licentiate Francisco Marquez de Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, who was instructed to censure the second part of Don Quixote, shall speak for himself. He says,—“I truly certify, that on the 25th of February of this year, 1615, the most illustrious lord cardinal archbishop, my lord and master, having been to pay a visit to the ambassador of France, many French gentlemen who had accompanied the ambassador, as well courtiers as scholars and friends to polite literature, came to me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desirous of learning from us what books of imagination we had that were then in vogue. I happened to mention Don Quixote, which I had critically examined. Scarcely had they heard the name of Miguel de Cervantes, when they began to whisper to each other, and spake much of the admiration excited in France and the neighbouring states, for his various works. The *Galatea*, one of them knew almost by heart, as also the first part of Don Quixote, and the Novels. Their applause was so enthusiastic that I offered to take them to see the author of the books we had mentioned, an offer which they welcomed with a thousand demonstrations of lively satisfaction. They questioned me much in detail as to his age, his profession, his birth and his fortune. I was obliged to reply that he was old, a soldier, a gentleman and poor; to which one of them replied precisely in these words:—‘What then, has Spain not made such a man rich? Is he not provided for by the state?’ One of the gentlemen taking up this idea, ingeniously remarked:—‘If it is necessity that urges him to write, Heaven grant that he may never know abundance, so that from his remaining in poverty, the world may be enriched with more of his books.’”

The first edition of Don Quixote, that of 1635, had been published while the author was at a great distance, and from a manuscript in his hand writing, which it was very difficult to make out; in consequence it was full of faults. One of the first cares of Cervantes, when established at Madrid, was to publish a second edition of his book, which he carefully revised and corrected. This second edition, published in 1608, was greatly superior to its predecessor, and has been used as a model for all the reprints which have since been given to the world.

Four years after, in 1612, Cervantes published the twelve novels, which form with the two episodes given in Don Quixote, and the one discovered at a subsequent period, the collection of fifteen novels which he had composed since he resided at Seville. They have already been mentioned in a former part of this memoir. This book, which is described in the privilege granted for publication, “as a very laudable and entertaining work, in which the nobleness and fecundity of the Castilian language are displayed,” was received in Spain and

in foreign countries, with as much favour as Don Quixote. Lope de Vega imitated him in two different ways, in composing in his turn, novels very inferior to those written by Cervantes, and in bringing on the stage several of the subjects treated by the latter. Other great dramatists drew from the same source, and among them, the monk Fray Gabriel Tellez, known under the name of Tirso de Molina, who pronounced Cervantes to be the *Spanish Bocaccio*, Don Agustino Moreto, Don Diego de Figueroa, and Don Antonio Solis.

After the novels, Cervantes published, in 1614, his poem, entitled, *A journey to Parnassus*. In this work, which was written in imitation of that of Cesare Caporali, of Perouse, he praises the good authors of his time, and attacks without mercy those adepts of the new school, who by their ridiculous and delirious innovations had impaired and almost annihilated the beautiful language of the Golden Age. In the dialogue, he complains of the actors, who would neither perform any of the plays which he had formerly written, nor those which he had recently prepared for the stage. Lope de Vega, continued to be so much the rage that the productions of other writers were regarded with perfect indifference. Cervantes felt hurt at the neglect which he experienced. On this subject in his preface to his plays, he thus breathes his resentment.

"Some years ago, I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller, (his name was Villaroel,) told me that he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price; I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or at least possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find anything to thy liking, and afterwards shouldst happen to meet with any back-biting actor, desire him for me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

Though severe the opinion expressed by the actor, it was not very ill founded. It must, however, have been acutely felt by Cervantes, who rhymed in despite of Minerva, and who clung with childish fondness to his fame as a poet. Eight comedies were printed by Villaroel, in 1615, and as many interludes, with a

dedication to Count de Lemos, and a prologue, which is not only very lively, but also very interesting, as connected with the history of the Spanish stage. Lope de Vega continued to reign at that period, and the rival who was to dethrone him, Calderon, had just commenced his career. The public received with indifference the best pieces of Cervantes, and the actors did not think fit to represent one of them. Both the public and the players were ingrates perhaps, but not very unjust. Who can blame them for having left unnoticed comedies, of which Blas de Nasarre, reprinting them a century afterwards, supposes that Cervantes had written them badly by design, to burlesque the extravagant follies which had in his time been so much in vogue.

In the same year, 1615, another little work by Cervantes saw the light, which was connected with a circumstance of some interest. Spain preserved still the custom of *joutes poétiques*, or struggles, which are still kept up in the South of France, under the name of Floral games. Paul V., having canonised in 1614, the famous saint Theresa de Jesus, the triumph of that heroine of the cloisters was given as a subject for poetical competition, of which Lope de Vega was appointed one of the judges. It was ordered that the ecstasies of the saint should be sung in the form of the ode, called *cancion castellana*, and in the metre of the first eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega, the sweetly melancholy shepherd-poet. All the writers of any name took part in the contention, and Cervantes, turning lyric poet at the age of sixty-two, sent his ode with the rest, which though it did not gain the prize, was at least printed as among the best which the occasion had produced, in the history of the fêtes which all Spain celebrated to the glory of her illustrious daughter.

It was also in the same year 1615, that the second part of Don Quixote appeared.

This work was far advanced, and it had been announced in the prologue to his novels and he still laboured at it assiduously, when about the middle of the year 1614, a continuation of the first part appeared at Tarragona, as the work of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. This was a fictitious description under which was concealed the insolent plagiarism which, while the original author was living, dared to steal from him the title and the subject of his book. It has not been possible to discover the real name of the writer; it however appears to be proved from the researches of Mayans, of P. Murillo, and of Pellicer, that it was an Arragonese monk of the preaching order, and one of the play-writers, at which Cervantes laughs so heartily in the first part of Don Quixote. Like certain robbers on the highways who outrage the unfortunate persons they rob, the pretended Avellaneda commenced his book by vomiting all the gall which a heart full of hatred and jealousy could pour forth, overwhelming Cervantes with the grossest abuse. He called him cripple, old man, hangman, calumniator,—he reproached him with his misfortunes, with his imprisonments and his poverty, and finally accused him of being destitute of wit and talent, and boasted that he would spoil the sale of his second part. When this book fell into the hands of Cervantes, when he saw so many insults offered to him, at the opening of an insipid work, a work at once pedantic and indecent, piqued by such effrontery, he prepared to take vengeance on

the assailant in a manner worthy of himself. He hastened to finish his own book, and made such efforts that the last chapters exhibit some marks of precipitation. He however, was anxious that there should be nothing in it that would render it possible for his work to be compared with the book of Avellaneda. In dedicating his comedies to the Count de Lemos, at the opening of the year 1615, he says "Don Quixote has put on his spurs that he may hasten to kiss the feet of your excellency. I believe he will appear a little peevish, because at Tarragona, he was bewildered and ill-treated, nevertheless, it has been established by a diligent enquiry, that it is not really he who figures in that history, but an impostor who wishes to pass for him, yet cannot accomplish his object." Cervantes did better still; even in the text of Don Quixote, (prologue and chapter 59,) he replies to the grossest insults, offered by his plagiarist, without ever deigning to mention his name, by raillery the most playful, delicate and witty; thus proving himself as superior to such an adversary by the nobleness and dignity of his resentment, as by the overwhelming merit of his writings. But in order to withdraw from future Avellanedas all temptation to continue the adventures of his hero, he in this volume carries him to his death-bed: receives his will, his confession and his last sigh: he buries him, supplies his epitaph, and then feels himself justified in exclaiming with a noble and a just pride: "Here Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts down his pen; but he has placed it so high that no one henceforth will think it prudent to make a new attempt at seizing it." It cannot be mentioned but with regret, that the flat and miserable continuation published by the licentiate of Tordesillas, was translated into French, by the author of Gil Blas, and that the great body of French readers confounded it till latterly with the genuine work of Cervantes.

We pause here for a moment to examine Don Quixote, not merely for its objects and its origin, but for itself; to consider finally under its general aspect this imperishable work, the glory alike of its author and his country.

In his Persian letters, Montesquieu, makes one of his characters say: "The Spaniards have but a single admirable book that which shows the absurdity of all the rest of their literature." This is one of those amusing sarcasms which please by their very extravagance, and which the Spaniards ought not to have taken seriously. Is any one angry in France, because Rica, the character whose remark has just been quoted, says, at the close of the very same letter, that: "At Paris, there is a house where madmen are confined.... Unquestionably the French, much decried in neighbouring countries, find it necessary to shut up a few of their number in a mad-house, to persuade the world that those suffered to go at large are not mad." The banter in this one case is about as good as it is in the other. The remark of Montesquieu on Don Quixote, is however, equally incorrect, for the character of the eulogium pronounced on that work, and the unmeasured condemnation pronounced on every other. If it had no merit but that of parodying romances of chivalry, it would not have long survived. Its object accomplished, after a time the conqueror would have been buried with the conquered. Is it the criticism on Amadis, on Esplandian, on Plahir, and on Kyrie-Elison, that we seek in it now? No doubt Cervantes calculated among its merits, that it would utterly ruin and overthrow that extravagant and dan-

gerous literature, which had too long prevailed in Spain. His book in this respect is a moral work, which unites in the most eminent degree the merits of true comedy, to amuse and correct at the same time. Don Quixote is anything but a mere satire on the old romances, and it may not be improper to attempt pointing out the transformations which the subject underwent in the mind of the author.

It is certainly probable, that in commencing the work, Cervantes had no object in view, but to attack with the weapons of ridicule, all the chivalric literature of his country. This is indeed stated in due form in his prologue. Further it may suffice to remark the strange negligence, the contradictions, the absurdities which abound in the first part of Don Quixote, to prove from these very defects, (if after all they are really defects,) that he began it in a mirthful moment, in a whim without any prepared plan, letting his pen run at random as imagination prompted, to find himself at last the romancer, as La Fontaine did himself to be, the fabulist of nature, and not attaching any great premeditated importance to the work of which as yet, he had not comprehended all the grandeur. Don Quixote at first is but a madman, a complete madman; a madman, bound, and even beaten, for the poor gentleman, receives more blows from beasts and men, than even the haunches of Rocinante could support. But this is only for a short time. Could Cervantes long confine himself between madness and stupidity? He manifests an affection for his heroes—the children of his understanding as he calls them, and soon in equal and well-regulated portions, he divides between them his judgment and his wit. To the master he gives reason, elevated and enlarged, which in a sound mind would give birth to study and reflection; to the servant an instinct, limited but unerring, innate good sense, a natural clearness of perception, when not disturbed by the interests of the moment, which all men may receive with their birth, and which common experience will suffice to cultivate. Don Quixote is but the case of a man of diseased brain; his monomania is that of a good man who revolts at injustice, and who would exalt virtue. He indulges a day dream of making himself the comforter of the afflicted, the champion of the weak, the terror of the proud and the wicked. On all other subjects he reasons admirably, he utters eloquent dissertations; he is fitter, as Sancho says, *‘rather to be a preacher than a knight-errant.’* On his part, Sancho assumes a new shape; he is sly though coarse, subtle though blunt. As Don Quixote, has but one grain of madness, his squire has but one of credulity, which however is justified, by the superior intelligence of his master, and accounts for the attachment to him which he feels.

They furnish an admirable spectacle. We see these two men, become inseparable, like the soul and body, sustaining and completing each other; united for an object, at once noble and ridiculous, performing foolish deeds, but making wise speeches; exposed to the mirth if not to the brutality of spectators, and bringing to light the vices and the follies of those by whom they are mocked or more seriously mal-treated; exciting at first the contempt of the reader, afterwards his pity, and finally his most lively sympathies. They affect almost as much as they amuse; they give at the same moment a mirthful entertainment and a moral lesson; forming, in short, by the perpetual contrast of one with the

other and of both with all the rest of the world, the unfailing materials for a drama, immense in its design, and always new.

It is more especially in the second part of *Don Quixote*, that we discover the new plan of the author, ripened by age and greater experience of the world. There is no question of knight-errantry, more than is necessary to continue the original idea that the same general plan may embrace the two parts. It is no longer a playful parody on chivalric romance; it is a book of practical philosophy, a collection of maxims or rather of parables, a mild and judicious critique on human nature generally. The new personage introduced to the familiarity of the hero of *La Mancha*, Samson Carrasco; what is he but an incredulous sceptic who laughs at everything without restraint and without respect. To give another example, who has not thought, reading the second part of *Don Quixote* for the first time, that Sancho invested with the government of the island of Barataria, would provoke laughter by his foolery? who has not expected that this improvisatore monarch, would commit more extravagances on the seat of justice than *Don Quixote* could accomplish in his penitence on the *Sierra Morena*? They find themselves mistaken. The genius of Cervantes looks much further than the mere amusement of the reader, without however, forgetting even that. He wished to prove that the so loudly boasted science of government is not the secret of one family, or of a particular caste, but that it is accessible to all, and that it is necessary, constantly to exercise other qualities more precious than a knowledge of the laws and the study of politics, good sense and good intentions. Without departing from his character—without exceeding the limits of the sphere of his mind as previously defined, Sancho Panza judges and reigns like king Solomon.

The second part of *Don Quixote* did not appear till ten years after the first; and Cervantes when he published the latter did not think of supplying a continuation. It was then fashionable to leave works of imagination unfinished. The writers of that day were accustomed to bring their histories to a conclusion, as Ariosto did the songs of his poem, in the midst of the most complicated adventures and in the most interesting part of the action. *Le Lazarille de Termès* and *Le Diable Boiteux*, have no denouement, neither has the *Galatea*. Even in France, *Gil Blas* was written in three fragments. It was not the continuation of Avellaneda, which decided Cervantes to furnish the second part of *Don Quixote*, as he had nearly written it when the imitation appeared. If *Don Quixote* had been but a literary satire it might have remained unfinished. It is clearly with the design which has been ascribed to him, that Cervantes resumed and continued the subject. Therefore it is that the two portions of the work offer an instance perfectly unique in the annals of literature, of a second part, being written on an after-thought, which not only equals, but surpasses the first. It is because the execution is not inferior, and the original idea is greater and more fertile—it is because the work addresses itself to all nations and to all times—it is because it speaks the universal language of human nature: it is in fine perhaps the only one which elevates to the highest rank that rare and precious quality above all others, with which the human mind is endowed, common sense, which is so scarce; good sense, so good indeed that nothing can be better.

It is here only intended to give an explanation in some degree historical of the book of Cervantes, for of what use would it be to pronounce its eulogium; Who has not read it? who does not know it by heart? who has not thought with Sir Walter Scott, the greatest admirer, as he is the noblest rival of Cervantes, that it is one of the master-pieces of human genius. Is there any tale more popular? is there any history which affords more pleasure to readers of all ages, of all tastes, of all characters, and of all conditions. Have we not always before our eyes Don Quixote, tall, grim and solemn, and Sancho fat, short and humourous, the housekeeper of the former, the wife of the latter, and the curate, and the barber master Nicholas, the servant Maritornes, and the bachelor Carrasco, and all the other characters of the history including Rocinante and the ass, another pair of inseparable friends! Can it be forgotten how this book is conceived? how it is executed? Can we have failed to admire the perfect unity of the plan, and the immense diversity of the details? The imagination of Cervantes is so fruitful, is so lavish of its gifts that it more than satisfies the curiosity of the most insatiable reader. The infinite skill with which the incidents succeed and are blended with each other, always animated by an interest continually varied continually increasing, and which however are notwithstanding quitted without regret for the still more lively pleasure of resuming the thread of the two heroes' adventures. Their similarity and their contrast at the same time, the speeches of the master, the sallies of the valet, a gravity never heavy, a light humour never trifling, a close and natural alliance of the burlesque and the sublime, of laughter and emotion, amusement and morality. In a word is it possible not to have felt the charms and beauties of that harmonious, magnificent and graceful language, adapting itself to every shape and every manner; of that style in which all styles are united, from the most familiar comic to the most lofty eloquence, and which elicited the remark that the book was "divinely written in a divine language!"

But this last satisfaction is only enjoyed in perfection by those who are so fortunate as to be able to read it in the original. Of such there are comparatively but few on this side of the Pyrenees: We no longer live in the times when Spanish was spoken at Paris, Brussels, Munich, Vienna, Milan and Naples, where it was the language of courts, of politics, and of high fashion: the French tongue has dethroned it. On the other hand, however, it is easy for every one to fancy that he can read Don Quixote, finding it translated into his own idiom. If no book can boast of having so many readers, none assuredly can boast of having had more translators. It is found in Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, and in Russia. In German there are authors not less celebrated than Tieck and Soltau, who have not thought it beneath them to translate into the language of their country, the great work of Cervantes. In England it has had eight or ten translators, and the names of Jarvis and Smollett are among the number. Perhaps it may boast of as many in Italy from Franciosini down to the anonymous translators of 1815, for whom the engravings of Novelli were designed. In France the translations which have been made, are still more numerous, if we include all the versions which have appeared since its first sketches of Cæsar Oudin and de Rosset, contemporaries of the book, down to the two translations produced in the present century. That offered by Filleau de Saint Martin,

about the middle of the last, is, if not the best, at least the most extensively diffused. In the introduction supplied by M. Auger in 1819, he made the remark that the number of editions of that single translation, published in France, amounted at the time of his writing,—will it be credited?—to fifty one! Since that time a fifty second edition has appeared. This success, which is perhaps wholly unexampled proves in a striking manner the immense merit of the original work, and the curiosity always new,—always on the increase, which it continues to make from age to age. From this it of necessity results that *Don Quixote* is most powerfully endowed with the principle of life, or rather that it bears on its front the stamp of immortality to have so gloriously survived the rude mutilations of its translators. It was written with too much wit and address to be comprehended by every one, and it was necessary to use some ingenuity, to put the emissaries of the holy office on a false scent. This will account for the caution observable in some instances, and we cannot too much admire the adroit management, the double meaning, the sly allusions, and the delicate irony so cleverly veiled, which Cervantes used to disguise to the inquisition, thoughts too boldly conceived, too insulting, and too profound to be openly and without reserve avowed. It was in fact necessary for two hundred years, to read *Don Quixote* as the epitaph of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, was read, and like the student in *Gil Blas*, to raise the tomb stone in order to know what soul was there interred. Now many of the allusions to the author's contemporaries, necessarily escape us, and it becomes more difficult to comprehend the meaning of Cervantes. The words alone are seen, the object which he had in view, is concealed, and the Spaniards themselves do not in every instance fully understand the meaning of their favorite author. The key is wanting, and that can only be found in the recent commentaries of the Rev. John Bowles, of Pellicer, of the Spanish academy of Fernandez Navarrette, of Los Rios, of Arrieta, and of Clémencin. No translator has till now had the opportunity of profiting by their labours to understand Cervantes, and to make him understood. Such assistance however was desirable—was indispensable. Of these aids M. Viardot, has been on the alert to avail himself, and the fruits of his industry will be found in many pages of the present edition of *Don Quixote*.

More than sixty years of age, toiling with all the ardour, and all the energy of a young man, Cervantes was engaged at the same moment in writing several important works. In that noble dedication, every way worthy of him, which in October 1615, he addressed to his patron the Count de Lemos, published with the second part of *Don Quixote*, he announced to him the speedy appearance of another romance, "*Persiles and Sigismunda*," (*Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*.) In the same way he had promised on other occasions, the second part of the "*Galatea*," and two novels the exact description of which is not known, entitled (*Las Semanas del Jardín*.) Of the works last mentioned, not even a fragment remains. As to "*Persiles and Sigismunda*," that was published by his widow in 1617. Strange to say in the moment when Cervantes destroyed the romance of chivalry, by the darts of irresistible satire, with the same pen which hurled those murderous weapons, he wrote a romance almost as absurd as any of those which had turned the brain of his Hidalgo. He made himself at once

the censor and the apologist, imitating those he ridiculed, and being the first to commit the sin, on which he had poured his anathema. Not less strange is it, that it was for this work that his warmest eulogium and fondest predilections were reserved, like those parents whose blind admiration is lavished on the sickly and ill-formed offspring of their old age, rather than on their elder, robust and comely progeny. Of Don Quixote he speaks with modesty, almost with embarrassment, but he pompously proclaims to the world the wonders of "Persiles and Sigismunda." This was like Corneille, placing Nicomède before Cinna; or Milton preferring "Paradise Regained," to "Paradise Lost." It is difficult to say to what class of works of imagination the romance of "Persiles and Sigismunda," properly belongs, for it has a touch of all without being distinctly identified with any. It is a tissue of episodes interlaced with each other, like those of one of Calderon's intrigues, consisting of extravagant adventures, silly rencounters, astounding prodigies, preposterous characters, and extravagant sentiments. Cervantes the exact, the judicious painter of the physical and the moral, would in this instance have done well to lay his scene in the hyperborean regions, for the adventures he recounts, belong to an imaginary world and have no relation to the one which he had before his eyes. The reading however of this breaking out of a great mind, which might easily be made to furnish matter for twenty dramas and a hundred tales, cannot fail to make us admire the imagination of one almost seventy years of age, as rich, as fertile as that of Ariosto, nor can we praise too much that pen, which always noble, elegant and bold, covers the absurdities of his narrative with the magnificent dress of his language. The "Persiles and Sigismunda," is more correct and more polished than Don Quixote. It is in many parts a perfect model of style, and perhaps the most classical book in Spain. It may be compared to a palace, built wholly of marble and cedar wood, but without order, without proportions, without shape, and in fact offering instead of an architectural design, a mass of precious materials. Looking at the subject of the work, at the name of the author, and at the preference which he gave it over all his other labours, together with the excellent touches which are thus so madly thrown away, we are justified in regarding his "Persiles and Sigismunda," as one of the most striking aberrations of the human mind.

Cervantes could neither enjoy the fame which he complacently promised to this last effusion of his genius, this Benjamin of *the children of his mind*, nor the durable and legitimate success of that work which constituted his true claim to immortality. Always unfortunate, he was not permitted to see through contemporary praise the immense glories he was to receive from posterity. At the moment when he published the second part of Don Quixote, towards the close of the year 1615, being then sixty-eight years of age, he was attacked without chance of remedy, by that malady which shortly afterwards closed his life. Hoping at the commencement of the fine season to find some relief from the air of the country he set off on the 2nd of April following, for the village of Esquivias, where his wife's relations still resided. At the end of a few days, finding his illness increase, he was obliged to return to Madrid, being brought back by two friends who took care of him on the road. It was on this occasion return-

ing from Esquivias, that a little incident occurred, which he converted into the prologue to "*Persiles and Sigismunda*," and which gives us the only detailed relation extant of the character and progress of his malady.

The three friends were quietly pursuing their road, when a student who was behind them, mounted on an ass, called to them to stop for him, and regretted on joining them, that he had not been able sooner to overtake and enjoy their company. One of the villagers from Esquivias replied, that the fault lay with the horse of Senor Miguel de Cervantes, which had a very long step. On hearing the name of Cervantes, which he passionately admired without knowing the man, the student sprang from his seat, seized the hand of our author, and pressing it between his own, exclaimed: "Yes, yes, here is the maimed but potent hand, the all famous, the mirthful writer,—in short the prime favorite of the Muses." Cervantes finding himself thus improvisatorised, overwhelmed with caresses and eulogies, replied to them with his wonted modesty, and desired the student to remount his animal, that they might continue their journey together. "We held in our horses a little," Cervantes continues, "and on the road conversed on the subject of my illness. My sentence was soon pronounced by the good student. 'Your complaint,' said he, 'is dropsy which could not be cured by all the waters of the ocean, even though you should drink them drop by drop. Your worship, Senor Cervantes, should in drinking allow yourself but short rations, and do not forget to eat well, and attending to these directions you will get better without any other medicine.' 'That is what many people have told me already,' I replied, 'but I can no more refrain from drinking with all my might, than could one, who was born for no other purpose. My life is about to close, and with the short beatings of my pulse, which will cease at the latest by Sunday next, I shall finish my course. You, sir, have arrived at the wrong moment to make my acquaintance, as I have not time enough left, to show the gratitude I feel for the interest you so kindly take in my welfare.' While conversing thus, we came to the bridge of Toledo, which I crossed, while the student turned off, to go to that of Segovia."

This prologue, without sequel or connection, from the burlesque portrait which he draws of the student, at least shows that Cervantes retained all his former gaiety when on the point of bidding a long adieu to his merry friends. It was the last effort of his pen, his disease made frightful progress; he took to his bed and received extreme unction on the 18th of April. It was then that the return of his friend the count de Lemos, was announced, who had just been removed from the vice royalty of Naples to the presidency of the council. The last thoughts of Cervantes were identified with sentiments of gratitude; a tender recollection of his former protector. Almost in his dying moments, he dictated the following letter which is translated word for word.

"Those ancient verses, which were celebrated in their time, and which begin thus,

'One foot already in the grave,'

"I could wish were less appropriate in this my letter, for almost with the same words I may properly commence and say :

'One foot already in the grave,
And in the agonies of death,
Great lord I write these lines to thee.'¹

"Yesterday they gave me extreme unction, and to-day I write this letter. My time is short; my sufferings increase, hope fades, and with all this to deplore, I sustain existence from a wish that I have to retain life a little longer, and to stay the progress of my disease, till I can approach to kiss the feet of your excellency. Perhaps the joy of seeing you well and in Spain again, would be so great that it would restore me to health. But if it is decreed that I should lay down my life, why then let Heaven's will be accomplished. May your excellency be made acquainted with this wish of mine, and know that you had in me a slave so desirous of serving, that he would even come from beyond the grave to evince his attachment. I rejoice at the return of your excellency; I rejoice to see you every-where successfully command; and I rejoice still more that my hopes are accomplished, established on the fame of your virtues——."

This letter which ought, according to Los Rios, to be always present to the view of great men and authors, to teach the one, generosity, the other, gratitude, most clearly proves the perfect serenity which the soul of Cervantes preserved, even to the last. Attacked soon after by a wearisome languor, he expired on Saturday the 23rd April, 1616.

The Rev. John Bowle has made the remark that the two greatest geniuses of that celebrated era, both comparatively little known to their contemporaries, and both signally avenged by posterity, Miguel de Cervantes, and William Shakespeare, departed this life on the very same day. It will certainly be found in the biographical sketches of Shakespeare, that he died on his birthday on the 23rd of April, 1616; but it should be borne in mind that the English did not adopt the Gregorian calendar till 1752, and consequently up to that period they were behind the Spaniards in their dates, as the Russians are now behind the rest of Europe. Shakespeare, therefore, survived Cervantes twelve days.

By his will, Cervantes named as executors, his wife Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar, and his neighbour the licentiate Francisco Nunnez, and he ordered that he should be buried in the convent of a religious brotherhood called the Trinitarians, founded four years before, in the street *del Humilladero*, where his daughter, Donna Isabel de Saavedra, driven to it probably by the poverty of the paternal house, had recently taken the veil. It is probable that this last wish of Cervantes was respected; but in 1633 the monks *del Humilladero*, removed to a new convent in the street *de Cantaranas*, and it is not known what became of the ashes of Cervantes, of which no tomb, no stone, no inscription, indicates the last resting place.

¹ 'Puesto ya el pie en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran señor, esta te escribo.'

From similar negligence, the two portraits made of him by Jauregui and Pacheco, have been suffered to perish. Only a single copy of one of them has been preserved till our time. It is of the reign of Philip IV, the grand epoch of Spanish painting, and some attribute it to Alonzo del Arco, others to the school of Vicencio Carducho or of Eugenio Cajès. Be this as it may, whoever was the artist, it answers exactly to the picture Cervantes has drawn of himself, in the prologue to his novels. He supposes that one of his friends wishes to engrave his portrait to serve as a frontispiece to the book, and the following inscription was to be placed under it. "He whom you see here, with an acquiline countenance, and chesnut hair; the forehead smooth and uncovered, the nose awry, though well proportioned; the beard silver (it is not twenty years since it was gold;) large moustachios, a small mouth, teeth not very numerous, for he has but six in front, and yet more, they are in bad condition and worse arranged, since they do not correspond one with another; the figure between the two extremes, neither large nor small; the complexion clear, rather pale than brown; a little stooping in the shoulders, and not very light about the feet; this is the author of '*Galatea*' and of '*Don Quixote de la Mancha*,' and other works, thrown on the town which may have lost their road, the name of their master being unknown. He is commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra." He afterwards speaks of his left hand, which was injured at the battle of Lepanto, and finishes his portrait in the following words: "In fine, since this opportunity has offered, and since I may remain in blank without form, I am forced to make myself of some importance by my tongue, which though it may stammer and speak rather confusedly here, utters only such truths, as may be understood by signs."

All has now been stated that could be collected of this illustrious man, one of those who pay by suffering through a whole life, for the tardy honours of post-humous fame. Born of a family, honourable, but poor; receiving in the first instance a liberal education, but thrown into domestic servitude by calamity; page, valet de chambre, and afterwards soldier; crippled at the battle of Lepanto; distinguished at the capture of Tunis; taken by a Barbary corsair; captive for five years in the slave-depôts of Algiers; ransomed by public charity, after every effort to effect his liberation by industry and courage had been made in vain; again a soldier in Portugal and the Azores; struck with a woman noble and poor, like himself; recalled one moment to letters by love, and exiled from them the next by distress; recompensed for his services and talents by the magnificent appointment of clerk to a victualling board; accused of malversation with regard to the public money; thrown into prison by the king's ministers, released after proving his innocence; subsequently again imprisoned by mutinous peasants; become a poet by profession, and a general agent; transacting, to gain a livelihood, negociations by commission, and writing dramas for the theatre; discovering when more than fifty years of age, the true bent of his genius; ignorant what patron he could induce to accept of the dedication of his work; finding the public indifferent to a book at which they condescended to laugh, but did not appreciate, and could not comprehend; finding also jealous rivals, by whom he was ridiculed and defamed; pursued by want even to old

age; forgotten by the many, unknown to all, and dying at last, in solitude and poverty; such, during his life and at his death, was Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. It was not till after the lapse of two centuries, that his admirers thought of seeking for his cradle and his tomb, that they adorned with a medallion in marble the last house in which he lived, that they raised a statue to his memory in the public square, and that, effacing the cognomen of some obscure but more fortunate individual, his countrymen inscribed at the corner of a little street in Madrid that great name, the celebrity of which resounds through the civilized world.

It is thus that M. Viardot sums up the strangely varied, the brilliant but frequently overclouded career of Cervantes. We have followed his narrative with feelings of lively interest throughout, the precursors we trust, of those which the subscribers to this work will experience in their turn. Still we cannot help remarking that had the glow of admiration which our French contemporary brought to his editorial task, been less fervent, his shrewdness would have discovered some passages in the eventful story, which almost justify suspicion that Cervantes was imprudent enough to furnish his contemporaries with too plausible an excuse for leaving him in poverty. Generous and brave as he was, it is but too probable that he was not free from the besetting weakness, which has abased and destroyed some of the admired possessors of genius in our own time. He tells us himself in a tone of merriment, awfully at variance with the subject of the communication, that in his last illness when admonished by the student who joined him on the road to Toledo, to drink little, he replied that: "he could no more refrain from drinking with all his might, than if he were born for nothing else." And this was his feeling when on the very brink of the grave; when as he states, he fully expected that in a few days his pulse would cease to beat for ever.

If thus circumstanced, Cervantes could so feel and so express himself, it is not very unlikely that indulging so fatal a passion, he sometimes lost his reason, and fell into inexcusable negligence, or acts of culpable indiscretion. Hence perhaps, arose some of the pecuniary and other embarrassments which he had so frequently to strive against.

What has here been offered, is thrown out with no wish to inculpate Cervantes, but for the purpose of accounting in some degree for the poverty and neglect in which he lived. We cannot refrain from blaming his contemporaries for neglecting to render to his genius the homage that it deserved; but at the period in which he lived, few authors, however exalted their powers, enjoyed their

glory during their life-time. It is to posterity alone, that they owe the long delayed but immortal wreath.

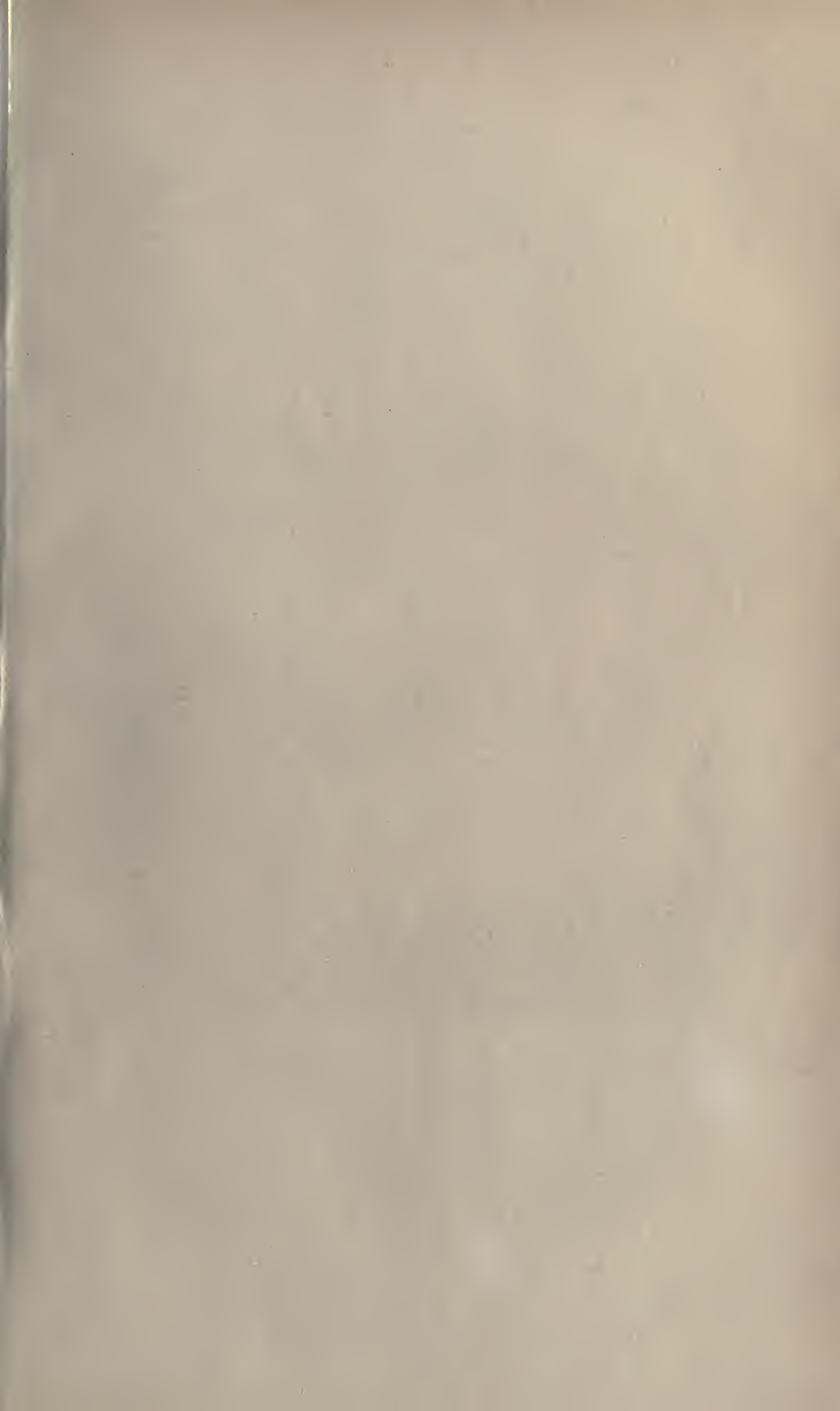
Speaking on the subject of his translation of *Don Quixote*, M. Viardot, says : "The translation of a justly celebrated book, of one of those works which belong less to an individual literature than to all human nature, is not solely a matter of taste and style ; it is a matter of conscience, and I should almost say of probity, I think that the translator's strict duty is to direct his efforts incessantly, not only to render the sense in all its truth, in all its rigour, but further to re-produce the effect of every period, of every phrase and of almost every word. I think that, with every respect to the rules and exactions of his own language, he ought to conform himself to the style of his author, in the whole and in the detail, that the original may be continually felt under the copy ; that he ought to succeed, not in tracing, as it has frequently been said, the engraving of a picture, that is to say a discoloured imitation, but to paint the picture a second time, with its general colour, and particular shades. I think again that the translator ought to reject as a culpable thought, as he would a temptation to robbery or sacrilege, every wish to suppress the least fragment of the text, or to make the slightest addition of his own ; he should, according to Cervantes's words, '*nothing omit and nothing add.*'"

On the principle thus laid down, M. Viardot has resolutely acted. With a similar feeling on the English editor's mind, the translation by Charles Jarvis has been preferred to Motteux or Smollett, as being by far the closest to the great original, and the fittest vehicle for the masterly designs of M. Johannot, the only illustrator of Cervantes who has succeeded in really depicting the scenes and characters he describes. Every sheet has been scrupulously read with M. Viardot's translation, and his annotations faithfully translated and appended. Where we have been compelled to diverge from Jarvis's text, it has been to modify the obsolete forms of expression which are numerous scattered through his translation, and to abate some few details which could no longer please in the present advanced state of society. Doing this in some few instances it has been anxiously attempted to remove the excrescence without injury to the tree, to repress coarseness without frittering away the humour of the author.

In conclusion we think it will be conceded to us that we did not in the outset overstate the advantages possessed by our French contemporary, in the performance of his task, nor the almost idolatrous zeal with which he devoted himself to its perfect fulfilment. If, carried away by a generous enthusiasm, he sometimes is betrayed into an excess of applause, which the cold severity of deliberate criticism, would arraign, the error is one which the English reader will pardon, if he do not share it. The approbation—the cordial flattering approbation bestowed on that portion of the present edition which has already issued from the press, by the most distinguished critics, justifies a hope that it has little to fear from the professed reviewer ; and it is confidently expected that the notes, now for the first time appended, will in many instances serve to correct the misconceptions of former editors, and cause the true meaning of the author to be more universally understood than it has hitherto been ; while the characteristic sketches of Spanish scenery, and Spanish character,

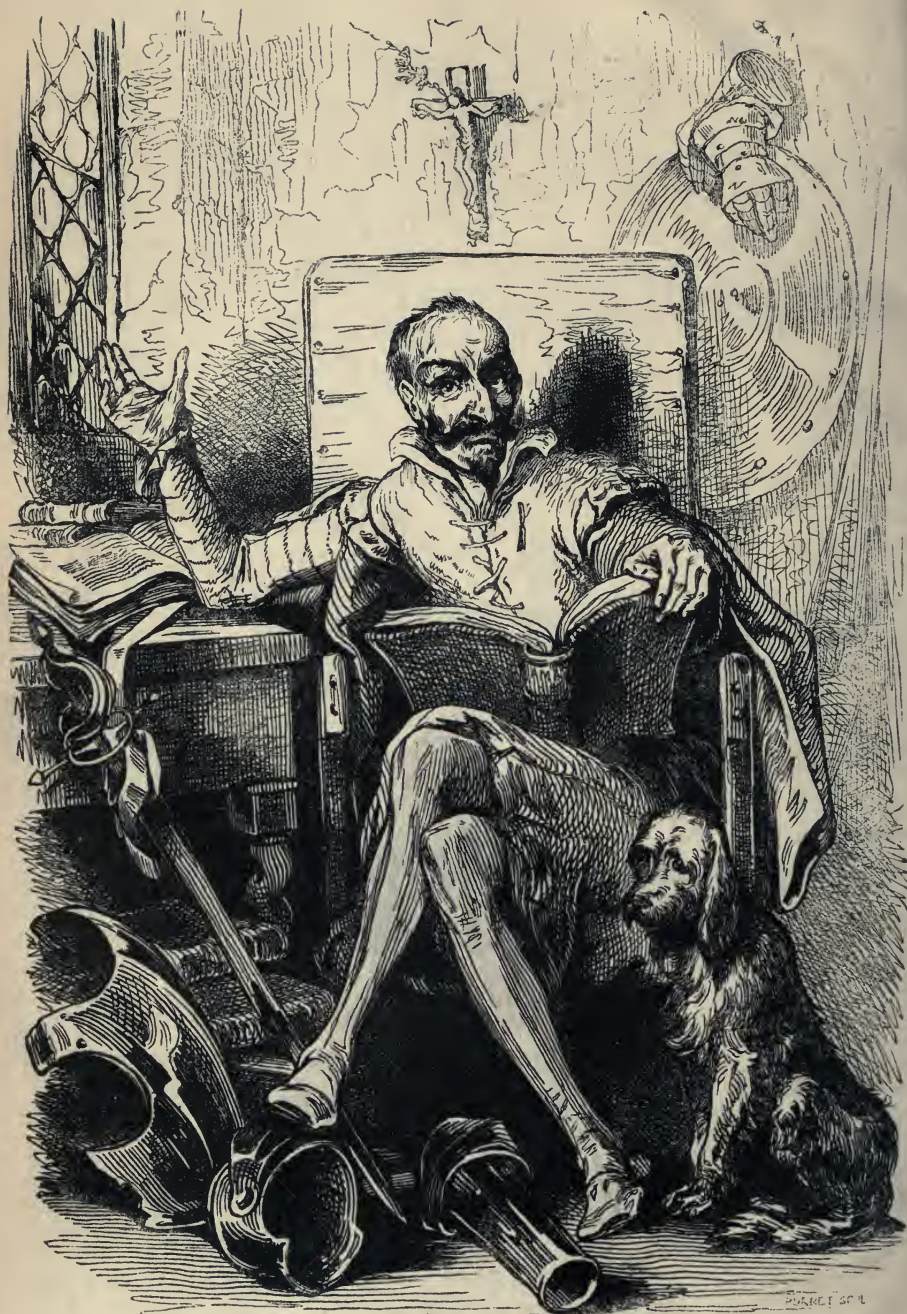
found in the engravings, will enable the English reader to effect the closest possible approach to that enjoyment, which was formerly regarded as almost exclusively reserved for the native of Spain.





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DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE
RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.



DOMICILED in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat, consisting of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights,¹ sheep's chitterlings on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was laid out

¹ In the original *duelos y quebrantos*, literally, gripes and groans. Translators, unacquainted with the custom which gave this name to a dish, have successively

in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own home-spun cloth. His family consisted of an elderly housekeeper, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad for



T. J. HANCOCK.

D. R. T.

the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our Hidalgo* bordered upon fifty

rendered them by words very far from their true signification. Here is an explanation of them. It was customary, in the country towns of La Mancha, for the shepherds to come every week and give their masters an account of the state of their flocks; on which occasions they brought with them the sheep which had died since their last report, that the flesh of them might be separated from the bones for salting. The offal of these carcasses was always eaten on Saturdays, and it was the only meal allowed to be eaten on those days, by a dispensation in the kingdom of Castile, since the battle of Las Navas, in 1212. It may be readily imagined why, from its origin and form, this dish was popularly called *duelos y quebrantos*.

* *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain, as Squire has in England; it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman.* It is said his surname was Quixada, or Quesada (for there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject), though, by probable conjectures, it may be gathered that he was called Quixana. But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice, that, in relating, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of tales of chivalry, with such relish, that he nearly forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness for them reached that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land



to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva;² for the glaringness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love speeches and challenges, where, in several places, he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of

² The literal title of the books alluded to is as follows:—"The Chronicle of the very valiant Knights Don Florizel de Niquea, and the vigorous Anaxartes, ... corrected and modernized from the style in which it was originally written, by Zirphea, Queen of Arignes, by the noble knight Feliciano de Silva." Saragossa, 1584.

your beauty:" and also when he read, "The high heaven of your divinity, which divinely fortifies you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless, he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and conclude it himself, precisely as it is there promised,³ which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.



³ "Were I to finish by fiction so estimable a history, it would be offensive. I will therefore leave off here, authorizing any one, into whose hands the conclusion may fall, to join it to this, for I have a great desire to see it." (Belianis, book VI. chap. 75.)

He had frequent disputes with the priest of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in Siguenza,⁴) which of the two was the better knight, Palmerin of England*, or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun; and that if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and, as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. [In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days from sun-rise to sun-set; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all that he read, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that



⁴ Graduate at Siguenza is a piece of irony. In Cervantes' time, the small universities and their pupils were much ridiculed. Christoval Suarez de Figuerona, in his book called *el Pasagero*, makes a schoolmaster say:—"As to the degrees, you will easily find some little country university, where they say unanimously: *Accipiamus pecuniam, et mittamus asinum in patriam suam*. (Let us take the money and send the ass back to his country.)"

* England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for, besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the Princess Oriana of England.

the whole system of chimeras he had studied was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz, he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning sword, who with a single back stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, for putting the enchanted Orlando to death in Roncevalles, by means of the same stratagem which Hercules used, when he suffocated Anteus, son of the earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He spoke mighty well of the giant Morgante; for, though he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But, above all, he was charmed with Reynaldo de Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized that image of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as his history records.⁵ He would have given his housekeeper, and niece to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor Galalon.⁶

In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight-errant, and wander through the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kinds of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that, by accomplishing such enterprizes, he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crowned emperor of Trebizond by the valour of his arm: and wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he prepared to execute what he so much desired.

⁵ "O bastard!" replied Renaud to Roland, who had been upbraiding him for his thefts; "oh, son of a bad woman! you lied in all you said, for to steal from the pagans of Spain is no theft: and I alone, in spite of upwards of forty thousand Moors, took from them a little golden Mahomet, which I wanted to pay my soldiers with." (*Mirror of Chivalry*, part I. chap. 46.)

⁶ One of Charlemagne's twelve peers. He was surnamed the Traitor, for betraying the Christian army into the hands of the Saracens, in the pass of Roncevalles.

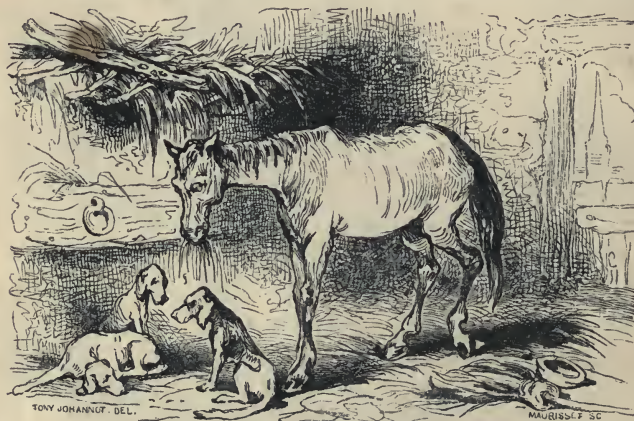
And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. This he cleaned, and furbished up: but he perceived one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet there was only a simple morion or steel-cap! but he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had



been a week in doing. But, not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, and to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with

small bars of iron within, in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and, without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved it, and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and though his bones stuck out like the corners of a rial*, and he had more faults than Gonela's horse, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*,"⁷ he fancied that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor Cid's Babieca, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for, (as he said within himself), it was not fit that a horse so good, and appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seemed highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life, he now professed. After sundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him Rocinante;⁸ a name, in his opinion,



* A ludicrous image drawn from the irregular figure of the Spanish coin of that name, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

⁷ Picho Gonela was the buffoon of the Duke Borso of Ferrara, who flourished in the fifteenth century. Luigi Domenichi made a collection of his pasquinades. On one occasion, having laid a wager that his horse, which was old and lean, should jump higher than his master's, he made him leap from a balcony, thus winning the stakes. The Latin quotation is from Plautus. (Andalusia, act III. scene 6.)

⁸ This name is a compound or augmentation of *rocin*, which means a small jaded horse or pony. Cervantes intended it, moreover, for a pun: the horse which was formerly a jade, (*rocin-antes*), is become the first of jades, (*ante-rocin*).

lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote:⁹ from whence, as is said, the authors of this most true history conclude, that his name was certainly Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and styled himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth, in a very lively manner, his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence.

And now, his armour being scoured, the morion converted into



⁹ *Quixote* means literally a *cuisse*, or piece of armour for the thigh; *Quixada* means jaw; and *Quesada* a cheese-cake. Cervantes called his hero by the name of, this piece of armour, because the syllable *ote*, in the Spanish language, generally terminates words which have a ridiculous meaning.

a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without a mistress, was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for the punishment of my sins, or through my good-fortune, I should chance to meet some giant, as is usual with knights-errant, and should overthrow him in fight, or cleave him asunder, or vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present? that, when he comes



before her, he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and, in a humble and submissive tone, accost her thus: "Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat, and I have been commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." Oh! how did our good gentleman exult when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo; and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then casting about for a name, which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was born at that place): a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belonged to him.



CHAPTER II.

OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS VILLAGE.



s soon as these dispositions were made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world; such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And, therefore, without making any one privy to his design, or being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest in the month of July), he armed himself cap-a-pie, mounted Rocinante, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target,* grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprise. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubbed a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any knight; and though he had been dubbed, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his shield, until he

* The target, or buckler, was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. As to the white armour, he proposed to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermine; and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleased to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.



Thus our flaming adventurer jogged on, talking to himself, and saying, "Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, while he gives a relation of this my first sally, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: 'Scarce had ruddy Phoebus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rocinante, and began to travel through the ancient and noted field of Montiel,*'" (and true it is, that was the very field;) and passing along it, he continued saying, "Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good Rocinante, the inseparable companion of all my travels and excursions." Then on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he went on saying, "O princess Dulcinea! mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine enthralled heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee."¹⁰

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating, as nearly as he could, their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He journeyed almost

* A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which Henry the Bastard slew his legitimate brother, Don Pedro, whom our brave Black Prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.

¹⁰ In allusion to a passage in *Amadis*, in which Oriane commands the hero never to present himself before her again. (Book II. chap. 44.)

the whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which disheartened him much; for he wanted immediately to have encountered somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the Pass of Lapice; others pretend it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and, looking round to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn¹¹; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos of his redemption. He made all the haste he could, and came



up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women of indifferent fame, who were going to Seville with certain carriers, and who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. As whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver; together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he

¹¹ We preserve, for want of a better, the sacred name of inn; but it is a very poor translation of the word *venta*. That is the name given to those miserable isolated public-houses, which are used as resting-places between distant country-towns; where the only lodging to be obtained is a stable, and the only provisions, barley for the mules.

checked Rocinante by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by sound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding this delayed, and that Rocinante pressed to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn-door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleasure at the castle-gate.

It happened that a swine-herd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are called) from the stubble field, was winding his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and



at that instant Don Quixote's imagination represented to him what he wished, namely, that some dwarf gave the signal of his arrival; and therefore, with wondrous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies; who, perceiving a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, were frightened, and began to run into the house. But Don Quixote, guessing at their fear by their flight,

lifted up his pasteboard visor, and, discovering his withered and dusky visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice thus accosted them: "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the



order of knighthood which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes." The wenches stared at him with all the eyes they had, and were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost

covered. But when they heard themselves styled virgins, recollecting their profession, they could not contain their laughter, but burst out in so violent a manner, that Don Quixote began to grow angry, and said to them: "Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion; but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service." This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that instant, (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable,) who, beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill-sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler, and corselet, could scarcely forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But, being in some fear of a pageant equipped in so warlike a manner, he resolved to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: "If your worship, Signor Cavalier, is in quest of a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), every thing else will be found here in great abundance. Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the inn-keeper and the inn) answered: "Any thing will serve me, Signor Castellano,* for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose." The host thought he called him Castellano because he took him for an honest Castilian; whereas he was an Andalusian, and of the coast of Saint Lucar, as arrant a thief as Cacus, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he replied: "If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night." And so saying, he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broken his fast all that day. He presently requested of the

* Castellano, in Spanish, signifies both a governor of a castle, and a native of Castile.

host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever ate bread in the world. The inn-keeper viewed him, but did not think him so good as Don Quixote represented him to be; no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would be pleased to order, whom the damsels were unarming; (for they were already reconciled to him;) and though they had taken off the back and breast pieces;



they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remained all the night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them, with great gaiety, as the old Romance has it, "Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies as was Don Quixote, since his departure from his village, damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed." O Rocinante! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote de la Mancha is my own; for though I was not willing to discover myself, until the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir Lancelot to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustomed to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked whether he would be pleased to eat any thing. With all my heart, answered Don Quixote; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happened to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in Castile they call *abadexo*, in Andalusia *baccalao*, in some parts *curadillo*, and in others *truchuely*.* They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some *truchuelas*, for they had no other to offer him. So there be many troutlings, answered Don Quixote, they may serve me instead of one trout: for I would as willingly be paid eight single rials, as one piece of eight; and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the stomach well. They laid the cloth at the

* The same which we call Poor John, or little Trouts.

door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze ; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-watered and worse-boiled bacalao, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour : but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat ; for, having his helmet on, and his beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him ; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. But to give him drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other ; and



all this he suffered patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a sow doctor, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times ; which entirely confirmed Don Quixote in the thought, that he was

in some famous castle, that they served him with music, and that the poor jack was trout, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubbed a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, until he had first received the order of knighthood.



CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE
TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT.



AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he called the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said, I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, until your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg; which will redound to your honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The host, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such expressions, stood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or say; he strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the boon he requested. I expected no less, sir, from your great magnificence, answered Don Quixote; and therefore know, the boon I would request, and which has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world, in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements.

The host, who (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and already entertained some suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, resolved to keep up the humour. He replied, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he requested; and that grand achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riara, the compass of Seville, the aqueduct-market of Segovia, the olive-yard of valentia, the rondilla of Granada, the coast of St. Lucar,* the fountain of Cordova,† the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and sundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing sundry wrongs, soliciting sundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs‡; in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in Spain: and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other people's, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no

* Names of certain infamous places in Spain.

† Near which was the whipping post.

‡ These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version; but, upon reading Don Belianis of Greece, (part ii. chap 3,) he found Don Brianel, who was travelling to Antioch on the princess Aurora's errand, and lodged in a house of good repute; the landlord of which, Palinee, had been trained up to chivalry. This host offers his service to wait upon Don Brianel, and, wanting a cloak, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloak behind him. Don Brianel approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice such pieces of dexterity. In allusion to this approved feature of knight-errantry, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders he had performed that way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetched from his favourite Don Belianis's approved history. Thus, this passage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, appears to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors and their numerous absurdities.

chapel in his castle, in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt;) however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle; and the next day, if Heaven permitted, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such a manner that he might be dubbed a knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more so. He asked him, also, whether he had any money about him? Don Quixote replied, he had not a farthing; having never read, in the histories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; for, supposing it was not mentioned in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not, therefore, to be inferred that they had none: and, therefore, he might be assured, that all the knights-errant, (of whose actions there are such authentic histories,) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them; and that they carried also, shirts, and a little box of ointment wherewith to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them, in the fields and deserts where they fought. Unless, pursued the host, they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud through the air, with a phial of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they should instantly become as sound and whole of their bruises and wounds as if they had never been hurt: but that, so long as they wanted this advantage, the knights-errant of time past never failed to have their squires provided with money, and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and, when it happened that the said knights had no squires, (which fell out very rarely,) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses, in a very small wallet, hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for, were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant. Therefore he advised him, though he might command him as his godson, (which he was to be very soon,) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money,

or without the aforesaid precautions, and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. Don Quixote promised to follow his advice with all punctuality. Order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern, that stood close to a well; and, bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace, began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the frenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They wondered at so odd a kind of madness, went out to observe him at a distance, and they perceived, that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with His who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who put up there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove Don Quixote's armour from off the cistern: who, seeing him approach, called to him, with a loud voice, "Ho! there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword; take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wouldst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity." The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches, (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase,) but, instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which Don Quixote perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, (as it seemed,) on his mistress Dulcinea, he said, "Assist me, dear lady, in this, the first affront offered to this breast enthralled to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger." Uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave

the carrier a blow on the head, that laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that, had he repeated it, there would have been



no need of a surgeon. [This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, (for still the first lay stunned,) came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and, as he was going to clear the cistern, by removing the armour, Don Quixote, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and, lifting up his lance, broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran out together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the rest; which Don Quixote perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed, "O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness towards this thy captivated knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits." Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered so much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attacked him, he

would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded, (for they perceived them in that condition,) began to let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote; who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted, as a madman, though he should kill them all. Don Quixote also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; adding, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: "But for you, rascally and base scoundrels," said he, "I do not value you a straw: draw near—come on—and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive for your folly and insolence." This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forebore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before.

[The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him his unlucky order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief should ensue; and so, coming up to him, he begged pardon for the rudeness of which those vulgar people had been guilty, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. [He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done; for the whole stress of being dubbed a knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learned from the ceremonial of the order; that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, since he had been above four about it. [All this Don Quixote believed, and said he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch,

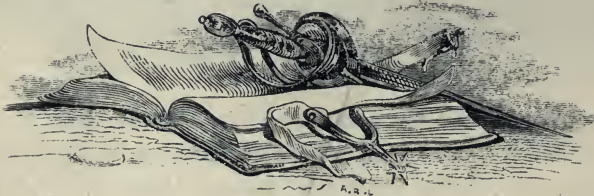
because, if he should be assaulted again, and found himself dubbed a knight, he was resolved not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he should command him to spare for his sake. [The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers; then, with the two damsels, (a boy carrying an end of candle before them,) he came where Don Quixote was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual, (as if he had been saying some devout prayer,) in the midst of the reading he lifted up



his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck; and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering within his teeth as if he were praying. This done,

he ordered one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom and discretion; of which latter, not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies. But indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform, kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said, "God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle." Don Quixote asked her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied with much humility that she was called La Tolosa, and was a cobbler's daughter of Toledo, who lived at the little shops of Sancho-bienaya; and that wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote then desired her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the Don, and to call herself Donna Tolosa; which she promised to do. With the other, who buckled on his spurs he held the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she replied, that she was called La Molinera, and was daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to add the Don, and call herself Donna Molinera, making her fresh thanks and offers of service.

The never-till-then-seen ceremonies, being thus hastily dispatched, Don Quixote, who was impatient to see himself on horseback and sallying out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled Rocinante, and, embracing his host, mounted; and, at parting, said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, though in fewer words; and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.



CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT AFTER HE HAD SALLIED OUT
FROM THE INN.



IGHT was about to break on a new day, when Don Quixote issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money

and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a squire: purposing to take into his service a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turned Rocinante towards his village; who, as it were, knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seemed to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right-hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. Scarcely had he heard it, when he said, "I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires: these are, doubtless, the cries of some distressed person, who stands in

need of my protection and assistance;" and, turning the reins, he put Rocinante forward towards the place from whence he thought the voice proceeded. He had entered but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waist upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying on him very severely with a belt, and accompanying



every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for, said he, "The tongue slow and the eyes quick." The boy answered, "I will do so no more, dear sir; by the passion of God I will never do so again; and I promise, for the future, to take more care of the flock."

Now Don Quixote, seeing what passed, said, in an angry tone, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance,¹² (for he had also a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened,) for I'll make thee to know that it is cowardly to do what thou art doing." The countryman, seeing such a figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words, answered, "Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastising, is a servant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before heaven, and on my conscience, he lies." "Lies, in my presence! pitiful rascal," said Don Quixote; "by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee through and through with this lance: pay him immediately without further reply; if not, by that Power that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment! Untie him presently." The countryman hung down his head, and, without saying a word, loosened the boy. Don Quixote asked the lad how much his master owed him; who answered, "Nine months wages, at seven reals * per month." Don Quixote computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow, in a fright, answered, "That on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, (though, by-the-way, he had taken no oath,) it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well." "All this is very right," said Don Quixote; "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have

¹² It appears, at the present day, rather strange for a peasant to be carrying a lance: but it was then customary, among all classes of Spaniards, to go armed with either a sword, or a lance and shield, as now they carry their carabines. In his *Dialogue between the Dogs Scipio and Berganza*, Cervantes mentions of a country gentleman, who went to see his sheep in the fields, *mounted on a well-groomed mare, armed with lance and buckler, looking more like a cavalier of the guarda-costa than an owner of flocks of sheep.*

* A real is about sixpence English.

given him undeservedly ; for, if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin ; and, if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well ; so that, upon these accounts, he owes you nothing.” “ The mischief is, Signor Cavalier,” quoth the countryman, “ that I have no money about me ; but let Andrew go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real.” “ I go with him !” said the lad ; “ the devil a bit. No, sir, I design no such thing ; for, when he has me alone, he will flay me alive like another Saint Bartholomew.” “ He will not do so,” replied Don Quixote : “ It is sufficient to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him ; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment.” “ Take heed, good sir, what you say,” quoth the boy ; “ for my master is no knight, nor ever received any order of knighthood : he is John Haldudo, the rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar.” “ That is little to the purpose,” answered Don Quixote ; “ there may be knights of the family of the Haldudos, and especially as every man is the son of his own works.” “ That’s true,” quoth Andrew ; “ but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour ?” “ I do not refuse thee, friend Andrew,” replied the countryman ; “ and be so kind as to go with me ; for I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, with the interest into the bargain.” “ As to the interest, I thank you for that,” said Don Quixote ; “ give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied : and see that you perform what you have sworn ; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return and chastise you ; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know that I am the valourous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses. And so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid.” So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had ; and,

when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andrew, and said: "Come hither, child, I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me." "And I swear so you shall," quoth Andrew: "and you will do well to perform what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom heaven grant to live a thousand years; and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, adad, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatened." "And I swear so too," quoth the countryman; "but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt to increase the payment." And, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead. "Now, master Andrew, call upon that redresser of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedst but now." But, at length, he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew withdrew in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

Thus the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying, in a low voice, "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a knight, as is ever and shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, (as all the world knows,) received but yesterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance that injustice could invent, or cruelty commit:—to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed a tender stripling."

Just as he had done speaking, he approached the centre of four roads; and presently, it came into his imagination that the knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider which of the roads they should take: and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile; and at last, after mature consideration, let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. Having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them; and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined some new adventure; and to imitate, as nearly as possible, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. With a graceful deportment and vast intrepidity he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant, for such he already judged them to be: and when they had come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out,



“Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess that there is not, in the whole world, a damsel more beautiful than

the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and, by the one and the other, they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them: and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but, withal, very discreet, said to him, "Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be; let us but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you demand from us." "Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, where would be the merit in confessing a fact so notorious?" the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one, (as the laws of chivalry require,) or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause." "Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your worship, in the name of the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of Castile and Estremadura, that your worship would be pleased to show us some picture of this lady, though no larger than a barley-corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe, we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, we will say whatever you please in her favour." "There distils not, base scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, burning with rage,—“there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and rich perfume; neither is she crooked, nor hump-backed, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarama: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it that Rocinante stumbled and fell, in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rocinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and



endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. While he was thus struggling, he continued calling out, "Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is

through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such boasts, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; so, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he thrashed him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much; and to leave him, but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight. Don Quixote, when he found himself alone, tried again to rise; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he when bruised and almost battered to pieces? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; but it was impossible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.



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CHAPTER V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION OF OUR KNIGHT'S
MISFORTUNE.



✓VANQUISHED he would not own himself; but, finding that he was unable to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of

his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Baudouin and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain: a story; known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and, for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mould to fit his present distress: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said, with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:—

“Where art thou, mistress of my heart?
Unconscious of thy lover's smart:
Ah me! thou know'st not my distress,—
Or thou art false and pitiless.”

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to where it said: “O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood.” It so fortun'd that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour,

who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill; who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance,¹³ giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagancies; and taking off his visor, which was beaten all to



pieces, he wiped his face, then covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, "Ah, Signor Quixada, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was

¹³ This *romance*, in three parts, of which the author is unknown, is to be found in the *Cancionero*, printed at Antwerp in 1555. It is there related that Carloto, the son of Charlemagne, enticed Baudouin, (Valdovinos,) into the *unfortunate grove*, (*la floresta sin ventura*), with the design of taking his life and marrying his widow. He wounded him mortally in twenty-six different places, and left his corpse in the thicket. The Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, who was hunting near the spot, heard the wounded man's cries, came to the place, and recognized his nephew. He sent an express to Paris, asking justice at the Emperor's hands, and Charlemagne caused his son to be executed.

transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant,) how came your worship in this condition?" but he answered out of his romance to whatever question was asked him.

The good man seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast pieces, to see if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rocinante; and so, taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on, towards his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarcely keep himself upon the ass, and, ever and anon, sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies, insomuch



that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him. None but the devil himself could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for, at that instant, forgetting

Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Aben Darraez, at the time when the governor of Antequera, Rodrigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle, so that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner Aben Darraez answered Rodrigo of Narvaez, as he had read the story in the *Diana* of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil for listening to such monstrous nonsense. He thence collected that his neighbour was gone mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who, in conclusion, said, "Be it known to your worship, Signor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered, "Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour: neither is your worship Valdovinos, nor Aben Darraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada." "I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of France; yea, and the nine worthies; since my exploits will far exceed all that they have jointly or separately achieved.

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sun-set: but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying to them, aloud, "What is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez, (for that was the priest's name,) of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as

certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and, now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all La Mancha." The niece joined with her, and said, moreover, "Know, master Nicholas, (for that was the barber's name,) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring over these confounded books of mischief two whole days and nights; and then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants, as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight: and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us that water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage Esquife,¹⁴ a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical." "I say the same," quoth the priest; "and, in faith, to-morrow shall not pass without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those who read them to do what I fear my good friend has done."

All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud, "Open the doors, gentlemen, to the Marquis of Mantua and Signor Valdovinos, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Aben Darraez, the Moor, whom the valorous Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." At hearing this, they all came out; and as some

¹⁴ Alquife, who wrote the *Chronicle of Amadis of Greece*. Don Quixote's niece maims his name.

knew their friend, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass; for, indeed, he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and, if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda, to search and heal my wounds." "Look ye, in the devil's name," said the housekeeper immediately, "if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God's name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rocinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. "Ho, ho," says the priest, "what! there are giants too in the dance: by my faith I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night." They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest inquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and all the way home; which increased the licentiate's desire to do what he did the next day; which was to call on his friend, master Nicholas, the barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house.



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CHAPTER VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND GRAND SCRUTINY, MADE BY THE PRIEST
AND THE BARBER, IN OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.



GETTING Don Quixote sleep on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were,—those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. No sooner did the housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water and a bunch of hyssop, and said, “Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, should enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world.” The priest smiled at the housekeeper’s simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps they might find some that did not deserve to be chastised by fire. “No,” said the niece, “there is no reason why any of them should be spared, for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into

the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The housekeeper said the same, so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that, without first reading the titles, at least.

The first that master Nicholas put into his hands, was "Amadis



de Gaul," in four parts; and the priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first

book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and, therefore, I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy." "Not so, Sir," said the barber, "for I have heard, also, that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and, therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared."¹⁵ "It is true," said the priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him." "It is," said the barber, "'The Adventures of Esplandian, the legitimate son of Amadis de Gaul.'" ¹⁶ "Verily," said the priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress housekeeper; open your casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The housekeeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest Esplandian was sent flying into the yard, there to wait, with patience, for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the priest. "The next," said the barber, "is 'Amadis, of Greece:' yea, and all these on this side are of the lineage of Amadis."¹⁷ "Then, into the yard with them all," quoth the priest;

¹⁵ Of *Amadis de Gaule* it is not known who was the original author, nor even in what country it first appeared; though it is certainly known that Spain had not that honour. Some conjecture Flanders, others France, and others Portugal. This last opinion appears to be the best founded. We may conclude, until proof to the contrary appears, that the original author of *Amadis* was the Portuguese Vasco de Lobeira, who flourished, according to Nicholas Antonio, in the reign of King Denis, (Dinois,) at the close of the thirteenth century, or, according to Clemencin, in the reign of John I., at the end of the fourteenth. Spanish versions of it were first circulated in fragments; of these written fragments were formed the partial editions of the fifteenth century, and the collector Garcia Ordenez de Montalvo made, by compiling them, his complete edition of 1525. D'Herberay gave, in 1540, a French translation of *Amadis*, at that time much admired, but forgotten since the first appearance of the free imitation, by Count Tressan, which is well known.

¹⁶ The book is intitled: *The branch springing from the four books of Amadis de Gaule, called the exploits of the very valiant Knight Esplandian, son to the excellent King Amadis de Gaule.*—Alcala, 1588. The author of it is Garcia Ordenez de Montalvo, the editor of *Amadis*. He asserts, in the beginning, that these exploits were written in Greek, by Master Helisabad, the surgeon of Amadis, who had also translated them. That is the reason that he calls his book by the strange title of *Las Sergas*, which is a poor imitation of the Greek title *εργα*.

¹⁷ The history of Amadis of Greece is thus entitled: *Chronicle of the very valiant Prince and Knight of the Burning-Sword, Amadis of Greece, &c.*—Lisbon, 1596. The author says, also, that it was written in Greek by the sage Alquife, then translated into Latin, then into a romance (in metre). Nicholas Anthonio, in his *Spanish Library*, (tome XI. p. 394,) reckons twenty books of chivalry, containing the adventures of Amadis's descendants.

for, rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel, with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant." "Of the same opinion am I," said the barber. "And I too," added the niece. "Since it is so," said the housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all—the shortest way—out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the priest. "This is," answered the barber, "'Don Olivante de Laura.'" "The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same who composed 'The Garden of Flowers;'" and, in good truth, I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather, the least lying: I can only say that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity."¹⁸ "This, that follows, is 'Florismarte of Hircania,'"¹⁹ said the barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the priest: "now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth²⁰ and chimerical adventures: for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress housekeeper." "With all my heart, dear Sir," answered she; and, with much joy, executed what she was commanded. "This is 'The Knight Platir,'"²¹ said the barber. "That," said the priest, "is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon; let him keep the rest company, without more words;" which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled "The Knight of the Cross." "So religious a title," quoth the priest, "might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but, it is a

¹⁸ The author of these two works was Antonio de Torquemada.

¹⁹ Or, *Felix Mars of Hircania*, published by Melchor de Ortéga, Knight of Ubéda. Valladolid, 1556.

²⁰ His mother Marcelina, wife of Prince Florisan of Misia, brought him into the world in a wood, and confided him to the care of a wild woman, called Balsagina, who, from the united names of his parents, named him Florismars, and afterwards Felix Mars.

²¹ *Chronicle of the very valiant knight Platir, son of the Emperor Primaleon*.—Valladolid, 1533. The author of this work is unknown, as, indeed, are nearly all the authors of books of chivalry.

common saying, 'the devil lurks behind the cross :'²² so to the fire with him." The barber, taking down another book, said, "this is 'The Mirror of Chivalry.'"²³ "Oh! I know his worship very well," cried the priest. "Here comes 'Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan,' with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and 'The Twelve Peers,' with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo's invention; from whom, also, the christian poet Ludovico Ariosto²⁴ spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head." "I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him." "Neither is it any great matter whether you understand him or not," answered the priest; "and we would willingly have excused the good captain²⁵ from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at, in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books, that shall be found treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine, with more deliberation, what is to be done with them;

²² *Book of the invincible knight Lepolemo, and of his exploits as knight of the Cross.*—Toledo, 1562 and 1563. This book is in two parts, of which one, at the author's dictation, was written in Arabic, by the Sultan Zulema's orders, by a Moor named Xarton, and translated by a captive of Tunis; the other is in Greek, by King Artidorus.

²³ This work is in four parts: the first, the composition of Diego Ordenez de Calahorra, was printed in 1562, and dedicated to Martin Cortez, son of Ferdinand Cortez; the second, written by Pedro de la Sierra, was printed at Saragossa, in 1580; the two last by the licentiate Marcos Martinez, appeared also at Saragossa, in 1603.

²⁴ It is well known that Boyardo was the author of *Roland amoureux*, and Ariosto of *Roland furieux*.

²⁵ The captain here alluded to, is Don Geronimo Ximenez de Urrea. Don Diego de Mendoza said of him: "And has not Don Geronimo de Urrea earned the reputation of a noble writer, and, what is of more consequence, plenty of money, by translating *Roland Furieux*, that is to say by having written, where the author says *cavallieri*, *cavalleros*—*arme*, *armas*—*amori*, *amores*? In that way, I could write more books than Methuselah lived years."

excepting 'Bernardo del Carpio,'²⁶ and another called 'Roncesvalles';²⁷ which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the housekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so true a christian, and so much a friend to both, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world,

And so, opening another book, he saw it was "Palmerin de Oliva," and next to it another, called "Palmerin of England;" which the licentiate espying, said, "Let this 'Oliva' be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let 'Palmerin of England' be preserved, and kept as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are most excellent and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved, in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety."²⁸ Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and 'Amadis de Gaul,' be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry." "Not so, gossip," replied the barber, "for this, that I have here, is the renowned 'Don Belianis,'" The priest replied; "This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to carry

²⁶ This poem is in octaves, and is written by Augustin Alonzo, of Salamanca.—Toledo, 1585. It must not be confounded with that by bishop Balbuena, which did not appear until after Cervantes' death.

²⁷ By Francisco Garrido de Villena.—Toledo, 1585.

²⁸ The first part of the Palmerins is intituled: *Book of the famous knight Palmerin d'Oliva, who performed several noble feats of arms, without knowing whose son he was.*—Medina del Campo, 1563. The supposed author was a Portuguese woman, whose name is not known. The other Palmerin (*Chronica de famoso e muito esforzado cavaleiro Palmeirim de Ingalaterra*, etc.) is in six parts. The two first are attributed by some to King John II., by others to the infant Don Luis, son to the prior of Ocrato, who disputed the crown of Portugal with Philip II.; others imagine the author of them to have been Francisco de Moraes. The third and fourth parts were written by Diego Fernandez. The fifth and sixth by Baltazar Gonzalez Lobato; all Portuguese.

off its excessive choler: besides, we must remove all that relates to the castle of fame, and other grosser impertinencies; ²⁹ wherefore, let them have the benefit of transportation; ³⁰ and, as they shew signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house, but let nobody read them." "With all my heart," quoth the barber; and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web. And, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tossed them out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be "The history of the renowned knight, Tirant the White." "Heaven save me!" quoth the priest, with a loud voice, "is 'Tirant the White' there? Give me him here, neighbour; for, I make account, I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalvan, a valorous knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada; ³¹ and madam, the Empress, in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things, seriously; to be sent to the galleys for all

²⁹ This romance is entitled: *Book of the valiant and invincible prince Don Belianis of Greece, son of the emperor Don Belanio and the empress Clorinda; translated from the Greek, in which language it was written by the sage Friston, by a son of the virtuous Torribio Fernandez.*—Burgos, 1579. This son of the virtuous Torribio was the licentiate Geronimo Fernandez, attorney at Madrid.

³⁰ That is to say, the delay necessary for summoning to justice those who reside in the colonies; six months at least.

³¹ One was the follower, and the other the duenna of the princess Carmesina, the supposed Tirant the White.

the days of his life :³² carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true." "I will do so," answered the barber; "but what shall we do with these little books that remain?" "These," said the priest, "are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry." And, opening one, he found it was "The Diana of George Montemayor,"³³ and said, (believing all the rest to be of the same kind,) "these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." "O Sir," said the niece, "pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for, should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may, possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease." "The damsel says true," quoth the priest, "and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion, out of our friend's way. And, since we begin with 'The Diana of Montemayor,' I recommend not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose, in God's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing." "This, that follows," said the barber, "is 'The Diana called the second, by Salmantino;'³⁴ and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo." "'The

³² This unknown author, who, according to the curate, deserved the galleys, intitled his work: *Tirant the White of Roche-Salée, knight of the Garter, who, by his high feats of chivalry, became a Prince, and the Cæsar of the Grecian empire*. The hero is called Tirant, because his father was lord of the marsh of Tirania, and the White, because his mother's name was Blanche; and of Roche-Salée, because he was lord of a strong castle built on a mountain of salt. This book, one of the oldest of the kind, was probably written in Portuguese by a Valencian named Juannot Martorell. A translation of it, in the Limosian language, commenced by him, and terminated, after his death, by Juan de Galba, was printed at Valencia, in 1490. Copies of the Spanish translation, published at Valladolid, in 1511, are become extremely scarce. This book is wanting in the collection of original romances of chivalry in the *Bibliothèque Royale de Paris*. It has been vainly sought after, over all Spain, for the *Bibliothèque de Madrid*, and the commentators are obliged to quote from it either in Italian or French.

³³ A Portuguese: he was poet, musician, and soldier. He was murdered in Piedmont, in 1561.

³⁴ Salmantino implies of Salamanca. He was a doctor of that town, by name Alonzo Perez.

Salmantinian," answered the priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned: to the yard with him; but let that of Gil Polo³⁵ be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the barber, opening another, "is 'The ten books of the Fortune of Love,' composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."³⁶ "By the holy orders I have received," said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as that, was never written; it is the best and most singular of the kind that ever appeared in the world; and he who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, gossip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying, "These, that follow, are, 'The shepherd of Iberia,'³⁷ 'The nymphs of Enares,'³⁸ and 'The cures of Jealousy.'"³⁹ "There is no more to be done," said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done." "This, that comes next, is 'The shepherd of Filida.'"⁴⁰ "He is no shepherd," said the priest, "but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel." "This bulky volume here," said the barber, "is intitled 'The Treasure of divers Poems.'"⁴¹ "Had they been fewer," replied the priest, "they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary this book should be weeded, and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of

³⁵ A Valencian poet, who continued Montemayor's work, under the title of *Diana enamorada*.

³⁶ The title of this work is thus rendered: *The ten books of the fortune of love; in which are to be found the virtuous and peaceable amours of the shepherd Frexano and the fair shepherdess Fortune*.—Barcelona, 1575.

³⁷ By Don Bernardo de la Vega, canon of Tucuman.—Seville, 1591.

³⁸ By Bernardo Gonzales Bobadilla.—Alcala, 1587.

³⁹ By Bartholme Lopez de Enciso.—Madrid, 1586.

⁴⁰ By Luis Galvez de Montalvo.—Madrid, 1582.

⁴¹ By Don Pedro Padilla.—Madrid, 1575.

regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing." "This," pursued the barber, "is a book of songs, by Lopez Maldonado."⁴² "The author of this book, also," replied the priest, "is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good; let it be kept with the select."

"But what book is that next to it?" "'The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes,'" said the barber. "That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortune than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the second part, which he promises:⁴³ perhaps, on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon which is now denied him; in the meantime, gossip, give him a recluse in your chamber." "With all my heart," answered the barber; "and here come three together! 'The Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla,' 'The Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova,' and 'The Monserrato of Christoval de Nirves, a poet of Valencia.'" "These three books," said the priest, "are the best that are written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy; let them be preserved, as the best performances in poetry, Spain can boast."⁴⁴ The priest grew tired of looking over so many volumes, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called "The tears of Angelica."⁴⁵ "I should have shed tears myself," said the priest,

⁴² Printed at Madrid, in 1586.

⁴³ Cervantes, in his dedication of *Persiles y Sigismunda*, which was published a short time before his death, renewed his promise of giving to the world a second part of the *Galatea*. But it was not found among his writings.

⁴⁴ The *Araucana*, a grand epic poem, is a relation of the conquest of Arauco, a province of Chili, by the Spaniards. Alonzo de Ercilla was one of the expedition. The *Austriada* is the heroic history of Don Juan of Austria, from the revolt of the Moors of Grenada till the battle of Lepanto: and the *Monserrate* describes the repentance of St. Garin and the foundation of the monarchy of Monserrat, in Catalonia, in the ninth century.

⁴⁵ A poem, in twelve cantos, by Luis Brahona de Soto. 1586.

hearing the name, "had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success."



CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

NLY then it was, that Don Quixote began to call out loudly, saying—
“ Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms, for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament.” This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to any farther scrutiny of

the books that remained; and, therefore, it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the “Carolea,”⁴⁶ and “Leon of Spain,”⁴⁷ with “The Acts of the Emperor,” composed by Don

⁴⁶ There were, in Cervantes’ time, two poems of this name, on the victories of Charles V.; one of them was by Geronimo Sampere, Valencia, 1560; the other by Juan Ochoa de la Salde, Lisbon, 1585.

⁴⁷ *El Leon de Espana*, a poem in octaves, by Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos, on the heroes and martyrs of the ancient kingdom of Leon.—Salamanca, 1586.

Luis de Avila,⁴⁸ which, without doubt, must have been among those that were left; and, perhaps, had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he



had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said, "Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the knights-courtiers carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the

⁴⁸ *Los hechos del emperador*. This is another poem (*Carlo famoso*) in honour of Charles V.; not by Luis de Avila, but by Don Luis Zapata. There is an error, either of the author's or of the printer's, in the text.

prize in the three preceding days.”⁴⁹ “Say no more, good gossip,” said the priest; “it may be the will of fate to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; mind your health for the present; for, I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not sorely wounded.” “Wounded! no,” said Don Quixote, “but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments: but, at present, bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good; and let me alone to revenge myself.” They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration of his madness.

That night the housekeeper set fire to and burnt all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it, and in them was fulfilled the saying, “that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust.” One of the remedies, which the priest and barber prescribed at that time, for their friend’s malady, was to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up, he might not find them; in hopes, that the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and they were to pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands and stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time, he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him, “What room, or

⁴⁹ In allusion to the tournament at Persepolis, in the romance of Belianis of Grecece.

what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away." "It was not the devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after your departure



hence, and, alighting from a serpent, on which he rode, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but, after some little time, out he came flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke, and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress housekeeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage Mugnaton." "Freston, he meant to say," ⁵⁰

⁵⁰ Cervantes, no doubt, wrote Friston, who was an enchanter, the supposed author of *Belianis*, who lived in the *forest of Death*.

quoth Don Quixote. "I know not," answered the housekeeper, whether his name be Freston or Friton; all that I know is that it ended in *ton*." "It doth so," replied Don Quixote; "he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because, by his skill and learning, he knows that in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight whom he favours, and shall vanquish him without his being able to prevent it: and, for this cause, he endeavours to do me all the injury he can; but, let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven." "Who doubts of that?" said the niece; "but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, than to ramble about the world seeking for better bread than wheaten, without considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves." "O, dear niece," answered Don Quixote, "how little do you know of the matter! before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those, who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine." Neither of them would make any farther reply, for they saw his choler begin to take fire. || He staid, after this, fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber, he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for, had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

About this time, Don Quixote tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor,) but very shallow-brained. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him and serve him as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly, for some time or other, such an adventure might offer, that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. Intoxicated with these and the like promises, Sancho Panza, (for that was

the labourer's name,) left his wife and children, and hired himself as squire to his neighbour. Don Quixote presently cast about how to raise money; and, by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet in the best manner he could, he acquainted his squire Sancho of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and Sancho said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, Don Quixote paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted ass-wise; but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his ass with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself also, with shirts, and what other things he could, conformable to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accomplished, Don Quixote and





M. F. R. W. - REST. - CELOIR.



Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his housekeeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled so hard, that by break of day they believed themselves secure of not being found, though search were made after them. Sancho Panza went riding on his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through the plain of Montiel, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them aslant, gave them no disturbance. Now, Sancho Panza said to his master,—“I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island, for I shall know how to govern it be it ever so big.” To which Don Quixote answered,—“You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in use among the knights-errant of old, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me; on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it; for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of count or marquis of some valley or province, be it greater or less; but if you live and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mould for thee to be crowned king of one of them: and do not think this any extraordinary matter, for things fall out to such knights, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee more than I promise.” “So then,” answered Sancho Panza, “if I were a king, by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, Mary Gutierrez, my crooked rib, would at least come to be queen, and my children infantas.” “Who doubts it?” answered Don Quixote. “I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza; “for I am verily persuaded, that if God were to

rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of Mary Gutierrez; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would set better upon her, and that too with the help of God and good friends." "Recommend her to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and he will do what is best for her; but do thou have a care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than a lord-lieutenant." "Sir, I will not," answered Sancho, "especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear."



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CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED.



ENTERTAINING themselves thus, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire,—"Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight and take away all their lives, and with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war and doing God good service, to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms, for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder, are not giants, but, windmills, and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which whirled about by the wind make the mill-stone go." "One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to Rocinante,

without minding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that those he went to assault were without all doubt windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them; but went on, crying out aloud,—“Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitifs, for it is a single knight who assaults you.” Now the wind rose a little and the great sails began to move; which Don Quixote perceiving, he said,—“Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for it.”

So saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rocinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him:



and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir; so violent was the blow he and Rocinante had received in falling. "God save me," quoth Sancho, "did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them, but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rocinante, who was half shoulder-slipped.

And discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of Lapice; for there Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare; and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance, and speaking of it to his squire, he said: "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca;⁵¹ and, from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and Machuca. ✓ I tell you this, because from the first oak or crab-tree we meet, I mean to tear such another limb, at least as good as that; and I purpose and resolve to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate in meriting to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed." "God's will be done," quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir! but pray set yourself upright in your saddle; for you seem to me to ride sideling, occasioned doubtless by your

⁵¹ This adventure, of *Diego Perez de Vargas*, surnamed *Machuca*, happened at the taking of Xeres, under Saint Ferdinand. It has formed an incident in many romances.

being so sorely bruised by the fall." "It is certainly so," answered Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, though their entrails came out at it."⁵² "If it be so I have nothing to reply," answered Sancho; "but God knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind that it was time to dine. His master answered that at present he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this license, Sancho adjusted himself the best he could upon his beast; and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating behind his master very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish that the best fed victualler of Malaga might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him, nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, though never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed it to the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night Don Quixote slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady Dulcinea, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. ✕ Not so did Sancho pass the night; whose stomach being full, (and not of dandelion-water,) he made but one sleep of it; and if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full

⁵² Rule IX.—"That no knight shall complain of any wound that he may have received." (MARQUEZ, *Tesoro militar de cavalleria*.)

in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, could have awakened him. At his uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savory remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. "Here" said Don Quixote espying it, "brother Sancho Panza, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle until you are dubbed a knight." "I assure you, sir," answered Sancho, "your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles; but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him." "I say no less," answered Don Quixote; "but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity." "I say I will do so," answered Sancho; "and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day."

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. Benedict, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling-masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it was afterwards known, a certain Biscayan lady going to Seville to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the Indies in a very honourable

post. The monks came not in her company, though they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had Don Quixote espied them, when he said to his squire, "Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are enchanters, who are carrying away some princess whom they have stolen, in that coach, and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power." "This may prove a worse job than the windmills," said Sancho: "pray sir, take notice, that those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you." "I have already told you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of the business of adventures; what I say is true, and you will see it presently." So saying, he advanced and planted himself in the midst of the highway, by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near that he supposed they could hear what he said, cried out with a loud voice, "Diabolical and monstrous race! either instantly



release the high-born princesses whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds."—The monks stopped their mules, and stood admiring, as well the figure of Don Quixote, as his expressions; to which they answered, "Signor Cavalier, we are

neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the Benedictine order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not.”—“Soft words do nothing with me, for I know you, treacherous scoundrels,” said Don Quixote; and without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such fury and resolution, that if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have brought him to the ground, in spite of his teeth, wounded to boot, if not killed outright.

The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain lighter than the wind itself. Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him, began to take off his habit. In the mean while, the monk's two lacqueys coming up, asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? Sancho answered, that they were his lawful perquisites as being the spoils of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance, talking with those in the coach, fell upon Sancho, threw him down, and leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. Then, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling and terribly frightened, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, than he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter. But being unwilling to wait the event they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. Don Quixote, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying,—“Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless

and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso ; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is, that you would return to Toboso, and in my name, present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All that Don Quixote said was overheard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a Biscayan ; who, finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to Toboso, flew at Don Quixote, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, after this manner: "Begone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee. I swear by that power that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a Biscayan." Don Quixote understood him very well, and with great calmness, answered, "Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave." To which the Biscayan replied, "I no gentleman! I swear by the Heaven above us thou liest, as I am a Christian. If thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest: look then, if thou hast any thing else to say." "Thou shalt see that presently, as said Agrages," answered Don Quixote ; and, throwing down his lance, he drew his sword and grasping his buckler, set upon the Biscayan with a resolution to kill him. The Biscayan seeing him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worst kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield ; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them, but they could not: for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish, that if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the fierce conflict ; in the progress of

which, the Biscayan gave Don Quixote such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders and above his buckler, that had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. Don Quixote feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying,—“O lady of my soul! Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity.” The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the Biscayan, was done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that Don Quixote had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step.

Now Don Quixote, as has been said, advanced against the wary Biscayan, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him



asunder: and the Biscayan expected him, with his sword also lifted up and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling and in suspense as to what would be the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the

coach and her waiting-women, were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, if God would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history in this very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished; excusing himself that he could find no more written of these exploits of Don Quixote, than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner to be recounted in the second part.





PART I. BOOK II.⁵³

CHAPTER I. 9 ✓

WHEREIN IS CONCLUDED, AND AN END PUT TO, THE STUPENDOUS
BATTLE BETWEEN THE VIGOROUS BISCAYAN AND THE
VALIANT MANCHEGAN.



EVER be it forgotten that in the first part of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomegranate;

but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and

⁵³ Cervantes divided the first part of *Don Quixote* into four very unequal books, for the third is longer than the two first, and the fourth is longer than the three others. He did not employ the division into books in the second part, dividing that into chapters only.

was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. That grieved me extremely and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a sage to undertake the penning his unparelled exploits; a circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two sages, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret.⁵⁴ Surely, then, so worthy a knight could not be so unfortunate as to want what Platiir and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it.—On the other side, I considered, that since among his books there was found some so modern as the “Cure of jealousy,” and the “Nymphs and shepherds of Henares,” his history also must be modern; and if it were not as yet written, might at least still remain in the memories of the people of his village and of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant, to redress wrongs, succour widows and relieve that sort of damsels, who with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley: for unless some miscreant, or some lewd clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or prodigious giant outraged them, damsels there were in days of yore, who at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all

⁵⁴ Thus it was the sage Alquife who wrote the chronicle of Amadis of Greece; the sage Friston, the history of Don Belianis; the sages Artémidore and Lirgandéo, that of the knight of Phoebus; the sage Galténor, that of Platiir, &c.



that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave as the mothers that bore them.⁵⁵ Now I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy of immortal memory and praise; nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. The manner of finding it was this.

⁵⁵ Either this pleasantry, so happily employed by Cervantes in the text, was well known even out of Spain in his own time, or Shakspeare and he simultaneously hit upon the same idea. We find, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act II. scene II :

FALSTAFF.

"Good-morrow, good wife.

MRS. QUICKLY.

Not so, an't please your worship.

FALSTAFF.

Good maid, then.

MRS. QUICKLY.

I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born."

As I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of those the boy was selling, and perceived therein characters which I knew to be Arabic. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some Moorish rabbi, to read them for me, and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for had I sought one for some better and more ancient language,⁵⁶ I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him what he smiled at; and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I desired him to tell me what it was; and he laughing on, said,—“There is written on the margin as follows: ‘This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had they say, the best hand at salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.’” When I heard the name of Dulcinea del Toboso, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of paper contained the history of Don Quixote.

With this thought I pressed him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendering extempore the Arabic into Castilian, said that it began thus; “The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, Arabian historiographer.” Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and snatching it out of the mercer’s hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real! who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the Morisco, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him

⁵⁶ Cervantes alludes to the Hebrew tongue; for there were plenty of Jews in Toledo. The moors here mentioned (Moriscoes), were the decendants of the Arabs and Moors who remained in Spain after the conquest of Grenada, and were forced embrace christianity. See, on this subject, ‘*Essai sur l’histoire des Arabes et Mores d’Espagne*,’ by Louis Viardot, *Appendice, tome II.*

to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of Don Quixote) into the Castilian tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip through my fingers, took him home to my own house, where in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, Don Quixote's combat with the Biscayan, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up, the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the Biscayan's mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The Biscayan had a label at his feet on which was written Don Sancho de Azpetia, which without doubt must have been his name: and at the feet of Rocinante was another, on which was written Don Quixote. Rocinante was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galloping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of Rocinante had been given him. Close by him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written Sancho Zancas; and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked, which doubtless, gave him the names of Panza and Zancas for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames.⁵⁷ There were some other minuter particulars observable, but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history, though none are to be despised, if true. > But if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it can only be, that the author was an Arab, the people of that nation being not a little addicted to lying; though they being so much our enemies, one should rather think

⁵⁷ On the contrary this is the only time that Sancho is called Zancas. It is almost superfluous to say that *Panza* means belly, and *Zancas*, long and bowed legs.

he fell short of, than exceeded the bounds of truth. And so in truth he seems to have done; for when he might and ought to have launched out in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done and worse designed, for historians ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor



affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this work you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must without all question be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject.⁵⁸ In short its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner:—

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss, such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. The first who discharged his blow was the choleric Biscayan, which fell with such force and fury, that if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight. But good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that though it alighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

But who! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our Manchegan, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was so great, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the Biscayan, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (which he could not defend,) that as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done if he had not laid fast hold of her neck. But notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three

⁵⁸ Cervantes, doubtless, here alludes to the name of *dog*, by which name the Christians and Moors reciprocally called themselves. The word in the original Spanish is, *perro moro*.

plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on with great calmness, and when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it had gone hard with him, (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote), if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. Don Quixote answered with much solemnity and gravity, "Assuredly fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of Toboso, and present himself as from me, before the peerless Dulcinea, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit." The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote required, and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. "In reliance upon this promise," said Don Quixote, "I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands."



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CHAPTER II. 10

OF THE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH HIS GOOD SQUIRE
SANCHO PANZA.



IMMEDIATELY Sancho Panza had got upon his legs, somewhat roughly handled by the monks' lacqueys, he gazed very attentively on the combat of his master Don Quixote, and implored Heaven to give him the victory and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make his squire governor, as he had promised. Now, seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to re-mount Rocinante, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him,—“Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world.” To which Don Quixote answered,—“Consider, brother Sancho that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adven-

tures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rocinante, and himself mounting his ass, began to follow his master, who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rocinante made such way, that seeing himself likely to be left far behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rocinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him, who as soon as he came near, said to him,—“Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversaries, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood,⁵⁹ who will apprehend us: and in faith if they do, before we get out of their clutches we may chance to sweat for it.” “Peace,” quoth Don Quixote; “for where have you seen or read of a knight-errant being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed ever so many homicides?” “I know nothing of your omecils,” answered Sancho, “nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it.” “Set your heart at rest friend,” answered Don Quixote; “for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans, how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the whole face of the known earth? have you read in story of any other, who has or ever had more bravery in assailing,

⁵⁹ The *Santa Hermandad* or *Holy Fraternity*, was a jurisdiction, the tribunals and martialship of which were specially charged with the pursuit and punishment of malefactors. It was first instituted about the beginning of the thirteenth century by voluntary associations; it afterwards penetrated into Castile and Arragon, and was completely organized under the catholic kings.

more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?" "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write; but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray Jove we be not called to account for these darings where I just now said. What I beg of your worship is, that you would let your wound be dressed for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet." "All this would have been needless," answered Don Quixote, "if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras;⁶⁰ for with one single drop of that we might have saved both time and medicines." "What phial and what balsam is that?" said Sancho Panza. "It is a balsam," answered Don Quixote, "of which I have the receipt by heart, and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. Of course when I shall have made it and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, (as it frequently happens), to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and you will see me become sounder than any apple." "If this be so," said Sancho, "I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing in payment of my many and good services, but that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce; and I want no more to pass this life

⁶⁰ Or *Fier à Bras*. "He was, according to the history of Charlemagne, an infidel or Saracen giant, son to Admiral Balan, the conqueror of Rome and Jerusalem and King of Alexandria. He was the implacable enemy of Olivier, who wounded him mortally; but he soon recovered by drinking some balsam that he had in two little barrels which came into his possession at the conquest of Jerusalem. This balsam was, it is believed, a part of that with which Joseph of Arimathea embalmed our Saviour. But Olivier, having succeeded in sinking the two barrels in a deep river, vanquished *Fier à Bras*, who was subsequently baptized and died a convert, as it is related by Nicolas de Piamonte. (*Historia de Carlo magno*, cap. VII. and XII)

creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know whether it will cost much the making." "For less than three reals one may make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach me?" "Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses; but for the present let us set about the cure, for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet. But when



Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was nearly stark mad; and laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the

death of his nephew Valdovinos, (which was, not to eat bread on a table cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed,) until I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. Sancho hearing this, said to him,—“Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime.” “You have remarked very justly,” answered Don Quixote, “and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw; I know what example I follow therein, for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambrino’s helmet which cost Sacripante so dear.”⁶¹ “Good sir,” replied Sancho, “give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of Mantua, which you, sir, would now revive?”⁶² Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that there are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives.” “You are mistaken in this,” said Don Quixote; “for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca, to carry off

⁶¹ *Orlando Furioso*, cant. 18, 161, &c.

⁶² The oath taken by the Marquis of Mantua, as it is related in the ancient *romances* composed on his adventure, runs as follows: “I swear never to comb my white hair nor to shave my beard, never to change my clothes nor to put on new shoes and stockings, never to enter an inhabited place or to remove my arms—excepting for an hour while I wash my body,—never to eat off a table-cloth, or seat myself at table, until I shall have killed Charlot, or have been slain in combat —”

Angelica the Fair.”⁶³ “Well, be it so,” quoth Sancho; “and Heaven grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account, for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Dinamarque or that of Sobradisa,⁶⁴ which will fit you like a ring to your finger, and moreover, being upon terra firma, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this Knight, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much.” “I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread,” said Sancho; “but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship.” “How ill you understand this matter!” answered Don Quixote: “you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand; and if you had read as many histories as I have, you would have known this; for though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were upon their smelling. Though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that as they passed most of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their usual diet consisted of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. Therefore friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure, nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges.” “Pardon me, sir,” said Sancho; “for as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from

⁶³ In Boyardo's poem, Agrican, King of Tartary besieges Albraque with an army of two millions of soldiers, extending over the space of four leagues. In Ariosto's poem king Marsilio lays siege to the same fortress with his thirty two tributary kings and all their forces.

⁶⁴ Imaginary kingdoms mentioned in *Amadis de Gaul*.

henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight ; and for myself who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance.” “ I do not say, Sancho ” replied Don Quixote, “ that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit as you say ; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew, and as do I.” “ It is a happiness to know these same herbs,” answered



Sancho : “ for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge.”

So saying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out a place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited village before night ; but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds ; so they determined to take up their lodging there. If Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air,

making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.



CHAPTER III.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS.



o one could be more kindly received than he was by the goatherds; and Sancho, having accommodated Rocinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly at that instant have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the sto-

mach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited both, with shew of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that

belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal." "I give you a great many thanks, sir," said Sancho, "but let me tell your worship, that provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well or better standing, and by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship), be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me; for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world." "Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "you shall sit down, for whosoever humbleth himself God doth exalt;" and pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made

of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while ; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up a handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these :



✓ “Happy times, and happy ages! those to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold (which in this our iron age is so much esteemed) was to be had in that fortunate period without toil and labour; but because they who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *meum* and *tuum*. In that age of

innocence all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains and running streams offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark, with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children who then had her in possession.⁶⁵ Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed; nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk gave a value, but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked as our court ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate,

⁶⁵ It is curious to compare this description of the golden age with that by Virgil, in the first book of the *Georgics*; with Ovid's, in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*; and with that by Tasso, in the chorus of the shepherds, which terminates the first act of the *Aminta*.

confound and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice, for then there were neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and base designs of others; and if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But



now, in these detestable ages of our's, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of these, as times grew worse and wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted to defend maidens, to

protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed.⁶⁶ Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire; for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing that without your being acquainted with this obligation you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reasonable that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge your's to me."

Our knight made this tedious discourse (which might very well have been spared) because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds, who were quite in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating: and supper being over, one of the goatherds said: "That your worship, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly say that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades who will soon be here, sing a song: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and above all, can read and write, and play upon the rebeck⁶⁷ to hearts content." The goatherd had scarcely said this when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and presently after came he that was playing on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him if he had supped; and he answering yes: "Then Antonio," said he who had made the offer, "you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you shew them, and make good

⁶⁶ Nearly all the orders of chivalry adopted the same device. In the order of Malta, the candidate was asked: "Do you vow to protect and favour widows, minors, orphans, and all afflicted or unfortunate persons?" The novice had to reply; "I promise to do so, with God's help."

⁶⁷ *Rabel*, a sort of violin with three strings. It was known in Spain in the early part of the fourteenth century, for it is mentioned by the arch-priest of Hita in his poetry.

what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village." "With all my heart," replied the youth; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a very good grace, he began to sing as follows:

" Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize ;
 I boast the conquest of thy heart,
 Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
 Have yet reveal'd the latent smart.

Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
 In them my love's success I see ;
 Nor can he be unfortunate,
 Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet sometimes hast thou frown'd, alas !
 And given my hopes a cruel shock ;
 Then did thy soul seem form'd of brass,
 Thy snowy bosom of the rock.

But in the midst of thy disdain,
 Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
 Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
 The border of her robe displays.

Ah ! lovely maid ! in equal scale,
 Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
 Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
 Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.

If love, as shepherds wont to say,
 Be gentleness and courtesy,
 So courteous is Olalia,
 My passion will rewarded be.

And if obsequious duty paid,
 The grateful heart can ever move,
 Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
 A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
 I dress myself with studious care,
 And, in my best apparel dight,
 My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.

And shepherds say I'm not to blame ;
 For cleanly dress and spruce attire
 Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
 And gently fan the dying fire.

To please my fair, in mazy ring
 I join the dance, and sportive play,
 And oft beneath thy window sing,
 When first the cock proclaims the day.
 With rapture on each charm I dwell,
 And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
 And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
 Though envy swell, or malice blame.
 Teresa of the Berrocal,
 When once I prais'd you, said in spite,
 "Your mistress you an angel call,
 But a mere ape is your delight.
 Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
 And all the graces counterfeit;
 Thanks to the false and curled hair,
 Which wary Love himself might cheat."
 I swore 'twas false; and said she ly'd:
 At that her anger fiercely rose:
 I box'd the clown that took her side,
 And how I box'd my fairest knows.
 I court thee not, Olalia,
 To gratify a loose desire;
 My love is chaste, without allay
 Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.
 The church hath silken cords, that tie
 Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
 If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
 Thy swain its ready captive stands.
 If not, by all the saints I swear,
 On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
 Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
 But for the cloister and the cell."

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep than to hear ballads; and therefore he said to his master: "Sir, you had better consider where you are to rest to-night; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the night in singing." "I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for I see plainly that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music." "It relished well with us all, thank our good stars," answered Sancho. "I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote; "but lay yourself down where

you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should." Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. Then taking some rosemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.



CHAPTER IV.

WHAT A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.



oon after this, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said: "Comrades, do you know what has happened in the village?" "How should we know?" answered one of them. "Know then," continued the youth, "that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered, that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcella, daughter of William the Rich; she who rambles about these woods and fields in the dress of a shepherdess." "For Marcella say you?" quoth one. "For thesame, I say," answered the goatherd, "and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, and what they say he himself declared, that was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things

so extravagant, that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar; but by what I can learn, they will at least do what Ambrosio, and all the shepherds require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. I am of opinion that it will be very well worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go, though I knew I should not return to-morrow to the village." "We will do so too," answered the goatherds, and "let us cast lots who shall stay behind to look after our goats." "You say well, Pedro," quoth another; "but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which stuck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking." "We are obliged to you, however," answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very learned and well-read person; particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky; for he told us punctually the 'clipse of the sun and moon. "Friend," quoth Don Quixote, "the obscuration of those two great luminaries is called an eclipse, and not a 'clipse." But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story saying, "He also foretold when the year would be plentiful or estril." "Sterile, you would say, friend," quoth Don Quixote. "Sterile or estril," answered Pedro, "comes all to the same thing; and as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. 'This year' he would say 'sow barley and not wheat; in this you may sow vetches, and not barley; the next year there will be plenty of oil; the three following there will not be a drop.'" "This

science they call astrology," said Don Quixote. "I know not how it is called," replied Pedro; "but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, that the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate in lands and goods, flocks, herds and money of all which the youth remained absolute master; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdess Marcella, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know,) who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were 'as old as the itch.'" "Say, as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "The itch is old enough," answered Pedro; "and sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words we shall not have done this twelvemonth." "Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote, "I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the itch and Sarah;⁶⁸ and so on with your story, for I will interrupt you no more.

⁶⁸ In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, (Abraham's wife,) says as old as *sarna*, (the itch.) It is imposible to preserve such quibbles as this in the translation.

“I say then, dear sir of my soul,” quoth the goatherd, “that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, beside much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other;* and above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying bliss in the other



* This seems to be a burlesque on the extravagant metaphors, used by the Spanish poets in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

world. Her husband William died through grief for the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcella young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share; and for all that, it was judged that the charms of the daughter would surpass her's. And so it fell out; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing Heaven for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close; notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself in such a manner that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, (who to do him justice, is a good christian,) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her nuptials. In good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that in these little places every thing is talked of, and every thing censured; and my life for your's, that clergyman must be over and above good who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is true," said Don Quixote, "but proceed; for the story is excellent, and honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace." "Farther" quoth Pedro, "though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly-just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well,

parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcella appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and



against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is added that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that because Marcella has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion;

no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining her. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. By this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair; and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles as plainly denote her character. Were you to abide here, sir, awhile, you would hear these mountains and vallies resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcella written and engraved on the smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express that Marcella bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd, there complains another; here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcella, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our

companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. Therefore I advise you, sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing; for Chrysostom has a great many friends, and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story," "O," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to Marcella's lovers; but to-morrow perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss that you get you to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rocinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person who had been well rib-roasted.



CHAPTER V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA, WITH OTHER EVENTS.



ORNING had scarcely begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him whether he con-

tinued in his resolution in going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom, for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, crossing the pathway, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress

and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined company, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said: "I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time mis-spent in staying to see this famous funeral: for it cannot fail to be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd as of the murdering shepherdess." "I think so too," answered Vivaldo; "and I do not only think little of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it." Don Quixote asked them, what it was they had heard of Marcella and Chrysostom? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began; he who was called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered: "The profession I follow will not allow or suffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those whom the world calls knights-errant of which number I, though unworthy, am one." Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein

are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we always call King Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. ⁶⁹ Now, in this good king's time, was instituted that famous order of the knights of the Round Table; ⁷⁰ and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante; which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of, Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain; ⁷¹ with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. From that time, the order of chivalry has

⁶⁹ It is stated, in the ninetieth chapter of the romance of Esplandian, that the enchantress Morgiana, King Arthur's sister, holds that king enchanted; but that he will infallibly return one day and resume the throne of Great Britain. On his tomb, according to Don Diego de Vera, (*Epitome de los imperios*.) is inscribed the following verse, as epitaph:

"Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rex que futurus".

Here lies Arthur, who was a king, and who will be a king.

Julian del Castillo, has preserved in an important work (*Historia de los reyes godos*.) a popular story which was current in his time in which it is related that Philip II. when he married queen Mary, heiress to the throne of England, swore that if King Arthur returned in his time, he would restore to him the throne.

The Reverend John Bowle, in his annotations to Don Quixote, relates that a law passed by Hoel the Good, king of Wales, in 998, forbids the killing of ravens. This prohibition, added to the popular belief that Arthur was changed into a raven, has given rise to the other belief that the English abstain from killing these birds, for fear of hurting their ancient king.

⁷⁰ The order of the *Round Table*, instituted by Arthur, was composed of twenty-four knights and the presiding king. Foreigners were admitted; Roland was a member of it, and other *peers of France* also. The romance-writer Don Diego de Vera, who has preserved in his *Epitome de los imperios* all the popular fables of his day, relates that at the marriage of Philip II. with queen Mary, the *round table* constructed by Merlin, was still shown; that the face of it was divided into twenty-five compartments coloured green and white alternately, which emanated from a point in the centre, and increased in size till they reached the circumference; a name of one of the knights and that of the king, being written in each division. One of the compartments, called *Judas's place*, or *the perilous seat*, always remained vacant.

⁷¹ The whole romance is to be found in the *Cancionero*, page 242 of the Antwerp edition. *Lancelot of the Lake* was originally written by Arnault Daniel, a Provençal poet.

been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world; and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds, as the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania; and the never-enough-to-be-praised Tirant the White; and we in our days have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight, Don Belianis, of Greece. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry; of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess; and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy."

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him; which struck them with the same admiration that it did all others at the first hearing. Vivaldo, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. Therefore he said to him: "Methinks, sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the strictest professions upon earth; and I verily believe that of the Carthusian monks themselves is not so rigid." "It may be as strict, for aught I know," answered our Don Quixote; "but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting; for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself who gives the orders. I would say that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we soldiers and knights really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords; and that not under covert, but in open field, exposed to the insufferable beams of summer's sun, and winter's horrid ice. We are God's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice. Considering that matters of war, and

those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat,



toil, and labour, it follows that they who undertake them do unquestionably take more pains than they who in peace and repose are employed in praying to heaven to assist those who can do but little for themselves.* I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of a knight-errant is as good as that of a religious

* A sly satire on the uselessness of recluse religious societies.

recluse; I would only infer, from what I suffer, that it is doubtless



more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy. For there is no doubt, that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives; and if some of them rose to be emperors⁷² by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat; and if those who arrived to such honour had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations."

⁷² Renaud de Montauban became emperor of Trebizond; Bernard del Carpio, King of Ireland; Palmerin d'Oliva, emperor of Constantinople; Tirant the White, the Cæsar of the Grecian empire; &c.

"I am of the same opinion," replied the traveller, "but there is one thing in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter they never once remember to commend themselves to God, as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervour and devotion, as if they were their God; ⁷³ a thing which to me savours strongly of paganism." "Signor," answered Don Quixote, "this can by no means be otherwise; and the knight-errant who should act in any other manner would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight who, being about to attempt some great feat of arms, has his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously towards her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. Though nobody hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he commends himself to her with his whole heart; and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. You must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect commending themselves to God; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work." ⁷⁴ "But, for all that," replied the traveller, "I have one scruple still remaining, which is, that I have often read that words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and fetching a large compass about the field, immediately without more ado, encounter at full speed, and in the midst of their career they commend themselves to their mistresses; and what commonly happens in the encounter is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and through by his adversary's lance; and if

⁷³ "Tirant the White did not invoke any saint, but only the name of Carmesina; and when he was asked why he also did not invoke some saint, he answered: 'He who serves many serves no one.'" (Book III, chap. 28.)

⁷⁴ Thus when Tristan de Leonais precipitated himself from a tower into the sea he commended himself to his mistress Iseult, and to his gentle Saviour.

the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to Heaven, in the course of this hasty work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in commending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that to which, as a christian, he was obliged. Besides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themselves to, because they are not all in love." "That cannot be," answered Don Quixote; "I say, there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm that you cannot shew me a history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour; and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber." ⁷⁵ "Yet, for all that," said the traveller, "I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaul, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might commend himself; notwithstanding which he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight." To which our Don Quixote answered: "Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured; he was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested that he had one whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself." ⁷⁶

⁷⁵ The 31st Article in the statutes of the order of the Scarf (*La Banda*) was conceived in the following terms: "That no knight of the Scarf can belong any longer to that order without serving some lady, not to disgrace her, but to pay his court to her, and to espouse her. And when she goes out, he must accompany her either on foot or on horseback, holding his cap in his hand, and with bended knee."—

⁷⁶ Don Quixote doubtless alludes to the princess Briolange, chosen by Amadis for his brother Galaor, "He was so enamoured with her, and she appeared to such advantage to him, that, though he saw and entertained many other women, as is related in this history, his heart never felt a real passion for any one but that beautiful queen." (*Amadis*, Book IV. chap. 121.)—

"If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover," said the traveller, "it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession;—and if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy, if all the world knew that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be." Here Don Quixote fetched a deep sigh, and said: "I cannot positively affirm whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased or not that the world should know I am her servant. I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously inquire of me, that her name is Dulcinea; her country Toboso, a town of La Mancha; her quality, at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty, more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow, and in fine she is in everything all that the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for." "We would know," replied Vivaldo, "her lineage, race, and family." To which Don Quixote answered: "She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Caii, and Scipios; nor of the modern Colonas and Ursinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesenes of Catalonia; neither is she of the Rebellas and Villanovas, of Valentia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes, and Gurreas, of Arragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmans, of Castile; the Alencastros, Palhas, and Meneses, of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso de la Mancha, a lineage, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the age to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that Zerbino fixed under Orlando's arms, where it was said, 'Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.'" 77

77

"Nessun la muova

Que star non possa con Orlando à prova."

(Ariosto, canto XXIV, oct. 57.)

"Although mine be of the Cachopins of Laredo," ⁷⁸ replied the traveller "I dare not compare it with that of Toboso de la Mancha; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears until now." "Is it possible you should never have heard of it?" replied Don Quixote.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two; and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of Don Quixote. Sancho Panza alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of was, what concerned the fair Dulcinea del Toboso; for no such name or princess had ever come to his hearing though he lived so near Toboso.

In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which (as appeared afterwards) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs; which one of the goatherds espying, he said, They who come yonder are those who bring the corpse of Chrysostom; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste, therefore, to arrive, which they did just as the bier was set down on the ground; and four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously; and presently Don Quixote and his company went to take a view of the bier, upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers, * in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age; ⁷⁹ and though dead, you might perceive that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance and hale constitution. Several books, and

⁷⁸ At that time the name of *cachopin* or *gachupin* was that by which the Spaniards were generally designated, who, through poverty or vagrancy, emigrated to Mexico.

* It is the custom in Spain and Italy to strew flowers on the dead bodies when laid upon their biers.

⁷⁹ Chrysostom having died *in despair*, as the Spaniards say, or in other words having committed suicide, his interment was to take place unattended with any religious ceremony. Accordingly, he is still dressed as a shepherd, and not enveloped with the *mortaja*, a religious garment universally used as a winding sheet for the dead.

a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on as those who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; until one of those who brought the deceased said to another: "Observe carefully, Ambrosio whether this be the place, which Chrysostom mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will." "This is it," answered Ambrosio; "for in this very place he often recounted to me the



story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion; here it was that Marcella finally undeceived and treated him with such disdain that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

Then, turning to Don Quixote and the travellers, he went on, saying: "This body, sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul in which heaven had placed

a great part of its treasure: this is the body of Chrysostom, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned: he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompense he obtained was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdess, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men, as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth." "You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them," said Vivaldo, "than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him who commands something utterly unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would not consent to the execution of what the divine Mantuan had commanded in his will. So that, Signor Ambrosio, though you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet: rather act so, that by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of Marcella may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices. I and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your friendship and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysostom, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of Chrysostom's death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and so, from curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come and behold with our eyes what had moved us so much in the recital:

and in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy this misfortune if it were in our power, we beseech you, O discreet Ambrosio, at least I request it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them." Without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were nearest, which Ambrosio perceiving, he said: "Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain is a vain thought." Vivaldo, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them which had for its title, 'The Song of Despair.' Ambrosio hearing, said: "That is the last paper this unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard; for you will have leisure enough while they are digging the grave." "That I will with all my heart," said Vivaldo: and as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read in an audible voice as follows:



CHAPTER VI.

WHEREIN ARE REHEARSED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE
DECEASED SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER UNEXPECTED MATTERS.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.⁸⁰

I.

“ Since, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice :
Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
Hear, then, and listen with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
To ease, in spite of thee, my raging smart.

⁸⁰ The stanzas of this song (*cancion*) are each composed of sixteen lines of eleven syllables, in which the rhymes are placed in a singular manner, unknown till used by Cervantes, and which has not been attempted since. In this arrangement the penultimate line is not in consonance with either of the others, but rhymes with the first hemistich of the last line.

Mas gran simpleza es avisarte desto,
Pues se que esta tu glorica cono *cida*
En que mi *vida* llegue al fin tan presto.

These singularities, and even the principal beauties of the piece, (though they are not very numerous), are lost in the translation.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
 The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
 The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
 The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
 With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
 From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
 Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
 For ah ! no common language can express
 The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful sounds
 To where old Tagus rolls his yellow sands,
 Or Betic, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
 But here, 'midst rocks and precipices deep,
 Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
 On shores by human footsteps never trod,
 Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
 Or with th'envenom'd race of savage beasts
 That range the howling wilderness for food,
 Will I proclaim the story of my woes ;
 Poor privilege of grief ! whilst echoes hoarse
 Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death ; suspicions, true or false,
 O'erturn th'impatient mind ; with surer stroke
 Fell jealousy destroys ; the pangs of absence
 No lover can support ; nor firmest hope
 Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect :
 Yet I, strange fate ! though jealous, though disdain'd,
 Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live.
 And 'midst the various torments I endure,
 No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul :
 Nor would I hope ; rather in deep despair
 Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs,
 Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
 Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear ?
 Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
 Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel,

Presents the hideous phantom to my view ?
 What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
 Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
 Disdain avow'd, suspicions realiz'd,
 And truth itself converted to a lie ?
 O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
 Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
 Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
 The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
 That love has most enthrall'd : still to my thoughts
 Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
 Beauteous in mind as face, and in myself
 Still let me find the source of her disdain ;
 Content to suffer, since imperial love
 By lovers' woes maintains his sovereign state.
 With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
 I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
 And dying, offer up my breathless corse,
 Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigour's force
 First drove me to despair, and now to death,
 When the sad tale of my untimely fall
 Shall reach thy ear, though it deserve a sigh,
 Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
 Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
 At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn ;
 But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
 With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
 The festival of my disastrous end.
 Ah ! need I bid thee smile ? too well I know
 My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyss ;
 Bring Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst ;
 And Sisyphus, thy still returning stone ;
 Prometheus, with the vulture at thy heart ;
 And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel ;
 Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.

Pour your united griefs into this breast,
 And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
 (If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
 O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
 And let the triple porter of the shades,
 The sister furies, and chimeras dire,
 With notes of woe, the mournful chorus join.
 Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch,
 By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
 Complain no more ; but since my wretched fate
 Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
 Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb !”

Chrysostom's song was very much approved by those who heard it; but he who read it, said it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of Marcella; for Chrysostom complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all to the prejudice of the credit and good name of Marcella. To which Ambrosio answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: “To satisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that when this unhappy person wrote this song he was absent from Marcella, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was Chrysostom tormented with imaginary jealousies and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. Thus the truth, which fame proclaims of Marcella's goodness, remains unimpeached; and excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought nor can lay any defect to her charge.” “It is true,” answered Vivaldo; and as he was about to commence reading another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision, (for such it seemed to be,) which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess Marcella, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those who had never seen

her until that time, beheld her with silence and admiration; and those who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprised than those who had never seen her before. But Ambrosio had



scarcely espied her, when with signs of indignation, he said to her : "Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains,* to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitiless Nero, the flames of burning Rome? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father Tarquin? ⁸¹ Tell us quickly what you come for, or what it is you would have? for since I know that Chrysostom while living never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, though he be dead."

"I come not, O Ambrosio, for any of the purposes you have mentioned," answered Marcella, "but to vindicate myself, and to let the world know how unreasonable those are who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of Chrysostom; and therefore I beg of all here present, that they will hear me with attention, for I need not spend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as you say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me whether you will or not; and in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural sense God has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable; but I do not comprehend, that merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say, 'I love you for being handsome—you must love me, though I am ugly.' But supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not therefore follow that the inclinations should be so too; for all beauty does not inspire love; and there is a kind of it which only pleases the sight, but does not

* The little Fortunia's beauty was so surpassing, that she was called, 'The basilisk of human kind.' Amad. de Gaul. b 13. ch 43.

⁸¹ Ambrosio's erudition is here at fault. Tarquin was the husband of Tullia, and it was upon the corpse of his father Servius Tullius that she trampled. It is not improbable that Cervantes wrote this chapter in prison, debarred from the assistance of his books; *inde error*.

captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix; for the beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too: and true love as I have heard say, cannot be divided; it must be voluntary and unforced. This being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being no otherwise obliged thereto, than only because you say you love me? For pray tell me, as Heaven has made me handsome, if it had made me ugly, would it have been just that I should have complained of you because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that my beauty is not my own choice; but such as it is, Heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, seeing that it is given her by nature, equally as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword; neither does the one burn, nor the other wound those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she who is loved for being beautiful, part with it to gratify the desires of him who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free; and that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions: the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. If desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to Chrysostom nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them, I answer, that when in this very place where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him that mine

was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty : and if he, notwithstanding all this plain-dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulf of his own indiscretion? If I had left him in suspense, I had been false ; if I had complied with his wish, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived ; he despaired, without being hated. Consider now whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him who is deceived, complain ; let him to whom I have broken my promise, despair ; let him whom I shall encourage, presume ; and let him pride himself whom I shall admit : but let not him call me cruel, or murderess, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained that I should love by destiny ; and from loving by choice I desire to be excused. Let every one of those who solicit me, make his own particular use of this declaration ; and be it understood from henceforward, that if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain ; for she who loves nobody, can make nobody jealous ; and plain-dealing cannot pass for disdain. Let him who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing ; let him who calls me ungrateful, not serve me ; him who thinks me reserved, not know me ; who cruel, not follow me : for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this reserved thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If Chrysostom's impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve ? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men ? You all know that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself. I neither love nor hate any body ; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that ; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by

which the soul advances to its original dwelling." Saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration, as well of her sense as her beauty.

Some of those who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make; which Don Quixote perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice said: "Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my furious



indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of Chrysostom's death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason, instead of being followed

and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous." Now, whether it was through Don Quixote's menaces, or because Ambrosio desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, until the grave being made, and Chrysostom's papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-standers. They closed



the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock until a tomb-stone could be finished, which Ambrosio said he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner:—

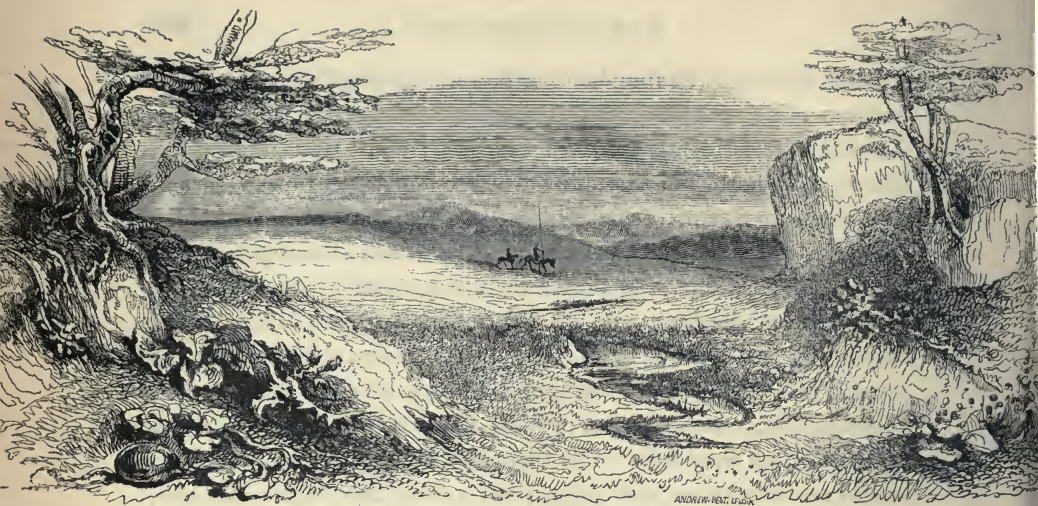
“Here lies a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigour’s cruel hand he died,⁸²
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love’s tyrant state.”

⁸² “Que fué pastor de ganado
Perdido por desamor ”

There is in this strophe an insipid *jeu de mots* between the two contiguous words *ganado* and *perdido*; the one means *lost*; the other, which signifies *flock*, imports also *gained* or *won*.

Then they strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend Ambrosio, took leave and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who entreated him to accompany them to Seville, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. Don Quixote thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they shewed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not and ought not to go to Seville, until he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey, in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of Marcella and Chrysostom, as of the madness of Don Quixote, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess Marcella, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history, the second part ending here.





PART I. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE, IN MEETING WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED YANGUESES.⁸³



LEAVE taken, as the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, by Don Quixote of his hosts, and of all those who were present at Chrysostom's funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcella enter before. Having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a meadow full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and

⁸³ Inhabitants of the district of Yanguas in the Rioja.

compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. Don Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the ass and Rocinante at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and without any ceremony, very friendly and socially, master and man eat what they found in it. Sancho had taken no care to fetter Rocinante, being well assured he was so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of Cordova would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune or the devil, who is not always asleep, so ordered it that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of Galician mares, belonging to certain Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that where Don Quixote chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the Yangueses. It happened that Rocinante had a mind to solace himself with their fillies, and having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and without asking his master's leave,



started off at a smart trot to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner,



that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing

of Rocinante, came up out of breath; and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "From what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to Rocinante before our eyes," "What the devil in the way of revenge can we take," answered Sancho, "they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half?" "I am as good as a hundred," replied Don Quixote: and without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword and flew at the Yangueses; and Sancho did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow, Don Quixote gave one of them a terrible wound on the shoulder, through a leathern doublet which he wore. The Yangueses, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true that at the second attack they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same befel



Don Quixote, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: and as fate would have it, he fell just at Rocinante's feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. The Yangueses, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was Sancho Panza, who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice cried: "Signor Don Quixote! ah, Signor Don Quixote!" "What would you have, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same feeble, and lamentable tone. "I could wish, if it were possible,"



answered Sancho Panza, "your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of Fiery Blas, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may

do as well for broken bones as it does for wounds." "Unhappy I, that we have it not!" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass, (if fortune does not order it otherwise,) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out." "But in how many days, do you think, sir, we shall recover the use of our feet," replied Sancho Panza? "For my part," said the battered knight Don Quixote, "I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself. I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having so transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you, for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword and chastise them to your own heart's content: but if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends." Thus arrogant had the poor gentleman become, by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

But Sancho Panza did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering: "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, sir, to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant nor against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of God, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever." When his master heard that, he answered: "I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease, ever so short a while, that I

might convince you Panza, of the error you are in. Harkye, sinner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may, safely and without any hinderance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen." "In this that hath now befallen us," answered Sancho, "I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rocinante, whom I took to be discreet, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that 'much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons;' and that 'we are sure of nothing in this life.'" Who could have thought, that after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. Were it not that I imagine, do I say imagine? did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this the squire replied: "Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine

fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for to my thinking two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath shewn us in many and divers knights, with whose histories I am perfectly acquainted. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. The valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archalaus the enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard.⁸⁴ Moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us that the 'knight of the sun being caught by a trap-door which sunk under his feet in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot, where they administered to him in the most unseemly way, a preparation of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight.' I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoe-maker strike a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said that the

⁸⁴ Amadis was twice in Archalaüs's power. The first time, Archalaüs held him enchanted; on the second occasion, he was thrown into a kind of cavern by means of a trap-door. The romance does not affirm that he was flogged, but that he was made to suffer hunger and thirst. Amadis was succoured in this extremity by Archalaüs's niece, the dumb damsel, who lowered to him in a basket a pork pie and two barrels of wine and water. (chap. XIX and XLIX.)

person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced; for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger." "They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my Tizona, ⁸⁵ when they crossed my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner that they deprived my eyes of sight and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or not, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory as on my shoulders." "Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not put an end to." "What greater misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of our's were of that sort which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rocinante does; for it appears to me, that not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share." "That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear." "Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote: "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rocinante, by carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hun-

⁸⁵ *Tizona*, the name of one of the swords of the Cid. The other was called *Colada*.

dred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass." "It may be very true that he rode as your worship says," answered Sancho: "but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote answered: "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so, friend Panza, answer me no more, but as I have already directed, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtake us in this uninhabited place." "Yet I have heard your worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts the greater part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate." "That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, who, when calling himself Beltenebros, ⁸⁶ took up his lodging on the naked rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rocinante."

"That would be the devil indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rocinante, who, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In fine Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rocinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster, now slower towards the place where he thought the road might lie. He had

⁸⁶ *Beltenebros*, the lovely obscure.

scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn, which to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.



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CHAPTER II.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE
INN WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.



LAID across his squire's ass, Don Quixote was borne into the yard; the innkeeper seeing him, enquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortune of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. * There was also a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. † It is true, the activity of her

* So, in *Amadis de Gaul*, (b 13. ch 13.) the constable of the castle's daughter knows so much of surgery, and applies such ointments and balsams to the wounds of Don Rogel of Greece, and Brianges of Bœotia, that she heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.

† The very description of the damsel who conducts prince Lindemart to the cavern where the savages had conveyed the princess Rosalva.—*Amadis de Gaul*, vol. 19, ch. 28,

body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head ; and her shoulders, which burthened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. This agreeable lass helped the damsel ; and they two made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In this room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of our Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt,



and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by their hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes (for so the Asturian was called) holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. "They were not blows," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark:" he said also: "Pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little." "So then," said the hostess, "you have had a fall too." "No fall," said Sancho Panza; "but the



fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs." "That may very well be," said the girl, "for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen." "But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote." "How is this cavalier called," quoth the Asturian Maritornes? "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant," replied the wench? "Are you such a novice, that you do not know," answered Sancho Panza? "Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. Moreover sometimes one looks for one thing and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates; but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say that I shall retain the service you have done me, eternally engraved on my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall last. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws,

and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty."



The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek: though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And, not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him with inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him. It is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but

she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in the calling of servant in an inn; often saying that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of the carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him.⁸⁷ Besides, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things, as appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence; and this may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, as they leave at the bottom of their inkstands through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial matter. The blessing of heaven a thousand times on the author of *Tablante of Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the *Count Tomillas*! with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered, and laid down; but though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through anguish, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always had

⁸⁷ Previous to their expulsion from Spain, the Moriscoes practised agriculture, the mechanical arts, and particularly the management of beasts of burthen. The unsettled lives of the muleteers prevented their attending the churches, and placed them beyond the vigilance of the inquisition.

in his mind, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, for all the inns where he lodged, were in his opinion castles, and that the inn-keeper's girl was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him that night, and pass a good part of it with him. Taking his chimera (which he had formed to himself) for reality, he began to be uneasy, and reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though queen Ginebra herself, with the lady Quintagiona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved unlucky) of the Asturian's coming, drew near; who, undressed and barefooted, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in his bed in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the Asturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended, feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her towards him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he touched her only garment, which though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hair, not unlike that of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. Though her breath, doubtless, smelt of stale salt fish, he fancied it a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded knight, with whom

she is in love. So great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier sick. He imagined that he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: "O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty; but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to pay my addresses, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands."



Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled without speaking a word, to get away from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still to see what would come of those speeches which he did not understand.

But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood; and not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundation none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground; at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes, for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up: and having lighted a candle, went towards the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering, said: "Where are you, jade? these are most certainly some of your doings." Now Sancho awakened, and perceiving that bulk laying as it were on him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side; and not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness; finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, he raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. Thus as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick; the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest; and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those they call the holy brotherhood of Toledo;⁸⁸ who likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: "Forbear, in the name of justice! forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood!" The first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly: "I charge you to aid and assist me," but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers;—and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying: "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out, for they have killed a man here." This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw; only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents; but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.



⁸⁸ Vide note 59, Book II. chap 2. anté, page 94.

chap. 17

CHAPTER III.

chapt. 8.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE NUMBERLESS HARDSHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.



ON Quixote by this time came to himself; and with the very same tone of voice, with which the day before he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of packstaves, he began to call him, saying: "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend Sancho?"—"How should I sleep? woe is me"

answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation: "I cannot but think that all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night."—"You may very well believe so," answered Don Quixote; "and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must understand—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret until after my death."—"Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I say it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation."—"I do swear," said Sancho again, "I will keep it secret until after your decease, and

God grant I may discover it to-morrow.”—“Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that you would willingly see me dead so very soon?” “It is not for that,” answered Sancho; “but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping.”—“Be it for what it will,” said Don Quixote, “I trust for greater matters than that to your love and kindness: know therefore that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable; and to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person, what of the sprightliness of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence? Only I must tell you that Heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted, at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a blow on the jaws that they were all bathed in blood? and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rocinante’s frolic, did us the mischief you know.—Hence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel’s beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me.”—“Nor for me neither,” answered Sancho; “for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the packstaves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray, sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I! what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one: and yet of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls

to my share.”—“What! have you been pounded too?” answered Don Quixote. “Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage!” quoth Sancho. “Be in no pain, friend,” said Don Quixote; “for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye.” By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed: and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master: “Pray, sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction he has bestowed upon us?”—“It cannot be the Moor,” answered Don Quixote; “for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body.”—“If they will not be seen, they will be felt,” said Sancho; “witness my shoulders.” “Mine might speak too,” answered Don Quixote; “but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us that what we see is the enchanted Moor.”

The officer entered, and finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true, indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him and said: “How fares it, honest friend?” “I would speak more respectfully,” answered Don Quixote, “were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead?” The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate in such sort, that he broke his head: and all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. “Doubtless, sir,” quoth Sancho Panza, “this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks.”* “It is even so,” answered Don Quixote; “and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or be out of humour or angry with them; for, as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it ever so much. Get you up, Sancho, if

* Candilazos. A new coined word in the original.

you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam. In truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me, bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough in his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor that is in this inn." The officer hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses; and the day beginning to dawn, he opened



the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with the ingredients, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled; and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in; and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. Next he said over the cruise about four score pater-nosters, with as many ave-marias and salves, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction, at all which were present, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in; and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive retchings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours; when he awoke, and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered from his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured;—and was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit, on the true balsam of Fier-à-bras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts however perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will,

tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he, cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said to him: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you because you are not dubbed a knight; for I am of opinion this liquor can do no good to those who are not." "If your worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to find relief in all ways? with so much precipitation,



that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were perfectly saturated. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every

body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and exudation lasted two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken that he was unable to stand.

X Don Quixote, who found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there, was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam. Thus hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rocinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons; among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

/ They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and with a very solemn and grave voice said to him: "Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent foe, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity: "Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when I sustain any injury: I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."

“What then, is this an inn?” replied Don Quixote. “And a very creditable one,” answered the host. “Hitherto then I have been in an error,” answered Don Quixote, “for in truth I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn where they have lain; and that because of right and good reason, all possible accommodation is due to them, in recompense for the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth.” “I see little to my purpose in all this,” answered the host; “pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own.” “Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper,” answered Don Quixote; so clapping spurs to Rocinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body’s opposing him; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza who said that since his master would not pay, he would not pay either; for being squire to a knight-errant as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in public-houses and inns. The inn-keeper grew very testy on hearing this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, he would indemnify himself in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor Sancho’s ill luck so ordered it, that among those who were

in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova, and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicsome fellows. These nine jolly dogs, instigated as it were and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the blanket from the landlord's bed; and putting him therein, they looked up, and saw that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky. There, Sancho being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog during carnival. ⁸⁹ The cries



⁸⁹ The punishment to which Sancho was subjected was then of very ancient standing. Suetonius relates that when the emperor Otho, during his nightly rounds through the streets of Rome, fell in with any drunken persons, he had them tossed in blankets——“*distento sagulo in sublime jactare*.” And Martial, addressing his book, tells it not to put too much trust in praise, “for, from behind,” he adds:

“*Ibis ab excusso missus in astra sago.*”

The students in the Spanish universities amused themselves, during the time of carnival, by serving the dogs they met with in the streets in the same manner that the emperor Otho served the drunkards.

which the poor blanket-tossed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that they reached his master's ears: who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he found plainly that he who cried was his squire; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn; when finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the fence; but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not alight; and so from on horseback he began to utter so many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing Sancho, that it is impossible to put them down in writing; but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying Sancho forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with entreaties; yet all availed little, nor would have availed, but at last they left off from sheer weariness. They then brought him his ass; and wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she fetched from the well, that it might be the cooler. Sancho took it, and as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying: "Son Sancho, drink not water, child, do not drink it; it will kill thee. Look here, I hold the most holy balsam," shewing him the cruise of the potion, "by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again". At these words, Sancho turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice: "Perhaps, you have forgot, sir, that I am no knight; or you would have me bring up what remains of my bowels, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone." His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment, but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed Maritornes to bring him some wine; which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for

they say of her, that though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint outlines of a christian. As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he began kicking his beast; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expense of his accustomed surety—his carcass. The landlord indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that though Don Quixote had really been one of the knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.



5.
CHAPTER IV. ✓

chap 4.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHE PANZA
HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER
ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING.



SANCHE came up to his master, pale and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. Don Quixote perceiving his condition, said: "Now am I convinced, honest Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? and I am confirmed in this by having found, that when I stood at the paling of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get over them, nor so much as alight from Rocinante; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted. I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have

avenged you in such a manner as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I know I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby, for as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity.”/ “And I too,” quoth Sancho, “would have revenged myself if able, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they who diverted themselves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez; and the landlord’s name is John Palomèque the left-handed: so that, sir, as to your not being able to leap over the fence nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. What I gather clearly from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of, will at the long run bring us into so many scrapes, that we shall not know which is our right foot. In my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time and look after our business, and not run rambling from Ceca to Mecca,* leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.”

“How little do you know, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession. What greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one’s enemy? None, without doubt.” “It may be so,” answered Sancho, “though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have been knights-errant, or since you have been one sir, for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number, we have never won any battle except that of the Biscayan; and even there you came off with the

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as Mecca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify: “sauntering about to no purpose.”—A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside my blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the joy reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say.”—“That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. Perhaps fortune may procure me that of Amadis, when he called himself ‘*Knight of the burning sword*,’⁹⁰ which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world; for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it.”—“I am so unfortunate,” quoth Sancho, “that though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam; as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow.”—“Fear not that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “heaven will deal more kindly by thee.”

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when the former perceived on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to Sancho, and said: “This is the day, O Sancho, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. Seest thou yon cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way.—” “By

⁹⁰ It was Amadis of Greece who was styled the *Knight of the Flaming Sword*, because he had one marked on his body, from his birth, from the left knee upwards to abreast his heart, as red as fire. (Part I. chap 46.) As Don Quixote only says Amadis, by which Amadis of Gaul is always understood, and as he speaks of a real sword, he doubtless means, the *knight of the Green Sword*. Amadis received this name, under which he was known in Germany, because, at the trial of two faithful lovers, and before the face of his mistress Oriane, he drew the marvellous sword from its scabbard which was made from the back-bone of a fish, of a green colour, and so transparent that the blade was visible when sheathed in it. (Chap. LVI, LXX and LXXIII.)

this account there must be two armies," said Sancho, "for on this opposite side there arises such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote



turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted there were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures extravagancies, amours and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought or did, had a tendency that way. Now the clouds of dust he saw were raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, until they came near. But Don Quixote affirmed with so much positiveness that they were armies, that Sancho began to believe it, and said: "Sir, what then must we do?"—"What," replied Don Quixote, "but favour and assist the weaker side? Now you must know, Sancho, that the army which

marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; ⁹¹ this other which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, ⁹² Pentapolin of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare.”—“But why do these two princes hate one another,” demanded Sancho? “They hate one another,” answered Don Quixote, “because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn christian,”—“By my beard,” said Sancho, “Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power.”—“In so doing, you will do your duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.”—“I easily comprehend that,” answered Sancho; “but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast.”—“You are in the right,” said Don Quixote; “and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such a choice of horses after the victory, that Rocinante himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. That you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence all may be distinctly seen.” They did so, and got upon a hillock whence the flocks, which Don Quixote took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised, obstructed and blinded the sight; but, for all that, seeing in his imagination what he neither did nor could see, he began with a loud voice to say:—

“The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a damsel’s feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; the other, with the armour

⁹¹ The ancient name of the island of Ceylon.

⁹² Inhabitants of the interior of Africa.



flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolembó, grand duke of Quirocia; the third with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias; he is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says, is one of those belonging to the temple which Sampson pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies.⁹³ But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see in the front of this second army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcaxona, prince of the New Biscay, who comes with armour quartered azure, vert, argent and or, bearing in his shield a cat or, in a field gules, with a scroll inscribed *Miou*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who it is reported, is the peerless Mioulina, daughter to Alfenniquen duke of Algarve. That other, who burdens and oppresses the back of yon sprightly steed, whose armour is as white as snow, and his shield white without any device, is a new knight, by birth a Frenchman, called Peter Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The other, whom you see with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pied fleet courser, and whose armour is of pure azure, is the powerful duke of Nerbia, Espartafileardo of the Wood, whose device is an asparagus-bed, with this motto in Castilian, '*Rastrea mi suerte.*'"⁹⁴

In this manner he continued to name sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices and mottoes, extempore, carried on by the strength of his imagination, and by his unaccountable madness; and so without hesitation he proceeded:—"That body fronting us, is formed and composed of people of different nations; here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers, who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Félix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear Thermodon; those who drain by sundry and

⁹³ The Don here makes a notable mistake. It was not the gates of the temple under which he was buried that Sampson carried off, but those of the town of Gaza. (*Judges*, chap. 16.)

⁹⁴ Literally trace my fate by my footsteps, or track my fate.

divers ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually shifting their habitations; the Scythians as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those who drink the crystal streams of olive-bearing Betis; those who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the fertilizing waters of the divine Genil; ⁹⁵ those who tread the Tartesian fields, ⁹⁶ abounding in pasture; those who recreate themselves in the Elysian meads of Xereza; the rich Manchegans, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those clad in iron, the antique remains of the Gothic race; ⁹⁷ those who bathe themselves in Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding Guadiana, celebrated for its hidden source; those who shiver on the cold brow of the shady Pyreneus and the snowy tops of lofty Apeninus; in a word, all that Europe contains and includes."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his fabulous histories. Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said: "Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them; perhaps all may be enchanted, like last night's goblins." "How say you, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs;" and so it was, for

⁹⁵ It is believed that this name, given by the Arabs to the river of Grenada, signifies *like the Nile*.

⁹⁶ Of Tarifa.

⁹⁷ The Biscayans.

now the two flocks were come very near them. “The fear you are in Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “makes you so that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are; and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone, for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance.” Then he clapped spurs to Rocinante, and, setting his lance in its rest, darted down the hillock like lightning. Sancho cried out to him: “Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back; as God shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back, woe to the father that begot me! what madness



is this? Look, there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedevilled; sinner that I am! what is it you do?" For all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud: "Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." Saying this, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously, and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist. Don Quixote did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron; present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life, for the wrong thou doest to the valiant Garamanta Pentapolin." At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruise, set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand and on the cruise, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed that they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagancies; tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, seeing him fallen on the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended

from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. "Did I not desire you," he said "Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please: and this malignant who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was likely to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive yourself and see the truth of what I tell you; get upon your ass, and follow them fairly and softly, and you will find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want your help and assistance; come hither to me, and see how many teeth I want, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head." Sancho came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth: and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in Don Quixote's stomach, at the instant Sancho was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. "Blessed Virgin!" quoth Sancho, "what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth." But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruise he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he made an effort similar to that of the knight, so that both remained in the same pickle. Sancho ran to his ass to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself and cure his master; but, not finding them, he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon Don Quixote got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rocinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned,) and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms that fall upon us are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that the evil having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. You ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them." "How! no share in them!" answered Sancho, "peradventure then, he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, belong to somebody else?" "What! are the wallets missing, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day," replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs, with which you say such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself.⁹⁸ But, good Sancho, get upon your ass and follow me; for He, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the fishes of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote,

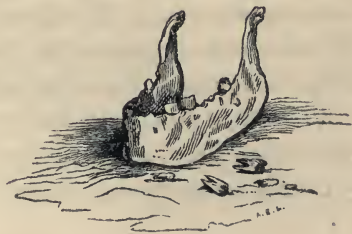
⁹⁸ Andrés de Laguna, born at Segovia, was physician to Charles V. and pope Julius III, and the translator and commentator of Dioscorides.



“the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king’s highway, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of Paris! whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance.” “Well! let it be as your worship says,” answered Sancho, “but let us begone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor

blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold."

"Child," said Don Quixote, "do thou pray: and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain." Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about, said: How many did your worship use to have on this side?" "Four," answered Don Quixote, "beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound." "Take care what you say, sir," answered Sancho. "I say four, if not five," replied Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay." "Well then," said Sancho, "on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half, and in the upper, neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand." "Unfortunate that I am!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire told him: "I had rather they had torn off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm: for, Sancho, you must know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But to all this we are subject, who profess the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend Sancho, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt." Sancho did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and softly, (for the pain of Don Quixote's jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste,) Sancho had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what will be found in the following chapter.



CHAPTER V.

OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE AND HIS MASTER, AND THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE DEAD BODY; WITH OTHER FAMOUS OCCURRENCES,



It is my opinion, master of mine, that all the mischances which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away the helmet of Malandrino, or how do you call the Moor? for I do not well remember.” “Sancho, you are in the right,” said Don Quixote; “but, to tell you the truth, it quite slipped out of my memory; and, you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing”. “Why, did I swear any thing?” answered Sancho. “It matters

not that you have not sworn," said Don Quixote: "it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all events, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy." "If it be so," said Sancho, "see, sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you so obstinate."

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the highway, without their lighting on, or discovering, any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger, for, with the loss of their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. As an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night came on pretty dark; notwithstanding which they proceeded, Sancho believing, that since it was the king's highway, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw, advancing towards them, on the same road, a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. Sancho stood aghast at the sight of them, and Don Quixote could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his horse by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights drawing towards them, and the nearer they came the larger they appeared. Sancho trembled at the sight, as if he had been quicksilver; and Don Quixote's hair bristled upon his head: but, recovering a little courage, he cried out: "Sancho, this must be a prodigious and most perilous adventure wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour." "Woe is me!" answered Sancho? "should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it seems to be, where shall I find ribs to endure?" "Let them be never such goblins," said Don Quixote, "I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at

pleasure." "But, if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time," quoth Sancho, "what matters it whether we are in the open field or not?" "For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beseech you Sancho, be of good courage; for experience will shew you how much of it I am master of." "I will, an't please God," answered Sancho; and, leaving the highway a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be: and soon after they perceived a great many persons in



white. * This dreadful apparition entirely sunk Sancho Panza's courage, and his teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in a tertian ague; his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white robes, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in white came along muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

The strange vision, at such an hour, and in so desert a place, might very well strike terror into Sancho's heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than Don Quixote. As for Sancho, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted; it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado, he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien, posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised his voice, and said: "Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you." "We are going in haste," answered one of those in white; "the inn is a great way off; and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require." So saying he spurred his mule and passed forward. Don Quixote, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of

* The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called *Encamisados*.

his bridle, and said: "Stand, and be more civil. Give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle." The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground, with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to abuse Don Quixote; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; then turning about to the rest, it was wonderful to see with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought Rocinante had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself.



All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with

the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival or a festival night. The mourners, likewise, were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that Don Quixote, with entire safety to himself, drove them all before him, and obliged them to quit the field sorely against their will: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter.

All this Sancho beheld, with admiration at the knight's intrepidity, and said to himself: "Without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be."

There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which Don Quixote espied him, and coming to him, set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered: "I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders." "What the devil, then," said Don Quixote, "brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic?" "What, sir?" replied he that was overthrown, "my misfortune." "A greater yet threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you." "Your worship shall soon be satisfied," answered the licentiate; "and, therefore, you must know, sir, that though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a bachelor of arts, and my name is Alonzo Lopez. I am a native of Alcovendas: I came from the city of Baeza, with eleven more priests, the same who fled with the torches; we are accompanying a corpse in that litter to the city of Segovia: it is that of a gentleman, who died in Baeza, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place in Segovia, where he was born." "And who killed him?" demanded Don Quixote. "God," replied the bachelor, "by means of a pestilential fever." "Then," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him: but, since he fell by the

hand of Heaven, there is no more to be done, but to be silent, and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, redressing wrongs, and repairing grievances." "I do not understand your way of redressing wrongs," said the bachelor: "for from right you have set me wrong; having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have repaired in me is, to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me to meet you who are seeking adventures." "All things," answered Don Quixote, "do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master bachelor Alonzo Lopez, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chanting, and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resemble something wicked and of the other world: which laid me under a necessity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for until now I took you to be no less." "Since my fate would have it so," said the bachelor, "I beseech you, signor knight-errant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrup and the saddle." "I might have talked on until to-morrow morning," said Don Quixote: "why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness?" Then he called out to Sancho Panza to come to him: but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. Sancho made a bag of his cloak, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; then, running to his master's call, he helped to disengage the bachelor from the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon, gave him the torch. Don Quixote bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. Sancho likewise said, "If perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous Don

Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called ‘*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure.*’ ”

The bachelor being gone, Don Quixote asked Sancho, what induced him to call him *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*, at that time more than at any other. “I will tell you,” answered Sancho; “it is because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried, and in truth your worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth.” “It is owing to neither,” replied Don Quixote; “but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the Knight of the burning Sword*; another, *of the Unicorn*; this, *of the Damsels*; that, *of the Phœnix*; another, *the Knight of the Griffin*; and another, *of Death*; and they were known by these names and ensigns all over the world. Therefore, I say, the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*,⁹⁹ as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield.” “You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made,” said Sancho; “your worship need only shew your own, and present yourself to be looked at; and, without other image or shield, they will immediately call you *the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*. And be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, sir, (and let this not be said in jest,) that hunger and the loss of your grinders, make you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful picture might very well be spared.”

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho’s conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined; “I conceive, Sancho,” he said, “that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta*

⁹⁹ Don Belianis of Greece was styled the *Knight of the Noble Figure*. (Book I., Chap. XIII.)

illud, si quis suadente diabolo, &c. ¹⁰⁰ though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, (which I respect and reverence like a good catholic and faithful christian as I am,) but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Diaz, when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; yet honest Rodrigo de Vivar passed, that day, for an honourable and courageous knight." ¹⁰¹

The bachelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a word, Don Quixote had a mind to see whether the corpse in the hearse were only bones, or not; but Sancho would not consent, saying: "Sir, your worship has finished this perilous adventure at the least expense of any I have seen; and, though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, 'To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread;'" and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking Sancho in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho disburdened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon and supper, all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess which the ecclesiastics that attended the deceased, (such gentlemen seldom failing to take care of themselves), had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befel them, which Sancho took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much

¹⁰⁰ Council of Trent (chap. 56).

¹⁰¹ This pretended achievement of the Cid is related with charming simplicity in the twenty first ballad of his *Romancero*.

as water, to drink; and they being very thirsty, Sancho, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.



CHAPTER VI.

chap. 11

OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE ACHIEVED BY THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD THAN
EVER ANY WAS ACHIEVED BY THE MOST FAMOUS KNIGHT
IN THE WORLD.



It is impossible, sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts, to water these herbs; and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself." Don Quixote approved the advice; and he taking Rocinante by the bridle, and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relics of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen whence it came, they heard on a sudden another

dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally pusillanimous. They heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure: which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any heart but that of Don Quixote. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found, that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and as in addition to all this they were in total ignorance as to where they were. But Don Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon Rocinante; and bracing on his buckler, brandished his spear, and said: "Friend Sancho, you must know, that, by the will of Heaven, I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it 'the golden age,' I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the Round Table, that of the twelve peers of France, and the nine Worthies; and to obliterate the memory of the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the "Knights of the Sun," and the Belianises, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing in this age in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the Moon; ¹⁰² that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear and

¹⁰² This is doubtless an illusion to the Nile, the ancients placing the source of that river in the heights of the mountains of the Moon, in Ethiopia, from the summit of which it was said to precipitate itself in two immense cataracts, (*Ptolomy, Geog.*, lib. IV.)

amazement, into the breast of Mars himself; how much more into that, which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with an eager desire to encounter this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to Toboso, where you shall say to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, that her enthralled knight died attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled her's."

When Sancho heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and said: "Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter so fearful an adventure. It is now night, and nobody sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days; and, as nobody sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, 'that he who seeketh danger, perisheth therein; ~~so that it is not~~ good to tempt God, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suffice that Heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. (Though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let the thought and belief prevail, that scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. I left my country and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse for it; but as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes: when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island which you have so often promised me, I find myself in exchange, ready to be abandoned by your worship

in a place remote from all human society. For God's sake, dear sir, do me not such unkindness; and, since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprise, at least adjourn it until day-break, to which, according to the little skill I gained when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the little bear is at the top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm."¹⁰³ "How can you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "see where this line is made or where this muzzle, or top of the head, you talk of, is, since the night is so dark, that not a star appears in the whole sky?" "True," said Sancho; "but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky; besides, it is reasonable to think it does not want much of day-break." "Want what it will," answered Don Quixote, "it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or entreaties could dissuade me from doing



¹⁰³ The Spanish shepherds call the constellation of *the lesser Bear, the hunter's horn (la bocina)*. This constellation is formed by the polar star, which is stationary, and seven other stars revolving round it, composing a rude image of a hunter's horn. To ascertain the time, the shepherds imagine the figure of a cross, or a man extended, having a head, feet, and the right and left arms. In the centre of this cross is the polar star, whose passage forms the mouth piece of the horn (*la boca de la bocina*) as it crosses there four principal points, which determine the hours of the night. In the month of August, the period of this adventure, the line of midnight is in fact, at the left arm of the cross, so that at the moment the *boca de la bocina* reaches the top of the head, it only wants two or three hours of being day. Sancho's calculation is nearly correct.

the duty of a knight : therefore pray thee, Sancho, hold thy tongue ; God, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparallelled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is to girth Rocinante well, and to stay here ; for I will quickly return alive or dead."

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to a stratagem, and oblige him to wait until day, if he could ; and so, while he was streightening the horse's girths, softly, and without being perceived, he tied Rocinante's two hinder feet together with his ass's halter ; so that when Don Quixote would have departed, he was not able, for the horse could not move but by jumps. Sancho, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said :

“ Ah, sir ! behold how Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rocinante cannot go : and if you will obstinately persist to spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, ‘ kick against the pricks.’ ” This made Don Quixote quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him ; without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay until day appeared, or until Rocinante could stir, believing certainly that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from Sancho's cunning ; to whom he thus spoke : “ Since it is so, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot stir, I am contented to stay until the dawn smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming.” “ You need not weep,” answered Sancho, “ for I will entertain you until day with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight and compose yourself to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparallelled adventure you wait for.” “ What call you alighting, or sleeping ? ” said Don Quixote ; “ am I one of those knights who take repose in time of danger ? Sleep thou, who wert born to sleep, or do what thou wilt ; I will do what I see best befits my profession.” “ Pray, good sir, be not angry,” answered Sancho ; “ I do not say it with that design ;”—and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pummel of the saddle before, and the

other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breath, so much was he afraid of the blows which still sounded alternately in his ears. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised; to which Sancho replied he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: "Notwithstanding," said he, "I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and pray be attentive, for now I begin.

"What hath been, hath been; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. ¹⁰⁴ And pray, sir, take notice, L.O. that the beginning which the ancients gave to their tales was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of Cato Zonzo-ruins, * the Roman, who says: "And evil to him that evil seeks," which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring to your finger; signifying that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us." "Go on with your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow." S.H. "I say, then," continued Sancho, "that in a place of Estremadura there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd; which shepherd or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva; which shepherdess called Torralva was daughter to a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman—" "If you tell your story after this fashion, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days;—tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more." "In the very same manner that I tell it," answered Sancho, "they tell all stories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs." "Tell it as you will then," answered

¹⁰⁴ Sometimes the good woman's stories began thus—"Good betide all the world, and evil befall the curate's mistress."

* 'Cato the Censor.'

Don Quixote, "since fate will have it that I must hear thee; go on."

"And so, honoured sir," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine; for she had certain small whiskers, and methinks I see her just now."

"What, did you know her?" said Don Quixote. "I did not know her," answered Sancho; "but he who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about that the love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him beyond measure; and so much did he hate her thenceforward, that to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. Torralva, who found herself disdained by Lope, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before."

"It is a natural quality of women," said Don Quixote, "to slight those who love them, and love those who slight them. Go on, Sancho,"

"It fell out," proceeded Sancho, "that the shepherd put his design in execution; and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of Estremadura, in order to pass over into the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva knowing it, went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small





gallipot of pomatum for the face. But whatever she carried, for I shall not now set myself to vouch for what it was, I only tell you that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks; and on the side he came to, there was neither boat, nor

any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other side, which grieved him mightily; for he saw that Torralva was at his heels,



and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about until he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small, that it could only hold one person and one goat; however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat; he returned, and carried over another; he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over, for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that the landing-place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another."

"Make account he carried them all over," said Don Quixote; "and do not be going and coming in this manner; for at this rate you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth." "How many are passed already?" said Sancho. "How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote; "See there now! did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before Heaven there is an end of the story—I can go no farther." "How can this be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so essential to the story to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther?" "By no means, sir," answered Sancho, "for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say, fled out of my memory, and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory." "So then," said Don Quixote, "the story is at an end." "As sure as my mother is," quoth Sancho. "Verily," answered Don Quixote, "you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; ¹⁰⁵ and your way of telling and concluding it, is such as never was, nor will be seen in one's whole life, though I expected nothing less from your good sense; but I do not wonder at it; for, perhaps, this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding." "All that may be," answered Sancho, "but as to my story, I know there's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins." "Let it end where it will, in the name of fate," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rocinante can stir himself." Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Weary of his present situation, Sancho could fain have withdrawn for a while to attend to other matters, but so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master. The dialogue to which this led, more ludicrous

¹⁰⁵ The history of La Torralva and the passage of the goats was not new. The substance of it at least, is to be found in the XXXIst of the *Cento Novelle antiche* by Francesco Sausovino, printed in 1575. But the Italian author, himself, had borrowed it from an old Provençal tale in verse, of the thirteenth century, (*Le Fableor*, Barbazan's collection, 1756), which itself was only a metrical translation of a latin tale by Pedro Alfonso, a converted jew, and physician to Alphonso the brave, king of Arragon (about 1100).

than elegant, may perhaps as well be dispensed with. Suffice it to say, that Sancho perceiving at length the morning was coming on, with much caution, untied Rocinante, who finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting, begging his pardon, he knew not what it was. Don Quixote, perceiving that Rocinante began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure.

By this time the dawn appeared, and every thing being distinctly seen, Don Quixote found he was got among some tall chesnut trees, which afforded a gloomy shade; he perceived also that the striking did not cease, but he could not discover what caused it. So, without farther delay, he made Rocinante feel the spur, and turning again to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain it was God's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady Dulcinea; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but, if God should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. Sancho wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of Sancho Panza's, that he must have been well-born, and at least an old Christian,¹⁰⁶ whose tender concern softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness; on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on toward the place from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed.

¹⁰⁶ In Spain, they are termed *old Christians*, who do not reckon among their ancestors either converted Jews or Moors.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading as usual his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. Having gone a good way among those shady chesnut trees, they came to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot



of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses, from amidst which proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. Rocinante started, and was in disorder at the noise of the water and of the strokes; and Don Quixote, quieting him, went on fairly and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprise, and besought Heaven also not to forget him. Sancho stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking

between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause, for it could be no other, of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was, kind reader take it not in dudgeon, six fulling-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. Don Quixote, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. Sancho looked at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. Don Quixote looked also at Sancho, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, and evident signs of being ready to burst with it: and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of Sancho; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat Don Quixote gave



himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say by way of irony: "You must know, friend Sancho, that I was born by the will of Heaven, in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements!" And so he went on repeating most or all of the expressions which Don Quixote had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. Don Quixote perceiving that Sancho played upon him, grew ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance and discharged two such blows, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed further, cried out with much humility: "Pray, Sir, be pacified; by the living jingo I did but jest." "Though you jest, I do not," answered Don Quixote.



"Come hither, merry sir, what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed you the courage requisite to undertake and achieve it? Am I, think you,

obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are or are not those of a fulling-mill? Besides, it may be, as it really is, that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou hast, like a pitiful rustic as thou art, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or altogether, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me." "It is enough, good sir," replied Sancho, "I confess I have been a little too jocose; but pray tell me, now that it is peace between us, as God shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror is." "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told, for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle." "But," answered Sancho, "your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to fortune and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass, it will out in the bucking, for I have heard say: 'he loves thee well who makes thee weep.' Besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinadoes, bestow islands, or kingdoms on the continent." "The die may run so," quoth Don Quixote, "that all you have said may come to pass; forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know, that the first motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprised of one thing, that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me, that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found that any squire conversed so much with his master as you do with your's. Really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make myself respected more. Was not Gandalin,

squire to Amadis de Gaul, earl of the firm island? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the Turkish fashion. What shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history? From what I have said, you may infer, Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward I must be treated with more respect, for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher.¹⁰⁷ The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost." "Your worship says very well," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know, if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages, how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers?" "I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesies. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell you how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of our's, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, Sancho, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventures." "It is so in truth," said Sancho, "since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord." "By so doing," replied Don Quixote, "your days

¹⁰⁷ An allusion to the Spanish proverb: "If the stone goes against the pitcher, so much the worse for the pitcher; if the pitcher goes against the stone, so much the worse for the pitcher."

shall be long in the land, for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers."



CHAPTER VII.²¹*Chapt. 12.*

WHICH TREATS OF THE HIGH ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET *) WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH BEFELL OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

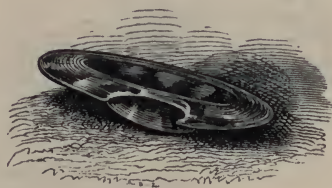


NDURING rain not being to his taste, as at this time it began to descend a little, Sancho had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before.

Soon after, Don Quixote discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but turning to Sancho, he said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune last night shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain

* The enchanted helmet, belonging to the Moorish king Mambrino, which rendered its wearer invulnerable. *(Boyardo and Ariosto.)*

adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness of the night. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us, who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet,*



about which I swore the oath, you know." "Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish for other fulling-mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses." "The devil take you!" replied Don Quixote: "what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills?" "I know not," answered Sancho, "but in faith, if I dared talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I might give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say." "How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, seest thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a grey ass, like mine, with something on his head that glitters." "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote: "get aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure, to save time, without speaking a word: and the helmet I have so much longed for shall be my own." "I

* Almonte and Mambrino, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. Orlando Furioso took away Almonte's, and his friend Rinaldo that of Mambrino. Ariosto, Canto I.

will take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho: "but, I pray



Heaven, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure." "I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them any more," said Don Quixote; "if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you." Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this: there were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both, and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser, in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber on the road, carrying with him his brass basin. Fortune so ordered it, that as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and that his hat might not be spoiled, for it was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which being well scoured, glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took



the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits.

When he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at Rocinante's best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: "Defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due." ~~X~~ The barber, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass: and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scour over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, and said, the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver; who, finding itself closely

pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it



knows by natural instinct it is hunted. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said: "By jove the basin is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing." Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about to find the visor, and not finding it, he said: "Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigiously large head; the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but recollecting his master's late choler, he checked himself. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. He answered, "I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin." "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I take to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by a strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half

made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's basin. But, be it what it will, to me who know it its transformation signifies nothing: I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass nor equal it. Meanwhile I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing, and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones." "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruise in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me bring up my liver and lights." "I am in no great pain for having lost it; for you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "I have the recipe by heart." "So have I too," answered Sancho; "but if I ever make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it; for I mean to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket pleases to toss one." "You are no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at hearing this; "for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest, for to take the thing right it was mere jest and pastime; and had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the Greeks did for the carrying off of Helen, who, if she had lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is." Here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. "Let it then pass for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were, and I know also they

will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple-grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here. To judge by his scouring off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and by my beard, dapple is a special one." "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him." "God knows! whether it were better for me to take him," replied Sancho; "or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture if I had a mind." "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote; "and in case of doubt, until better information can be had, I say you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them." "So extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person." So saying, he proceeded with that license, to a *mutatio capparum*, as the students say, and made his own beast three parts in four the better * for his new furniture.

This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had caused them. Their choler and hunger being allayed, they mounted, and without resolving to follow any particular road, as is the custom of knights-errant, they put on whithersoever Rocinante's will led him, the ass following, in love and good fellowship, wherever the horse led the

* Literally, "leaving him better by a tierce and a quint." A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a tierce or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

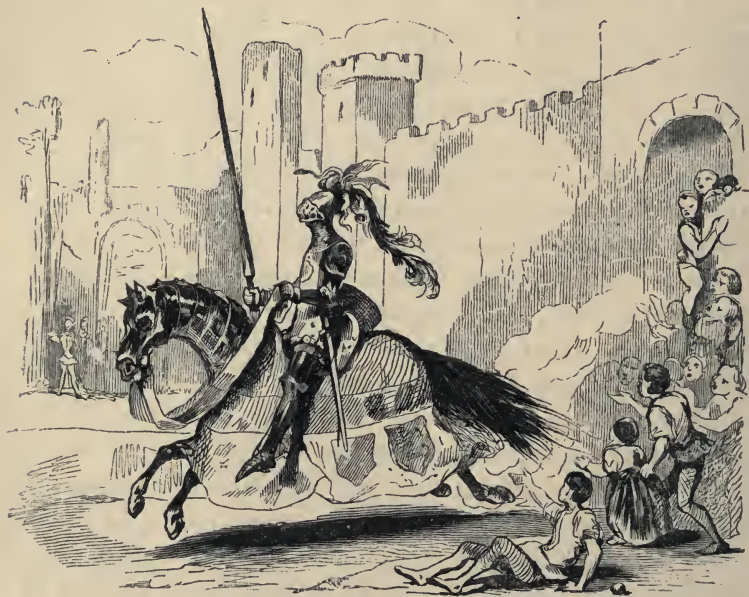
way. Notwithstanding this, they soon turned again into the high road, which they followed at a venture, without any other design.

As they thus sauntered on, Sancho said to his master: "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry." "Out with it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse, for none that is long can be pleasing." "I say then, Sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. Therefore I think it would be more advisable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor, or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the strength of your arm, your great courage, and greater understanding. This being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits. There you will also meet with somebody to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten."

"You are not much out, Sancho *," answered Don Quixote; "but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that by achieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that when he comes to the court of a great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and no sooner shall the boys see

* In this speech of Don Quixote we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general; notwithstanding which the *beaux esprits* of France, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

him enter the gates of the city, than they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud: "This is the 'Knight of the Sun,'¹⁰⁸ or of 'the Serpent,'¹⁰⁹ or of any other device under which he may



have achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' will they say, 'who overthrew the huge giant Brocabruno of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanted the great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment which held him confined almost nine hundred years.' Thus from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys and the rest of the

¹⁰⁸ *Palmerin d' Oliva*, chap. 43.

¹⁰⁹ *Esplandian*, chap. 147 and 148.

people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say: "Ho there, go forth my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry who is coming yonder." At which command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, decending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; ¹¹⁰ and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall



find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this it must

¹¹⁰ *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 117.

immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon her, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. Hence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful

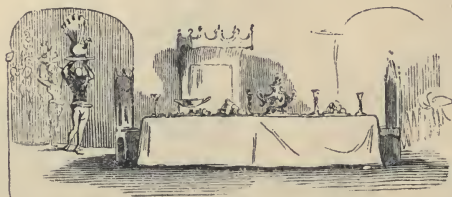
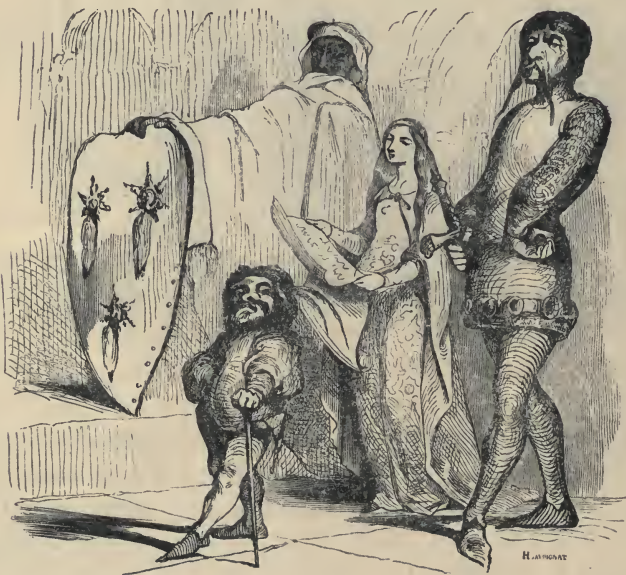


figure in ermines. Night being come, he shall sup with the king,



queen and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness; for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter unexpectedly at the hall door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most ancient sage, that he who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world.¹¹¹ The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to accomplish it but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight will most courteously kiss his



¹¹¹ *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 67, part. 2, etc.

royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusts.¹¹² He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water; he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune: and the princess desires him to be absent as short a time as possible, which he promises with many oaths; he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern that it almost puts an end to his life. Thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early in the morning, and goes to bid adieu to the king, the queen and the infanta; having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit. The knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and is very near giving manifest indications of his passion. The damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent or not. The damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby; she



¹¹² *Amadis de Gaule*, chap. 14.—*The knight of the Cross*, chap. 144, etc.

endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss; and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles. He returns to court, sees his lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompense for his services; the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is, notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by some other means, the infanta becomes his spouse,* and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and in two words, the knight becomes a king.¹¹³ Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes."

/"This is what I would be at, and a clear stage," cried Sancho. "This I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called '*the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*.'" "Doubt it not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "for by those very means, and those very steps I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors.¹¹⁴ All that remains, to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter.† But there is time enough to think of this; for as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides,

* In the former circumstances of this extract most romances agree, and the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

¹¹³ *Bernard del Carpio*, canto 38.—*Primaleon*, chap. 157.

¹¹⁴ *Tirant the White*, part I., chap. 40, etc.—*The Knight of the Cross*, book I., chap. 65 and following, etc.

† The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under, of putting this scheme in practice; the former by his loyalty to Dulcinea, and Sancho by having a wife and children already: nevertheless, the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

there is still another thing wanting: supposing a king were found who is at war and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe; I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second cousin to an emperor. For after all, the king will not give me his daughter to wife, until he is very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well: so that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true indeed, I am a good gentleman of an ancient family, possessed of a good estate,¹¹⁵ and that I exact a recompense of five hundred pence. Perhaps even the sage who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, until they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reversed; others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, until at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied; and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier. In case she should not, it would be necessary to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please, until time or death shall put a period to the displeasure of her parents."

"Here," said Sancho, "comes in properly what some naughty people say, 'Never stand begging for that which you may take by force,' though this other is nearer to the purpose, 'A leap from a

¹¹⁵ According to the ancient laws of the *Fuero-Juzgo* and the *Fueros* of Castile, the noble who received an injury in his person or his goods could claim a recompense of 500 *suelos*. The vassal could only claim 300. (*Garibay*, lib. 12, cap. 20.)

hedge is better than the power of a good man.*' I say this, because, if my lord the ~~king~~ worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield ~~him~~ my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may go whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he shares his misfortune with her, until it shall please Heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse."—"That you may depend upon," said Don Quixote. "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to God, and let things take their course."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire, and as you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so."—"Let him, in God's name," said Sancho, "for I am an old Christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl."—"Ay, and more than enough;" said Don Quixote; "but it matters not whether you are, or not. I being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it or doing me the least service; for in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course; and say what they will, in good faith they must style you 'your lordship,' though it grieve them ever so much."—"Do you think," quoth Sancho, "I should know how to give authority to the indignity?"—"Dignity, you should say, and not indignity," said his master.—"So let it be," answered Sancho Panza; "I say I should do well enough with it, for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me."—"You will make a goodly appearance, indeed," said Don Quixote; "but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough, tangled and dirty, that if you do not shave with a razor every other

* That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

day at least, they will discover what you are a musket-shot off." "Why," said Sancho, "it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and if there be occasion I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee." "How came you to know," demanded Don Quixote, "that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them?" "I will tell you," said Sancho; "some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said was a very great lord;¹¹⁶ a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked why that man did not ride by the other's side, but kept always behind him? They answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them;¹¹⁷ and from that day to this I have never forgotten it." "You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "and in the same manner you may carry about your barber. All customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl who carried about his barber after him. Besides indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard than to saddle a horse." "Leave the business of the barber to my care," said Sancho; "and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl." "So it shall be," answered Don Quixote; and, lifting up his eyes, he saw what will be told in the following chapter.



¹¹⁶ It is thought that Cervantes here alludes to Don Pedro Giron, Duke d'Osuna, viceroy of Naples and Sicily. In his *History of the government of the Viceroys of Naples* Domenicho Antonio Parrino says that he was one of the great men of the age, and that he was small in stature only: *di picciolo non avea altro que la statura*.

¹¹⁷ "When the lord quits the house to take a walk or pay a visit, it is the squire's duty to follow him on horseback." (Miguel Yelgo, *Estilo deservir à principes*, 1614.)

CHAPTER VIII.

chapt. 13

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS, WHO WERE BEING CARRIED, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, TO A PLACE THEY DID NOT LIKE.



ID HAMET BENENGELI, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates, in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful and ingenious history, that presently after those discourses which passed between the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. Sancho Panza espying them, said: "This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys." "How! persons forced!" quoth Don Quixote; "is it possible the king should force any body?" "I say not so," answered Sancho: "but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys perforce." "In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it be, still

they are going by force, and not with their own liking." "It is so," said Sancho. "Then," said his master, "here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable." "Consider, Sir," quoth Sancho, "that justice, that is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes."

By this the chain of galley-slaves was come up; and Don Quixote,



in most courteous terms, desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. "For all that" replied Don Quixote, "I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune." To these he added such other courteous expressions to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: "Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them; draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves; they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are

such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries." With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken if they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. "For that alone" replied Don Quixote; "if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them." "It was not such love as your worship imagines," said the galley-slave; "mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a clothes-basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no occasion for the torture: the process was short, they tickled my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the Gurapas,* and there is an end of it."—"What are the Gurapas?" quoth Don Quixote. "The Gurapas are the galleys," answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at Piedraita.

Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected. But the first answered for him, and said: "This gentleman goes for being a canary bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer." "How so?" replied Don Quixote; "are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers?" "Yes, sir," replied the slave, "for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "I have heard say, 'Who sings in grief, procures relief.'" "This is the very reverse," said the slave; "for here, he who sings once, weeps all his life after." "I do not understand that," said Don Quixote. One of the guards said to him: "Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a Quatrero, that is, a stealer of cattle; and because he confessed, he was sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. He is

* A cant word.

always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind and those before, abuse, vilify, flout and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say no; for say they, *no* contains the same number of letters as *ay*, and that it is lucky for a delinquent when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses: for my part, I think they are right." "And I think so too," answered Don Quixote; who passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others. He answered very readily, and with very little concern: "I am going to Mesdames the Gurapas for five years for wanting ten ducats." "I will give twenty with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "to redeem you from this misery." "That," said the slave, "is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so



greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of Zocodover, in Toledo, and not on this road, coupled and dragged like a hound. But God is great: patience. I say no more."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming hither, began to weep, and answered not a word; but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said: "This honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the public streets pompously apparelled and mounted. * " "That is, I suppose," said Sancho, "put to the public shame." "Right," replied the slave; "and the offence for which he underwent this punishment was, his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would say that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exercising the trade of a conjuror." "Had it been merely for pimping," said Don Quixote, "he had not deserved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys. The office of a pimp is not a slight business, but an employment fit only for discreet persons, and a most necessary one in a well-regulated commonwealth and none but persons well bornought to exercise it. In truth there should be inspectors and controllers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers. By this means many mischiefs would be prevented which now happen, because this office and profession is in the hands of foolish and ignorant persons; such as silly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years standing, and of small experience, who, in the greatest exigency, and when there is occasion for the most dexterous management and address, suffer the morsel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and scarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and assign the reasons why it would be expedient to make choice of proper persons to exercise an office so necessary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place or time for it. I may one day or other lay this matter before those

* Such malefactors as in England were set in the pillory, in Spain were carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an ass, with their face to the tail; the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.

who can provide a remedy. At present I only say, that the concern I felt at seeing those grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in so much distress for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard; though I very well know there are no sorceries in the world which can effect and force the will, as some foolish people imagine. Our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What some silly women and crafty knaves are wont to do is, with certain mixtures and poisons, to turn people's brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being as I say a thing impossible to force the will."¹¹⁸ "It is so," said the honest old fellow; "and truly, Sir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny;—but I never thought there was any harm in it. The whole of my intention was, that all the world should divert themselves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this good design could not save me from going whence I shall have no hope of returning, considering I am so laden with years, and troubled besides with sickness, which leaves me not a moment's repose." And here he began to weep, as at first; and Sancho was so moved with compassion, that he drew out from his bosom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former: "I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine. In short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the increasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was brought home to me: I had neither friends nor money; my windpipe was in the utmost danger. I was sentenced to the galleys for six years—I submit; it is the punishment of my fault. I am young; life may last, and time brings

¹¹⁸ We find in the old code of the thirteenth century, designated *Fuero-Juzgo*, the penalties inflicted on those *who cause hail to fall on the vines and on the harvest*, on those *who hold intercourse with devils, and who change the mind of men and women*. (Lib. VI, tit. 2, ley, 4). The *Partidas* punish in like manner those *who make images, or practise craft, and give herbs to provoke the love of men and women*. (Part VII, tit. 23, ley 2 y 3.)

every thing about. If your worship, Signor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, God will repay you in Heaven; and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous as your goodly presence deserves." This slave was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said he was a great talker, and a very pretty Latinist.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect, only he seemed to thrust one eye into the other. He was



bound somewhat differently from the rest, for he had a chain to his leg, so long that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the

other, called a keep-friend, or friend's foot, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waist, at the end of which were fixed two manacles,* wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock ; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villanies than all the rest put together ; and that he was so bold and so desperate a villain, that though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. "What kind of villanies has he committed," said Don Quixote, "that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys?" "He goes for ten years," said the guard, "which is a kind of civil death. You need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous Ginès de Passamonte, alias Ginèsillo de Parapilla." "Fairly and softly, Signor commissary," said the slave ; "let us not be now lengthening out names and surnames. Ginès is my name, and not Ginèsillo ; and Passamonte is the name of my family, and not Parapilla, as you say, let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do." "Speak with more respect, sir thief-above-measure," replied the commissary, "unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow." "You may see," answered the slave, "that man goeth as God pleaseth ; but somebody may learn one day, whether my name is Ginésillo de Parapilla or no." "Are you not called so, lying rascal?" said the guard. "They do call me so," answered Ginès ; "but I will oblige them not to call me so, or I will flay them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier," continued he, "if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and God be with you ; for you tire us with enquiring so much after other men's lives. If you would know mine, know that I am Ginès de Passamonte, whose life is written by these very fingers." "He says true," said the commissary ; "for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison, in pawn for two hundred reals." "Ay, and I

* The original is *esposas*, (spouses) ; so called because they joined the hands together like man and wife.

intend to redeem it," said Ginès, "if it lay for two hundred ducats." "What! is it so good?" said Don Quixote. "So good" answered Ginès, "that woe be to Lazarillo de Tormes, and to all that have written, or shall write, in that way! What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining that no fictions can come up to them." "How is the book intituled?" demanded Don Quixote. "'*The life of Ginès de Passamonte*,'" replied Ginès himself. "And is it finished?" quoth Don Quixote. "How can it be finished," answered he, "since my life is not yet finished? What is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys." "Then you have been there before?" said Don Quixote. "Four years the other time," replied Ginès, "to serve God and the king; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and the lash: nor does it grieve me much to go there again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book; for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart.¹¹⁹" "You seem to be a witty fellow," said Don Quixote. "And an unfortunate one," answered Ginès; "but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious." "Pursue the villanous," said the commissary. "I have already desired you Signor commissary," answered Passamonte, "to go on fair and softly. Your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands. Now, by the life of—I say no more; but the spots which were contracted in the inn may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough."

The commissary lifted up his staff to strike Passamonte, in return for his threats: but Don Quixote interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he who had his hands so tied up should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said: "From all you have

¹¹⁹ The author of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, Mateo Aleman says of his hero:—"He, himself, wrote his history in the galleys, where he was forced to tug at the oar for the crimes he committed."—

told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and that you go to it much against the grain and against your good liking. Perhaps the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion, that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you why Heaven sent me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy and those oppressed by the mighty. But, knowing that it is one part of prudence not to do that by foul means which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose you, and allow you to go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons; for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a God in Heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, when they have no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance. But if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it."

"This is pleasant fooling," answered the commissary; "an admirable conceit he has hit upon at last. He would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that basin on your noddle, and do not go feeling for five legs in a cat." "You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot," answered Don Quixote. So, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly that before he could stand upon his defence he threw him to the ground, much wounded with the thrust of his lance. It happened luckily

for Don Quixote, that this was one of the two who carried a firelock. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter: but recovering themselves, those on horse-back drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins and fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness. Doubtless it had gone ill with him if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity which offered itself to them of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain with which they were linked together. The confusion was so great that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with Don Quixote, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. Sancho, for his part, assisted in loosing of Ginès de Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free and dis-embarrassed upon the plain: and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it first at one and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from Passamonte's gun than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at this notable exploit; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which upon ringing a bell, would sally out in quest of the delinquents. He communicated his fear to his master, and begged of him to begone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. "It is well," said Don Quixote; "but I know what is now expedient to be done." Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him to know his pleasure, when he thus addressed them: "To be thankful for the benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompense whereof, my will and pleasure is that, laden with this chain which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out and go to the city of Toboso, and there present

yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight, he of the Sorrowful Figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure, to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty. This done, you may go, in God's name, whither you list ¹²⁰."

Ginès de Passamonte answered for them all, and said: "What your worship commands us, noble Sir our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with; for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who doubtless will be out in quest of us. What your worship may and ought to do is, to change this service and duty to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say, for the success of your design. This is what we may do by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war. But to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of Egypt, I say to take our chains and put ourselves on the way to Toboso, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten o'clock in the morning; and to expect this from us is to expect pears from an elm-tree."—"I vow then," quoth Don Quixote, already enraged, "Don son of a trull, Don Ginèsillo de Parapilla, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain upon your back." Passamonte, who was not over passive, and had already perceived that Don Quixote was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not

¹²⁰ Amadis of Gaul, having conquered the giant Madraque, grants him his life, on condition that he turns Christian, he and all his vassals, that he founds certain churches and monasteries, and finally, that he sets at liberty all the prisoners that he has in confinement in his dungeons, who were upwards of a hundred in number, of whom thirty were knights and forty young ladies or duennas. Amadis said to them when they came to kiss his hands, in token of gratitude: "Go, and find queen Brisena, tell her in what manner you have been sent to her by her Knight of the Firm Island, and kiss her hand for me."—(*Amadis de Gaule*, liv. iii. chap. 65.)

contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor Rocinante made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass.—



Sancho got behind the ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. Don Quixote could not screen himself so well but that he received I know not how many thumps of the body, with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student set upon him, and, taking the basin from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from Sancho his cloak, leaving him in his doublet; *

* En pelota. The phrase signifies "to be stark naked." Pelota is likewise a garment formerly used in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will easily see that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.

and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each by a separate road, with more care how to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain and to go and present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; Rocinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote very much out of humour to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.



CHAPTER IX.
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OF WHAT BEFELL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA,¹²¹ BEING ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS AND UNCOMMON ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY.



ON QUIXOTE, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire: "Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning henceforward." "Your worship will as much take warning," answered Sancho, "as I am a Turk. But, since you say that if you had believed me you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy already I hear

¹²¹ In Spain, they give the term *sierra* (saw) to a chain of mountains. The *Sierra-Morena* (brown mountains), which extend nearly from the mouth of the Ebro to Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal, separates La Mancha from Andalusia. The Romans called it Mons Marianus.

their arrows whizzing about my ears ¹²²." "Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much. But upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your entreaties. Should you say otherwise, you will lie in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you you lie, and will lie, every time you say or think it. Make no reply; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the seven Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world." "Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom when the danger overbalances the hope: and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. Though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct; therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon Rocinante if you can, and if not, I will assist you; and follow me, for my heart tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands."

Don Quixote mounted without replying a word more; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they entered a pass in the Sierra-Morena, which was hard by, it being Sancho's intention to pass quite across that chain of mountains, and to get out at Viso or Almodovar del Campo, and to hide for some days among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them.—He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass had escaped safe from

¹²² The Sainte-Hermandad had criminals condemned to death, shot with bow and arrow and left the corpses exposed on a gibbet.

the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the Sierra-Morena, where Sancho thought it convenient to halt and remain some days, at least while the provisions he had with him lasted. Accordingly they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it that Ginès de Passamonte, the famous cheat and robber whom the valour and madness of Don Quixote had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains. His fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where Don Quixote's fortune and Sancho Panza's prudence had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they had fallen asleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, Ginès, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, resolved to steal Sancho Panza's ass, taking no notice of Rocinante, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. Sancho Panza slept; the varlet stole his ass, and before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth, rejoicing the earth, and saddening Sancho Panza, who missed his ass; and finding himself deprived of him, he began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that Don Quixote awakened by his cries, heard him say: "O child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and lastly, the half of my maintenance! for, with six-and-twenty maravedis I earned every day by thy means, I half supported my family." Don Quixote, hearing the lamentation and learning the cause, comforted Sancho with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home.

Sancho was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he shewed him.



Don Quixote's heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them that he remembered nothing else. Nor had Sancho any other concern, now that he thought he was out of danger, than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils. So, sitting sideling as women do, upon his beast, ¹²³ he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and filling his belly: and while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to meet with any new adventure whatever.

¹²³ It appears that Cervantes added subsequently in this chapter, and after he had already written the two following ones, the theft of Sancho's ass by Ginès de Passamonte. In the first edition of *Don Quixote*, he continued, after the relation of the theft, to speak of the ass as though it had not ceased to be in Sancho's possession, and said in this place: "Sancho followed his master, sitting sideways on his ass—." In the second edition, he corrected this in advance, but incompletely, and allowed it to remain in several places. The Spaniards have religiously preserved his text, even to the contradictions made by this partial correction. We have, after M. Viardot, made them disappear, with the exception of once mentioning the ass, in chapter XI of this book (*post*). It will be seen, in the second part of *Don Quixote*, that Cervantes ridicules himself very pleasantly for his heedlessness, and for the contradictions that it causes in the narrative.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground. Whereupon he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half or rather quite rotten and torn. But it



was so heavy that Sancho was forced to alight and help to take it up, and his master ordered him to see what was in it. Sancho very readily obeyed; and though the portmanteau was secured with a chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained. There were in it four fine holland shirts, and other linen, no less curious than clean; and in a handkerchief he found a good heap of gold crowns. Espying them, he cried: "Blessed be Heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure." Searching farther, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bade him take the money and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. Observing

all this, Don Quixote said: "I am of opinion, Sancho, nor can it



possibly be otherwise, that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him and brought his body to this remote and secret part to bury." "It cannot be so," answered Sancho; "for had they been robbers, they would not have left this money." "You say right," said Don Quixote, "and I cannot guess nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know." He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught of a sonnet, very legible, which he read aloud that Sancho might hear it. It ran as follows:

Or Love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
 Or my affliction equals not the cause
 That doth condemn me to severest pains.
 But if Love be a god, we must suppose
 His knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
 With reason be imputed to a god.
 Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
 Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
 Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
 Nor does high Heaven's behest ordain my fall.
 I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:
 For where we know not the disease's cause,
 A miracle alone can hit the cure.

"From this parcel of verses," quoth Sancho, "nothing can be collected, unless by the clue here given you can come at the whole bottom."—"What clue is here?" said Don Quixote. "I thought," said Sancho, "your worship named a clue."—"No, I said Chloe," answered Don Quixote; "and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and in faith, either he is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art."—"So then," said Sancho, "your worship understands making verses too!" "Yes, and better than you think," answered Don Quixote; "and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom. Know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians; these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them.¹²⁴" "Pray, Sir, read on farther," said Sancho: "perhaps you may find something to satisfy us." Don Quixote turned over the leaf, and said: "This is in prose, and seems to be a letter." "A letter of business,¹²⁵ Sir?" demanded Sancho. "By the beginning, it seems rather one of love," answered Don Quixote. "Then pray, Sir, read it aloud," said Sancho; "for I mightily relish these love-matters." "With all my heart," said Don Quixote; and reading aloud, as Sancho desired, he found it to this effect:—

"Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place whence you will sooner hear the news of my death than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions, but not more merit than I. But if virtue were a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness. What your beauty built up, your behaviour has

¹²⁴ That of *Amadis de Gaule* to wit,

Leonoreta sin roseta
Blanca sobre toda flor,
Sin roseta no me meta
En tal culpa vuestro amor, etc.

(Lib. II, cap. 54.)

¹²⁵ *Carta* means both *letter* and *charter*; hence Sancho's question.

thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O cause of my disquiet; and Heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire."

The letter being read, Don Quixote said: "We can gather little more from this than from the verses; only that he who wrote it, is some slighted lover." Turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored.

While Don Quixote was examining the book, Sancho examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. Though he found no more of them, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam of Fierabras, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loss of the wallet and the theft of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold* and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must certainly belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one in that uninhabitable and craggy place to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward which way soever Rocinante pleased,

* Gold was not current in those days among the common people of Spain.

and that was wherever the poor brute found the way easiest, still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

As he went on musing, he espied on the top of a hillock just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from bush to



bush, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts.

His head was bare ; he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, but the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure saw and observed all these particulars. Though he endeavoured to follow him he could not ; for it was not given to Rocinante's feebleness to make way through those craggy places ; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and phlegmatic. Don Quixote immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and so resolved to go in search of him even if he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains before he should find him. He therefore commanded Sancho to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man who had so suddenly vanished. "I cannot do it," answered Sancho ; "for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions. Let this serve to advertise you, that from henceforward I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence." "Be it so," said he of the Sorrowful Figure, "and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you. Follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes. We will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found." To this Sancho replied: "It would be much more prudent not to look after him ; for if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it. Therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, 'bona fide,' until by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found. Perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law." "You deceive yourself in this, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "for since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it ; and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have that this may be he, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend Sancho, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed

from in finding him." Then he pricked Rocinante on, and Sancho followed on foot, carrying the ass's burden, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte.

Having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying near a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by



dogs and crows; which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he who fled from them was owner of the mule and of the bundle. While they stood looking at the mule they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote called aloud to him, and desired him to come down. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains. Sancho answered him, that if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended,

and, coming to the place where Don Quixote was, he said : " I will



lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom : in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts ?" " We have lighted on nothing," answered Don Quixote, " but a saddle-cushion and a small portmanteau, which we found not far from here." " I found it too," answered the goatherd, " but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it ; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not." " I say so too," answered Sancho : " for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's throw of it : there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me ; for I will not have a dog with a bell." " Tell me, honest man," said Don Quixote, " do you know who is the owner of these goods ?" " What I know," said the goatherd, " is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, which you say you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy and

least accessible. We told him it was this where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out, and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule and made toward the place we shewed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question and the haste he made to reach the mountain. From that time, we saw him not again, until, some days after, he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-ass, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, spent almost two days in quest of him, in the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-



tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in few, but complaisant

terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and if this was not to his liking, that at least he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we who heard him must have been very stones not to have borne him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person. If we who heard him were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight; for by his demeanour, his staring and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground and then shutting them again, by his biting his lips and arching his brows, we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him. He quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for he started up with great fury from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the one that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that if we had not taken him off, he would have bitten and cuffed him to death. All this while he cried out: 'Ah traitor Fernando! here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery,

do lurk and are harboured!’ To these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said Fernando, and charging him with falsehood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us and plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guessed that his madness returned by fits, and that some person, whose name is Fernando, must have done him an injury of most grievous nature, as the condition to which it has reduced him sufficiently declares. This has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force; for when the mad fit is upon him, though the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but when he is in his senses he asks it for God’s sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, even to shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you,” pursued the goatherd, “that yesterday I and four young swains, two of them my servants and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and having found him, either by force or by fair means to carry him to the town of Almodover, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your enquiry, by which you may understand that the owner of the goods you found is the same whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly.”

Don Quixote who had already told him, that he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks, was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved to prosecute his original intention of seeking him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unexplored, until he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected; for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood,

and muttering to himself something which could not be understood though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: only as he drew near, Don Quixote perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of amber ¹²⁶; whence he positively concluded that the person who wore such apparel could not be of the lowest quality. As the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. Don Quixote returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from Rocinante, with a genteel air and address advanced to embrace him, and held him for some moments very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call '*the Ragged Knight of the Sorry Figure*,' as Don Quixote of the sorrowful, after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien and armour of Don Quixote, than Don Quixote was at the sight of him. In short, the first that spoke after the embracing was the Ragged Knight, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.



¹²⁶ *Coletto de ambar*. This perfumed doublet was called in France, in the seventeenth century, *collet de sentur* or *coellet de fleurs*. (See Montaigne, Book I, chap. XXII, and the notes.)

CHAPTER X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.



LISTENING, as the history relates Don Quixote did with great attention to the Ragged Knight of the mountain, the latter began his discourse thus: "Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are, for I do not know you, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good-will for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you for your kind intentions towards me." "Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains until I had found you and learned from your own mouth whether the affliction which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass it. And though your misfortune were of that sort which keeps the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes

to find those who pity them. If then you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die like a brute beast amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person and what remains of your attire. I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised."

The Knight of the Wood, hearing him of the Sorrowful Figure talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and gaze on him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him: "If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me for God's sake; and when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me." Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the Ragged Knight satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than ate: and while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow, not far off, at the turning of a rock a little out of the way. Arrived there, he stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same: and all this without a word spoken, until the Ragged Knight, having settled himself in his place, said: "If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more." These words brought to Don

Quixote's memory the tale his squire had told him, which by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But to return to the Ragged Knight; he went on, saying: "I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones; the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story: yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire." Don Quixote promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so, and upon this assurance he began in the following manner:

"My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth, one of the best cities of all Andalusia; my family noble, my parents rich, my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the gifts of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from Heaven. In this country there lived an angel of Heaven, on whom love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such was the beauty of Lucinda, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy than was due to my honourable intentions. This Lucinda I loved, courted and adored from my childhood and tender years; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations and were not displeased at them, foreseeing that if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love increased with our years, insomuch that Lucinda's father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house, imitating, as it were, the parents of that *Thisbe* so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire; for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that with more freedom than the tongue, for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes

mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O Heavens ! how many billets-doux did I write to her ! what charming, what modest answers did I receive ! how many sonnets did I pen ! how many love-verses indite ! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its inflamed desires, cherished its remembrances and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to put in execution what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward, namely, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife ; which I accordingly did. He answered me : that he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family ; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand : for without his full consent and approbation, Lucinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and hoping that my father would come into it as soon as I should break it to him.

“ In that hope I went instantly to acquaint my father with my



desires. Upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me: "By this letter you will see, Cardenio, the inclination Duke Ricardo has to do you service." This Duke Ricardo, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I judged myself it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it. The duke begged that he would send me presently to him, being desirous to place me not as a servant, but as a companion to his eldest son; and he engaged to secure for me a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say: "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall



depart, to fulfil the duke's pleasure; and give thanks to God, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve." To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition.

"The time fixed for my departure came: I saw Lucinda the night before and told her all that had passed. I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her until I knew what Duke Ricardo's pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired; and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows, with a thousand swoons. I



arrived at length where Duke Ricardo resided; who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interests. But the person the most pleased with my being there was a second son of the duke's, called Fernando, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous and amorous disposition, who in a short time contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse. Though I had also a great share in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which Don Fernando loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with Don Fernando ceased to be barely such by being converted into friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's; her parents were

very rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country-maid raised Don Fernando's desires to such a pitch that he resolved, in order to carry his point and subdue the virtue of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her: for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship, put me upon using the best reasons and the most lively examples I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, Duke Ricardo, with the affair. Don Fernando, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the duke, a matter so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him than to absent himself for some months; and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it been less plausible, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear Lucinda. Upon this motive I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterward, enjoyed the maiden under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is for the most part nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds

assigned by nature ; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when Don Fernando had possessed the country girl, his desires grew faint and his fondness abated : so that in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

“ We came to my native town, where my father received him according to his quality ; I immediately visited Lucinda, and my passion revived, though in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep. Unfortunately for me, I revealed it to Don Fernando, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour and discretion of Lucinda, that my praises excited in him a desire of seeing a damsel endowed with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it to my misfortune, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. She appeared to him, though in an undress, so charming as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb, he lost all sense, he was transported ; in short, he fell in love to such a degree as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me and disclosed to Heaven alone, fortune so ordered it that he one day found a letter of her’s to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest and so full of tenderness, that when he had read it, he declared to me that he thought in Lucinda alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is, I confess it now, that though I knew what just grounds Don Fernando had to commend Lucinda, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth and I began justly to fear and suspect him. In effect he was every moment talking about this Lucinda, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in ever so abruptly : this awakened in me I know not what jealousy ; and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of Lucinda, yet I could not but dread the very thing they secured

me against. Don Fernando constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to Lucinda, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. One day it happened that Lucinda, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaule*.—”

No sooner did Don Quixote hear him mention books of chivalry, than he said: “Had you told me, Sir, in the beginning of your story, that the lady Lucinda was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding, which could never have been so excellent as you have described it had she wanted a relish for such savoury reading. So that with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in vaunting her beauty, worth and understanding; since from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaule*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece*; for I know that the lady Lucinda will be highly delighted with Daraïda and Garaya,¹²⁷ and the witty conceits of the shepherd Darinel; also with those admirable verses of his Bucolics, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit and freedom; but the time may come when this fault may be amended; and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul and the entertainment of my life; though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them as the beams of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten. So excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present.”

While Don Quixote was saying all this, Cardenio hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful. Though Don Quixote twice desired him to continue

¹²⁷ Personages in the *Chronicle of Don Florisel de Niquea*, by Feliciano de Silva.

his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But after some time, he raised it and said: "I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, than that that great villain, master Elisabat¹²⁸; lay with queen Madasima."

"It is false, I swear," answered Don Quixote, in great wrath; "it is extreme malice, or rather villany to say so. Queen Madasima was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack. Whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal; and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases." Cardenio sat looking at him very attentively, and the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would Don Quixote have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of Madasima. How strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess, so far had his misleading books turned his head.

Cardenio then, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave Don Quixote such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. Sancho Panza, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the Ragged Knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better, and when he had beaten and threshed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. Sancho got up in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd

¹²⁸ Amadis of Gaul's surgeon.

answered that he had already given them notice of it, and that if he had not heard it the fault was none of his. Sancho Panza replied, the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in their taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another so that if Don Quixote had not made peace between them they would have beaten one another to pieces. Sancho, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said: "Let me alone, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure; for, this fellow being a bumpkin like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour." "True," said Don Quixote; "but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened." Herewith he pacified them; and Don Quixote enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out Cardenio; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet him, either in or out of his senses.



CHAPTER XI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT BEFEL THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA-MORENA; AND HOW HE IMITATED THE PENANCE OF BELTENEBROS.



DON Quixote took his leave of the goatherd, and mounting again on Rocinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and Sancho was ready to burst, for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break through what he had enjoined him; but not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: "Signor Don Quixote, be pleased to give me your worship's blessing, and my dismissal. I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had

ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of Issop it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass¹²⁹ as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune. But it is very hard, and not to be borne with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket and brick-bat bangs, and with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb.”—“I understand you, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote: “you are impatient until I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue; suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are strolling among these craggy rocks.”—“Be it so,” said Sancho; “let me talk now, for God knows what will be hereafter. And so, beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licence I ask what your worship had to do to stand up so warmly for that same queen Maginasa, or what’s her name? or what was it to the purpose whether that abbot was her gallant or no. If you had let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, I the kicks and above half a dozen buffets.”

“In faith, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen Madasima was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience that I did not dash to pieces the mouth out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be mistress to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that same master Elisabat whom the madman spoke of, was a very prudent man, of very sound judgment, and he served as tutor and physician to the queen: but to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. To shew you that Cardenio did not know what he said, you may remember, that when he said it he was out of his wits.” “So say I,” quoth Sancho; “and therefore no account should have been

¹²⁹ Vide note 123, *antè* page 250.

made of his words; for, if good fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom God confound. Besides, do you think Cardenio, if he had killed you, would not have come off as being a madman?"—"A knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both against men in their senses, and those out of them; how much more then should he stand up in defence of queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts; as, besides being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. The counsels and company of master Elisabat were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to say and think that she was his paramour. I say again they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who shall dare to say or think her so."—"I neither say nor think so," answered Sancho; "let those who say it eat the lie; and swallow it with their bread. Whether they were guilty or not they have given an account to God before now. I come from my vineyard, I know nothing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lies, shall find the lie left in his purse behind. Besides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win nor lose. If they were guilty what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckoo; especially, do they spare even God himself." "God be my aid!" quoth Don Quixote, "what parcel of impertinences are you stringing! what has the subject we are upon, to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, Sancho, hold your tongue, and henceforth mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you; understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights who have professed it in the world."—"Sir," replied Sancho,

“is it a good rule of chivalry that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who, when he is found, may have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs?” “Peace, Sancho, I say once again,” said Don Quixote; “for know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them whereby I shall acquire a perpetual fame and renown over the face of the whole earth: in a word, one that shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous.” “And is the same exploit a very dangerous one?” quoth Sancho Panza. “No,” answered he of the Sorrowful Figure; “though the die may chance to run so that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon your diligence.” “Upon my diligence!” quoth Sancho. “Yes,” said Don Quixote, “for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will be soon over, and my glory will presently commence. But as it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives on, understand, Sancho, that the famous Amadis of Gaul was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said one of them, he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all those who say he equalled him in any thing! for I swear they are mistaken. I say also, that if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. The same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences, that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate Ulysses, in whose persons and toils Homer draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as Virgil also does of a pious son and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of Æneas; not delineating or describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was Amadis, the polar, the morning star and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he whom all we who are united under the banners of love and chivalry,

ought to follow. This being so, friend Sancho, the knight-errant who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest chance to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. One circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love, was his retiring, when disdained by the lady Oriana, to do penance in the Poor Rock, changing his name to that of Beltenebros; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. ¹³⁰ Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading andriaques, ¹³¹ slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets and dissolving enchantments. And since this place is so well adapted for the purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which now so commodiously offers me its forelock." "In effect," quoth Sancho, "what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this?" "Have I not told you," answered Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found by the side of a fountain some indications that Ângelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds,



¹³⁰ *Amadis de Gaul* chap. 21, 40 and following.

¹³¹ In *Amadis de Gaul* (chap. 75) is the description of an Andriaque born of the incestuous amours of the giant Bandaguido with his own daughter.

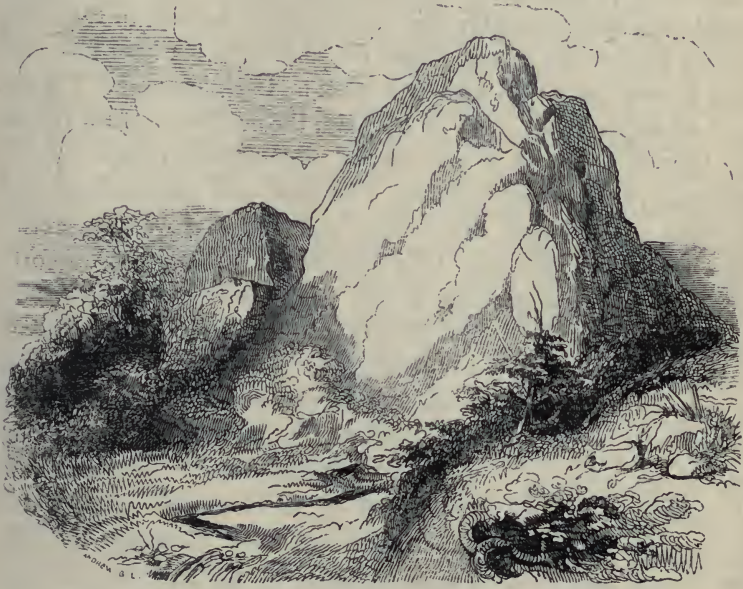
destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance.¹³² And, supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, for he had all these three names, in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, or thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. Perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses arrived to as great fame as the best of them all.” “It seems to me,” quoth Sancho, “that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances. But pray what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has committed folly either with Moor or Christian?” “There lies the point,” answered Don Quixote, “and in this consists the finesse of my affair. A knight-errant, who runs mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business, giving my lady to understand what I should perform in the warm, if I do this in the cold. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me by being so long absent from my ever-honoured lady Dulcinea del Toboso? for, as you have heard from that whilome shepherd Ambrosio, ‘The absent feel and fear every ill.’ So that, friend Sancho, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, until you return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady Dulcinea: and if it prove such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end: but if it prove the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest; and being so, shall feel nothing. Thus, what answer soever she returns, I must get out of the conflict and pain wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them. But tell me, Sancho, have you taken care of Mambrino’s helmet. I saw you take it off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have

¹³² *Orlando furioso*, cantos 23 and following.

broken it to pieces, but could not; whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper." To this Sancho answered: "As God liveth, sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says; they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour and a lie, and all friction or fiction, or how do you call it? For to hear you say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he who says and affirms such a thing must be addle-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if Heaven be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children." "Behold, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I swear likewise, that thou hast the shallowest brain that any squire ever had in the world. Is it possible that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimeras, follies and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? Not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us. Hence it is that this, which appears to you but a barber's basin, appears to me Mambrino's helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else. It was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a basin, which really and truly is Mambrino's helmet; because, being of so great value, all the world would prosecute me, in order to take it from me; but seeing that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it. This was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for in faith, had he known what it was he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present: I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was

born, in case I should have more mind to imitate Orlando in my penance, than Amadis."

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood prominently among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its



skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest-trees, and some plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene in which the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure chose to perform his penance. Upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice as if he had been beside himself: "This is the place, O ye Heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which you have involved me. This is the spot where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of the crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these

remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye Wood-Nymphs and Dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains, may the nimble and lascivious satyrs by whom you are beloved in vain never disturb your sweet repose, assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan ! O Dulcinea del Toboso ! light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, the overruling planet of my fortune, may Heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for ! consider, I beseech you, the place and state to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. ¹³³ And, O thou, my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou shalt see me here perform, that thou mayest recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all !” Saying this, he alighted from Rocinante, and in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle ; then giving him a slap on the haunch, he said to him : “O steed ! as excellent for thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt ; for thou hast it written in thy forehead that neither Astolpho’s hippogriff, nor the famous Frontino which cost Bradamante ¹³⁴ so dear, could match thee in speed !”

Sancho, observing all this, said : “ God’s peace be with him who saved us the trouble of unpannelling my donkey, for in faith, he should not have wanted a slap nor a speech in his praise. But if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it. He had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased God.

¹³³ A burlesque imitation of the invocation of Albanio in the second eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

¹³⁴ *Orlando furioso*. Canto 4, etc.

And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle Rocinante again, that he may supply the loss of my ass, and save me time in going and coming; for if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being in truth a sorry footman.”—“Be it as you will,” answered Don Quixote; “for I do not disapprove your project; and I say you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her.”—“What have I more to see,” quoth Sancho, “than what I have already seen?”—“You are very far from being perfect in the story,” answered Don Quixote; “for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration.”—“For the love of God,” said Sancho, “have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that at the first dash you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance. I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks of the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself, being all a fiction, a counterfeit and a sham, I say you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond.”—“I thank you for your good will, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “but I would have you to know that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest; for otherwise it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lie at all on pain of being punished as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. However, it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam.” “It was worse to lose the ass,” answered Sancho; “for in losing him we lost lint and every thing else. I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench;

for at barely hearing it mentioned my very soul is turned upside-down, to say nothing of my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed. I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady; but do you write the letter, and dispatch me quickly, for I long to come back, and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you." "Purgatory, do you call it?" said Don Quixote. "Call it rather hell, or worse, if any thing can be worse."—"I have heard say," quoth Sancho, "that of hell *nulla est retentio*.¹³⁵"—"I know not," said Don Quixote, "what *retentio* means." "*Retentio*," answered Sancho, "means, that he, who is once in hell, never does nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverse with your worship, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to awaken Rocinante. Let me but once get to Toboso, and into the presence of my lady Dulcinea, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, for they are all no better, which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree; with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, but is not, because there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have said, none can have that are really in, nor do I believe you will say otherwise."

"That is true," answered he of the Sorrowful Figure. "But how shall we contrive to write the letter?" "And the ass-colt bill," added Sancho. "Nothing shall be omitted," said Don Quixote. "And since we have no paper, we shall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in Cardenio's pocket-book. You must take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster; or if there be none, any parish-clerk will do it

¹³⁵ In inferno nulla est redemptio.

for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney writer of the law, for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand." "What must we do about the signing it with your own hand;" said Sancho. "Billet-doux are never subscribed," answered Don Quixote. "Very well," replied Sancho; "but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for, if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts." "The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus: '*Yours, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*' And it is no great matter if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter or writing of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the platonic kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years during which I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and perhaps of these four times, she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness with which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogalès, have brought her up."

"Hey-day!" quoth Sancho, "what, the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo!—Is she the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, alias Aldonza Lorenzo?"—"It is even she," said Don Quixote? "and she who deserves to be mistress of the universe."—"I know her well," quoth Sancho, "and I can assure you she will pitch the bar with the stoutest swain in the parish. Long live the giver! Why she is a mettled lass, tall, straight and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen who were in the field of her father's, and though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower. And the best of her is, that she is not at

all coy; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that you not only may and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it, but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered; for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor Don Quixote, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess with whom you were in love, or at least some person of such great quality as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the Biscayan, as that of the galley-slaves; and many others there must have been,



considering the many victories you had gained before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her?—For who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present.” “I have often told thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou art an eternal babbler, and though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting; but to convince you at once of your folly and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

“Know then that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension: “I wonder, madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house, so many graduates, dignitaries and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say: ‘this I like, that I do not like’.” But she answered him, with great frankness and good-humour: “You are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear; as for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than Aristotle himself.” In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea del Toboso, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alices and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers’ shops and stage plays are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood to those who have celebrated them? No, certainly; they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous

dispositions.¹³⁶ Therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaste. As to her lineage, it matters not, for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood;* and for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. You must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that two things above all others, incite to love: namely, beauty and reputation. Now both these are to be found in perfection in Dulcinea; for in beauty, none can be compared to her, and for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. Helen is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by Lucretia, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether Grecian, Latin, or barbarian. Let every one say what he pleases; for if upon this account I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges.”—“Your worship,” replied, Sancho “is always in the right and I am an ass. But why do I mention an ass, for one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged. But give me the letter, and God be with you; for I am upon the wing.”

Don Quixote pulled out Cardenio's pocket-book, and stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter. When he had done, he called Sancho, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill-fortune. “Write it Sir,” answered Sancho, “two or three times in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully; but to think that I can carry it in my memory is a folly. My memory is so bad that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one.” “Listen then,” said Don Quixote, “for it runs thus:—

¹³⁶ The poets, however, did not always celebrate imaginary beauties, and without recurring to the Beatrice of Dante or to the Laura of Petrarch, we may instance, in Spain, the Diana of Montemayor and the Galatea of Cervantes himself.

* Knights of Malta must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old Catholics, without any mixture of Moorish or Jewish blood.

“DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

“High and Sovereign Lady,

“The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, wishes you that health which he does not enjoy himself. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am inured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair! O beloved enemy! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it please you to relieve me, I am yours; if not, do what seems good to you, for by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

“Yours until death,

“THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE.”

“By the soul of my father,” cried Sancho, when he had heard the letter read, “it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Odds my life! how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure!* Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know.” “My profession,” answered Don Quixote, “requires me to understand every thing.” “Well then,” said Sancho, “pray clap on the other side the leaf, the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight.”—“With all my heart,” said Don Quixote. And having written it, he read as follows:

“Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts ¹³⁷, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire; which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done* in the heart of the Sierra-Morena, the 27th of August, this present year.”

¹³⁷ It is doubtless unnecessary to remark that, to augment the absurdity of this draft, Don Quixote employs the commercial form.

* The king of Spain writes, “Done at our court,” &c. as the king of England does, “Given,” &c.

"It is mighty well," said Sancho; "pray sign it." "It wants no signature," said Don Quixote; "I need only put my cipher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred." "I rely upon your worship," answered Sancho: "let me go and saddle Rocinante, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many that she can desire no more." "At least, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I would have you see, nay, it is necessary, that you should see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks. I will dispatch them in less than half an hour; and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform." "For the love of God, dear Sir," quoth Sancho, "let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion too much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping; and my head aches so much from last night's grief for the loss of my poor donkey, that I am in no condition to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be such as will stand you in most stead; and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this, and as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady Dulcinea prepare herself; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly that I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured that so famous a knight-errant as your worship should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a——Let not madam provoke me to speak out; by Heaven I will split and out with all to her face. I am pretty good at this sport. She does not know me: if she did, in faith she would fast me like the vigil of a saint ¹³⁸." "In troth, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to all appearance you are as mad as myself." "Not quite so mad," answered Sancho, "but a little more choleric.

¹³⁸ A Spanish expression, signifying, She would respect me.

But setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat until my return? Are you to go upon the highway to rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?" "Trouble not yourself about that," answered Don Quixote: "though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me. The object of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities." Then Sancho said: "Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I shall not be able to find the way again to this place where I leave you, it is so concealed." "Observe well the marks, for I will endeavour to be hereabouts," said Don Quixote: "and I will moreover take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many broom-shrubs that are here and there, and strew them as you go on,



until you get down into the plain. These branches will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by at your return, in imitation of Perseus's ¹³⁹ clue to the labyrinth."

"I will do so," answered Sancho Panza. And having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. Mounting upon Rocinante, of whom Don Quixote gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there as his master had directed him; and so away he went, though Don Quixote still importuned him to stay and see him perform though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said: "Your worship, Sir, said



¹³⁹ Don Quixote should have said Theseus.

very well that in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should at least see you do one; though in truth I have seen a very great one already, in your staying here." "Did I not tell you so?" quoth Don Quixote: "stay but a moment, Sancho, I will dispatch them in less than a *credo*.*" Then stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt; and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers in the air, and a brace of tumblers, head down and heels up, which made Sancho turn Rocinante about, not to see the extravagance a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad. We will now leave him going on his way until his return, which was speedy.



*The *credo* is so soon run over in the Catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

CHAPTER XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENT PRACTISED BY DON QUIXOTE AS A LOVER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.



INTERESTING as well as instructive, the history, turning to recount what the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure did when he found himself alone, informs us that Don Quixote, having finished his tumblers and gambols, naked from the middle downward and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that Sancho was gone without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of a high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without

ever coming to any resolution. This was to resolve which of the two was best and would stand him in most stead, to imitate Orlando in his extravagant madness, or Amadis in his melancholic moods. Talking to himself, he said. "If Orlando was so good and valiant a knight as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since in short he was enchanted, and nobody could kill him but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with six soles of iron¹⁴⁰. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead against Bernardo del Carpio, who

¹⁴⁰ It was Ferragus who wore seven sheets of iron over his stomach. (*Orlando furioso*, Canto 12.)

knew the secret, and pressed him to death between his arms, in Roncevalles. But setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, in consequence of finding certain tokens in the forest, and of the news brought him by the shepherd, that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little Moor with curled locks, and page to Agramant ¹⁴¹. If he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madness, if I do not imitate him in the occasion of them? for I dare swear, my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw the shadow of a Moor in all her life, and that she is this day as her mother that bore her. I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of Orlando Furioso. On the other side, I see that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For as the history has it, finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who commanded him not to appear in her presence until it was her pleasure, he only retired to the Poor Rock, accompanied by a hermit, and there wept his belly-full until Heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and his excessive anguish. If this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark naked, or grieve these trees that never did me any harm? Neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of Amadis, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom shall be said what was said of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them ¹⁴². If I am not rejected nor disdained by my Dulcinea, it is sufficient, as I have already said that I am absent from her. Well then; hands to your work; come to my memory, ye deeds of Amadis, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you. But I know that the most he did was

¹⁴¹ *Orlando furioso*, Canto 23.

¹⁴² Phæton

Currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.

(Ovid., *Met.*, lib. II.)



to pray; and so will I do." Whereupon Don Quixote strung some large galls of a cork tree to serve him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was his not having a hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he passed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees and in the fine sand a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found entire and legible, after he was discovered in that place, were only the following. ¹⁴³

¹⁴³ These strophes are remarkable, in the original, for a singular arrangement and for the oddity of the expressions necessarily used to rhyme with Don Quixote's name: singularities entirely lost in the translation.



"Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow,
 So tall, so green, around this place,
 If ye rejoice not at my woe,
 Hear me lament my piteous case.
 Nor let my loud-resounding grief
 Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
 Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
 In absence from Dulcinea
 Del Toboso.

"Here the sad lover shuns the light,
 By sorrow to this desert led;
 Here, exiled from his lady's sight,
 He seeks to hide his wretched head.
 Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
 By cruel love in wanton play,
 He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
 In absence from Dulcinea
 Del Toboso.

“O’er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish’d him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love’s hands the cruel lash display ;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea
Del Toboso.”



The addition of *Del Toboso* to the name of Dulcinea, occasioned no small laughter in those who found the foregoing verses ; for they concluded that Don Quixote imagined that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not add *Del Toboso*, the couplet could not be understood : and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others ; but as has been said, they could transcribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, in sighing, and in invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of these woods, the nymphs of the brooks and the mournful and humid echo to answer, to condole and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself until Sancho's return. If the latter had tarried three weeks, instead of three days, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure would have been so disfigured that the very mother who bore him could not have known him. But here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befel Sancho in his embassy.

When he got into the high road, he steered towards Toboso ; and the next day he came within sight of the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him. He had no sooner discovered it at a distance than he fancied himself again flying in the air, and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is about noon ; and though he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. While he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons who presently knew him ; and one said to the other : " Pray, Signor licentiate, is not that Sancho Panza yonder on horseback, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, went with her master as his squire ? " " Yes it is," said the licentiate ; " and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber of his village, and the persons who had made the scrutiny and the *auto-da-fé* of the books of chivalry. Having assured themselves that it was Sancho Panza and Rocinante, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of Don Quixote, they went up to him and the priest, calling him by his name, said : " Friend Sancho

Panza, where have you left your master?" Sancho Panza immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances in which he had left his master; so he answered, that he was very busy in a certain place and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. "No, no, Sancho Panza," quoth the barber; "if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and you shall produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you."—"I can see no reason why you should threaten me," quoth Sancho; "for I am not a man to rob or murder any body; let every man's fate kill him, or God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountains." And thereupon, very glibly and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what Sancho told them; and though they already knew Don Quixote's madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired Sancho Panza to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He told them that it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper at the first town he came to. The priest said if he would shew it him he would transcribe it in a very fair character. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it had he searched for it until now, for it remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When Sancho perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado he laid hold of his beard with both hands and tore away half of it; and presently after, he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they

asked him what had happened to him that he handled himself so roughly. "What should happen to me," answered Sancho, "but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle?" "How so?" replied the barber. "I have lost a pocket-book," answered Sancho, "in which was the letter to Dulcinea and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home." And with that he recounted to them the loss of his ass. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that when he saw his master he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. Sancho was comforted by this, and said that since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth where and when they pleased. "Repeat it then, Sancho," quoth the barber, "and we will write it down after you." Then Sancho began to scratch his head to bring the letter to his remembrance; now he stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky; and when he had bitten off half a nail from one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said after a very long pause: "Before God, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: '*High and subterrane lady*.'" "No," said the barber, "not subterrane, but super-humane, or sovereign lady." "It was so," said Sancho. "Then, if I do not mistake, it went on, '*the wounded and the waking—and the smitten kisses your grace's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair*;' and then it said I know not what of '*health and sickness that he sent*;' and so he went on, until at last he ended with '*thine till death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*.'"

They were both not a little pleased to see how good a memory Sancho had, and commended it much, desiring him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice Sancho repeated it, and

thrice he added three thousand other extravagances. After this, he recounted many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blankets, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he had refused to enter. He informed them likewise that his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind of despatch from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, considering the worth of his person and the strength of his arm: and when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him, for by that time he should without doubt be a widower, and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land, for as to islands he was quite out of conceit with them.

Sancho said all this with so much gravity, ever and anon blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that they were struck with fresh wonder at the powerful influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it, besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies; and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his lord's health, since it was very possible and very feasible for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or something else of equal dignity. "Gentlemen," replied Sancho, "if fortune should so order it that my master should take it into his head not to be made an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant¹⁴⁴ usually give to their squires?" "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more." "For this, it will be necessary," replied Sancho, "that the squire be not married, and that he knows at least the responses to the mass; and if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the

¹⁴⁴ Like archbishop Turpin, in the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci.

first letter of A, B, C. What will become of me if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant?"—"Be not uneasy, friend Sancho," said the barber; "for we will entreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor and not an archbishop; for it will be better for him also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar." "I have thought the same," answered Sancho, "though I can affirm he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is to pray to the Lord, that he will direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me." "You talk like a wise man," said the priest, "and will act therein like a good christian. But the next thing now to be done, is to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise, for it is high time, let us go into the inn." Sancho desired them to go in, and said he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in; but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for Rocinante. They went in and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some victuals.



They two having laid their heads together how to bring about

their design, the priest bethought himself of a device exactly fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and likely to effect what they desired. This was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself in the dress of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself the best he could, so as to pass for his squire. In this disguise they were to go to the place where Don Quixote was; and the curate, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, was to beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe. The boon he intended to beg was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, entreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, until he had done her justice on that wicked knight. They did not doubt that Don Quixote would by this means be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and that they might thus bring him away from that place and carry him to his village, where they intended to try to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.



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CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER PUT THEIR DESIGN IN
EXECUTION, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY TO BE
RECITED IN THIS HISTORY.



LIKE the priest's contrivance well, as the barber did, it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pied ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them why they desired those things. The priest gave them a brief account of Don Quixote's madness, and how necessary that disguise was in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured that this madman was he who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without sparing what Sancho so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely that nothing could be better.

She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black



velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed, and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white satin, which together with the petticoat must have been made in the days of king Wamba. ¹⁴⁵ The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore of nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed that it might serve him for an umbrella, and lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule sideways, like a woman; the barber got also upon his, with his beard that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pied ox. They took leave of all, even of good Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to pray over an entire rosary that God might give them good success in so arduous and christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began

¹⁵⁴ A Gothic king, dethroned in 680, whose name remains popular in Spain.

to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it; and acquainting the barber with his scruples he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that the barber should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity; and if he would not consent to do so he was determined to proceed no farther, though the devil should run away with Don Quixote. Upon this Sancho came up to them, and seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber consented to what the priest desired; and the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to Don Quixote to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered that without his instructions he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress until they came near to the place where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, Sancho Panza being their guide. On the way, the latter recounted to them what had taken place in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; taking care not to say a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the place where Sancho had strewed the broom-boughs as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master. Directly Sancho saw them he told the curate and the barber that they were at the entrance into the mountain, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any use toward delivering his master. They had previously told him that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging the knight from that evil life he had chosen, and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea,

he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read or write, had answered by word of mouth that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him. For, they had added, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out in order to become an emperor, or a king; for as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that.

Sancho listened attentively to all this, imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor and not an archbishop; for he was of opinion that, as to rewarding their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer, as perhaps that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what Sancho said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. Sancho entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of August, when the heats in those parts are very violent, and the hour was three in the afternoon. All this made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they accordingly did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which though unaccompanied by any instrument sounded sweetly and delightfully. They were not a little surprised, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well, for though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets than what is really true. Their surprise redoubled when they observed that the verses they heard, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and court-like

persons. And the words, which confirmed them in their opinion, were as follows. ¹⁴⁶

“ What causes all my grief and pain?

Cruel disdain.

What aggravates my misery?

Accursed jealousy.

How has my soul its patience lost?

By tedious absence crost.

Alas! no balsam can be found

To heal the grief of such a wound,

When absence, jealousy and scorn,

Have left me hopeless and forlorn.

“ What in my breast this grief could move?

Neglected love.

What doth my fond desires withstand?

Fate's cruel hand.

And what confirms my misery?

Heav'n's fixed decree.

Ah me! my boding fears portend

This strange disease my life will end;

For die I must, when three such foes,

Heav'n, Fate and Love, my bliss oppose.

¹⁴⁶ As the greatest charm of the three following stanzas consists in the construction of the verse and the ingenious arrangement of the words, we have, to make them understood, transcribed one of them from the original.

¿ Quien menoscaba mis bienes?

Desdenes.

¿ Y quien aumenta mis duelos?

Los zelos.

¿ Y quien prueba mi paciencia?

Ausencia.

De ese modo en mi dolencia

Ningun remedio se alcanza,

Pues me matan la esperanza

Desdenes, zelos y ausencia.

"My peace of mind what can restore?
 Death's welcome hour.
 What gains love's joys most readily?
 Fickle inconstancy.
 Its pains what medicine can assuage?
 Wild frenzy's rage.
 'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,
 For such a grief to seek a cure,
 As knows no better remedy,
 Than frenzy, death, inconstancy."

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers. They lay still hoping perchance to hear something more: but perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician who had sung so agreeably. Just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears. It sang the following

SONNET.

"Friendship, that hast with nimble flight
 Exulting gain'd th' empyreal height,
 In Heav'n to dwell, whilst here below
 Thy semblance reigns in mimic show.
 From thence to earth, at thy behest,
 Descends fair Peace, celestial guest.
 Beneath whose veil of shining hue
 Deceit oft lurks, conceal'd from view.
 Leave, Friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat,
 Or strip thy livery off the cheat.
 If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,
 And still unwary truth beguiles,
 Soon must this dark terrestrial ball
 Into its first confusion fall."

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very

attentively in hopes of more; but finding that the music was changed into sobs and groans, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person whose voice was as excellent as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far when, on doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that Sancho had described to them when he told them the story of Cardenio. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, until just at the instant when they came unexpectedly upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in a few but very significant words entreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should die in that place, which of all misfortunes would be the greatest.—Cardenio was then in his perfect senses, free from the outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself. Seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time, and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for the priest's words gave him no reason to doubt that they were acquainted with his history. He therefore answered in this manner: "I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that Heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons who setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place. But not knowing as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief than I shall fall into a greater, they doubtless take me for a very weak man, and perhaps what is worse for a fool or madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation. I find this to be the case by people's telling and shewing me the

marks of what I have done while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me. All I can then do is to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me. Men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects; and if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. If gentlemen, you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes. Perhaps when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady which is shut out from all consolation."

The two friends, who desired nothing more than to learn from his own mouth the cause of his misery, entreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice. Upon this the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to Don Quixote and the goatherd some few days before, when on the mentioning of master Elisabat, and Don Quixote's punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good fortune would have it, Cardenio's mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end.

When he came to the passage of the love-letter which Don Fernando found between the leaves of the book of Amadis de Gaul, he said: "I remember it perfectly well, and it is as follows;

" "LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

" "I every day discover such worth in you, as forces me to esteem you more and more. If therefore, you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do so. I have a father who knows

you and has an affection for me ; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and I believe you have.'

" This letter made me resolve to demand Lucinda in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those which gave Don Fernando such an opinion of Lucinda, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. It was this letter which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told Don Fernando what Lucinda's father expected, which was, that my father should propose the match ; and that I durst not mention it to him lest he should not come into it ; not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue and beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of Spain whatever, but because I understood by him that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait until we should see what duke Ricardo would do for me. In a word, I told him that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others which disheartened me, I knew not why ; only I presaged that my desires were never to take effect. To all this Don Fernando answered that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to Lucinda's.¹⁴⁷ Oh treacherous friend ! O ungrateful, perfidious and cruel man !—what disservice had the poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart ? Wherein had I offended you ? what words did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest ? But alas ! why do I complain ? miserable wretch that I am ! Is it not certain that when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury that no human force can stop them, no

¹⁴⁷ Notwithstanding our respect to the text of Cervantes, we have, after M. Viardot, here suppressed a long and useless series of imprecations, in which Cardenio gives to Fernando the names of Marius, of Sylla, Cataline, Julian &c., accompanying them with their classic epithets. This college erudition would be a stain in a narration habitually simple and always touching.

human address prevent them? Who could have thought that Don Fernando, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb,¹⁴⁸ which yet was not in my possession! But let me set aside these vain and unprofitable reflections, and resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

“Don Fernando, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I, alas! so much as suspect it? No, certainly: on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been agreed upon between Don Fernando and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting Don Fernando’s treachery as I did, desired me to make haste back, believing that the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than until my father had spoken to her’s. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of the many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune or my assiduity gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by Heaven for a mistress; I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment by

¹⁴⁸ The prophet Nathan’s parable to David, to reproach him for carrying off Uriah’s wife. (II Samuel, chap. 12.)

commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another a hundred little childish stories, concerning our neighbours and acquaintance; and the greatest length my presumption ever ran was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips as well as the narrowness of the iron grate which was between us would permit. But the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in Lucinda. Not however to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow which parting occasions in those who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected: all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me.

“I arrived at the place whither I was sent; I gave the letters to Don Fernando’s brother; I was well received, but my business was not soon dispatched, for he ordered me to wait, much to my sorrow, eight days, and to keep out of his father’s sight; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke’s knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false Don Fernando; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from Lucinda, especially considering I had left her in great sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expense of my health. Four days after my arrival, there came a man in quest of me with a letter, which he gave me, and which by the address, I knew to be from Lucinda. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter that induced her to write to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the messenger who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me that

as he was passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry: "Friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you for the love of God to carry this letter with all expedition to the place and person it is directed to, for both are well known; and in so doing, you will do a charity acceptable to our Lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief." "And so saying," added the messenger, "she threw the handkerchief out of the window, in which were tied up a hundred



reals and this gold ring with the letter I have given you; then without staying for my answer, she immediately quitted the window, not however, without observing that I picked up the letter and the

handkerchief, and assured her by signs that I would do what she commanded. Seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing by the superscription it was for you, Sir, for I know you very well, and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands; and in sixteen hours, for so long it is since it was given me, I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues." While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these few words:

"'The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that with so much secrecy and privacy that Heaven, and a few of our family, are to be the only witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.'

"These, in fine, were the contents of the letter. No sooner had I finished reading it than I set out immediately, without waiting for either answer or money, for I plainly perceived it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasures, that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and cares of so many years, added wings to my speed. The next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go

and talk with Lucinda. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. Fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it that Lucinda was standing at the grate,* the witness of our loves. We immediately recognized each other, but not as she ought to have known me, and I her.—Who, alas! is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody, certainly. As soon as Lucinda saw me, she said: “Cardenio, I am in my bridal habit; there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend, but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice: if my arguments cannot prevent it, I carry a dagger about me which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you.” I replied to her with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her: “Let your actions O Lucinda, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself if fortune proves adverse.” I do not believe she heard all these words, as she was called away hastily, for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen, the sun of my joy was set; I remained without light in my eyes, without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me; but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. As I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body; and so, without being seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapestry met. Thence, without being

* In Spain, lovers carry on their courtship at a low window, with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house until the parents on both sides are agreed.

seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflections I made? Such and so many were they, that they neither can nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall, without other ornament than the clothes he usually wore. He had with him for brideman a cousin-german of Lucinda's, and there was no other person in the room but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out Lucinda, accompanied by her mother and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her head-dress, and of the rest of her habit. Nothing could exceed the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which, vying with the precious stones and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! why dost thou represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to recall to my imagination what she then did, that moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these sorrowful digressions; for my misfortune is not of that kind that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically: each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse."

The priest replied that, not only were they not tired with hearing it, but they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as did not deserve to be passed over in silence, and merited the same attention as the principal parts of the story.

"I say then," continued Cardenio, "that they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and took them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions.



When he came to these words: 'Will you, Madam, take Signor Don Fernando who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapestry, and with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what Lucinda answered, expecting from her answer the sentence of my death or the confirmation of my life. Oh! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud: "Ah Lucinda, Lucinda! take heed what you do; consider what you owe me: behold you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice that your saying *yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. —Ah, traitor Don Fernando! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? Consider that you cannot as a christian arrive at the end of your desires; for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband." Ah! fool that I am! now that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have

suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself if I had had as much heart to do it as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant and mad. The priest stood expecting Lucinda's answer, who gave it not for a long time; and when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth which might undeceive them and redound to my advantage, I heard her say with a low and faint voice, *I will*. The same said Don Fernando; and the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away in her mother's arms.

"It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw in the fatal affirmative I had heard, my hopes frustrated, Lucinda's vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, thinking myself abandoned of Heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears; the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at Lucinda's swooning; and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which Don Fernando presently seized, and read it by the light of the flambeaux. Having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

"Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should know the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, and of the fickle, though swooning traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained that at that juncture I had the use of my understanding, which has since failed

me. Accordingly, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies, which might very easily have been done when they thought so little of me, I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives, for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain, but that which is prolonged by tortures is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place where I had left the mule. I got it saddled; and without taking any leave, I mounted and rode out of the town, not daring, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself in the fields alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue in a thousand exclamations on Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal. But in the height of these curses and reproaches I excused her, saying: "It was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband, so considerable, so rich and so accomplished a cavalier; and that to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before Don Fernando offered himself, they themselves could not consistently with reason have desired a better match for their daughter. How easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said that I had already given her mine; for I would have appeared, and confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion." In fine, I concluded that little

love, little judgment, much ambition and desire of greatness, had made her forget those words by which she had deluded, kept up and nourished my firm hopes, my honest desires.

“With such soliloquies and agitation I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at day-break arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts. I entered it, and went on three days more without any road or path, until at last I came to a certain meadow that lies somewhere hereabouts, and I enquired of some shepherds which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither with design to end my life here; and at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or as I rather



believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus was I left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground; at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity; for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things that they wanted no further proof of my having lost my understanding. Alas! I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since; on the

contrary, so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagances, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. When I come to myself, I find I am so weary and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though at such times I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it and will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and though the shepherds who are bringing food



from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting until it shall please Heaven to bring it to a final period, or by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of Lucinda, and the wrongs done me by Don Fernando. If it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech God to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait into which I have voluntarily brought it.

“This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune. Tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than you have perceived in

me? Pray give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure; for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man who refuses to take it. I will have no health without Lucinda; and since she was pleased to give herself to another when she was or ought to have been mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will; and I shall stand an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person whom the impossibility of receiving consolation ¹⁴⁹ could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself."

Here Cardenio terminated the long recital of his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and just as the priest was preparing to say something to him by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which in mournful accents said what will be related in the fourth book of this history; for at this point the wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, puts an end to the third.

¹⁴⁹ Pellicer imagines this to be an allusion to this sentence of Virgil:

'Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.'





PART I. BOOK IV.

29.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT BEFEL THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN THE SIERRA-MORENA.



APPY, thrice happy were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, was ushered into the world. Since through the so honourable resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the

long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing,

artificial and true, than the history itself.¹⁵⁰ The latter, resuming the broken thread of the narrative, relates that as the priest was preparing himself to comfort Cardenio, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner:

“O Heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, it is, if the solitude which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my miseries to Heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.”

The priest and they that were with him heard all this very distinctly; and perceiving that the voice was near them they rose up in quest of the speaker. They had not gone twenty paces, when on turning the corner of a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree, whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were. Finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts. They accordingly did so, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches

¹⁵⁰ Notwithstanding this panegyric on the episodes introduced into the first part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes himself criticises them, by the mouth of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, in the second part, which is much less charged with strange incidents.

and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey *montera* ¹⁵¹ on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with a handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his *montera*; and in taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding so incomparable a beauty, that Cardenio said to the priest in a low voice: "Since this is not Lucinda, it can certainly be no human creature." The youth took off his *montera*, and shaking his head, there began to flow down



¹⁵¹ A sort of head-piece without a visor, worn by the peasants of La Mancha and Andalusia.

and spread over his shoulders a quantity of lovely hair, that Apollo himself might envy. By this they found that the person who seemed to be a peasant was in reality a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even Cardenio himself, if he had never seen and known Lucinda; for as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of Lucinda alone could come in competition with her's. Her long and golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All this excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. They resolved to shew themselves; and at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, parting her hair from before her eyes with both her hands, saw those who had made the noise. No sooner had she set her eyes on them than she rose up, and without staying to put on her shoes or re-arrange her hair, hastily snatched up something like a bundle of



clothes, which lay close by her, and betook herself to flight, in great confusion and surprise. But she had not gone six steps when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down. On seeing this the three went up to her; the priest was there first, and said: "Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you. There is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor we permit." To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying; "What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication, that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice. No evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to such extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention. Therefore, dear madam, or dear Sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprise which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly or severally disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes."

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shewn of a sudden something curious, or which he has never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and thus spoke: "Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, and the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belie my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion;

since it will not be in your power, either to remedy or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young and alone in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed had it been in my power." All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprised them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to her that she would perform her promise, she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner:

"There is a place in this country of Andalusia, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call Grandees of Spain.¹⁵² This duke has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate, and in appearance to his virtues; and the younger, heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Vellido and the deceitfulness of Galalon.¹⁵³ My parents are vassals to this nobleman: it is true they are of low extraction, but they are so rich that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for it is probable my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high as to hinder me from thinking that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness.

¹⁵² Cervantes probably meant the Duke of Osuna, there being, perhaps, some foundation to Dorothea's history.

¹⁵³ For Galalon, vide note 6 (*antè* page 14 of this volume.)—Vellido was a Castilian knight who assassinated King Sancho II. at the siege of Zamora, in 1075.

In a word they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty Christians; but so rusty, that their wealth and handsome way of living, are by degrees acquiring them the name of *hidalgos* and gentlemen. However the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was their having me for their daughter. As they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of Heaven, to which, being so good, mine were always entirely conformable. As I was mistress of their affections, so was I likewise of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses,



the number of herds, flocks and bee-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was intrusted to my care. I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on their's, that I cannot easily express it to you. The hours of the day that remained after

giving directions and assigning proper tasks to the head servants, overseers and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and very often spinning. If occasionally,



to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience shewed me that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it is not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. In vain I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a retirement that might be compared to that of a nunnery, being seen, as I imagined, by no one besides our own servants, for when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon. Notwithstanding all this, it came to pass that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me, through the

industrious curiosity of Don Fernando. That is the name of the duke's younger son, of whom I spoke."

She had no sooner named Don Fernando, than Cardenio's colour changed, and he began to indicate such violent perturbation that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits to which they heard he was now and then subject. But Cardenio sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the fair peasant, imagining who she could be. The latter, taking no notice of the emotions of Cardenio, continued her story as follows.

"Scarcely had he seen me, when, as he afterwards declared, he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence Don Fernando used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and a day of rejoicing in our street, and nobody could sleep in the night for serenades. Infinite were the billets-doux that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and as if all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for a quite contrary purpose. Not that I disliked the gallantry of Don Fernando, or thought him too importunate; for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for let us women be ever so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through Don Fernando's design. Indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bade me consider the disproportion between me and Don Fernando, whence I ought

to conclude that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure than my good. They added, that if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me out of hand to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth and my good character put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer Don Fernando the least word that might afford him even the remotest hope of succeeding in his design. All this reserve, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he shewed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this explanation. At length Don Fernando discovered that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. This news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what I am about to relate to you.

“One night I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered. Suddenly, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and in this my silent and solitary retreat, he stood before me. When I saw him I was struck blind and dumb, and had no power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done it, for he instantly ran to me, and taking me in his arms, I had no power to struggle being in such confusion, he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his designs. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began I know not how, to deem true so many and so great falsehoods: not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. My first surprise being over, I began a little to recover my lost

spirits ; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said : “ If, Sir, as I am between your arms I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that which has been not to have been, so that, though you hold my body



confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from your's, as you will see, if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me as your's can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your sighs and tears subdue me. If I saw any of these things in a person whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to their's, and not transgress the bounds which they prescribed. Therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think that any one who is not my lawful husband shall ever prevail on me.

“ ‘Most beautiful Dorothea,’ (for that is the name of this unhappy woman who is addressing you) said the treacherous cavalier, ‘here I offer you my hand and heart, and let the Heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witness to the truth of my words.’ ”

When Cardenio heard her call herself Dorothea, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; he only said: “What! madam, is your name Dorothea? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble your's. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion.” Dorothea took notice of Cardenio's words, and of his strange and tattered dress; and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster that might befall her, secure in this, that none could happen that would in the least add to those she already endured. “Madam,” replied Cardenio, “I would not be the means of

destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet." "Be that as it will," answered Dorothea, "I go on with my story.

"Don Fernando, taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband. I warned him, however, to consider well what he was about to do, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and that he therefore ought to beware lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, as that would not be sufficient excuse for his fault. If he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure with which they set out.

"All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he, who never intends to pay, sticks at nothing in making a bargain. In this strait I briefly reasoned thus with myself: 'Well, I shall not be the first who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to a high condition; nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since, then, I do not make a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shews for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for in short, in the sight of God, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence; and so I shall remain dishonoured and without excuse, when I am censured by those who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents and the world, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent?' All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what

principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, were Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and in fine his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. With this, and on my maid's going again out of the room, he completed my dishonour and became a perjured traitor.

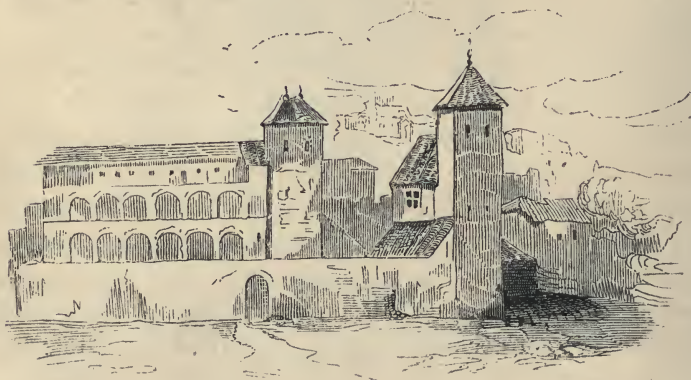
"The day that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, Don Fernando wished; for, after



the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because Don Fernando made haste to leave me; and by the intervention of the same maid who had betrayed me, he got in the street before break of day. At parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and on the truth and sincerity of his oaths. As a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained, I know not whether sad or joyful. I can truly say that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying Don Fernando into my chamber. Indeed, I had not yet determined with myself whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told Don Fernando, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, until he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street or at church, for above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to the chase, an exercise of which he was very fond. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of Don Fernando. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to enquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing fictions to deceive them. But this was soon put an end to by an accident which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town that Don Fernando had been married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady

of extreme beauty, whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was Lucinda, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding."

When Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda, he only shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, arched his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. Dorothea did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on to say: "This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarcely forbear running out into the streets, and making known how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated for the present by a resolution I took and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by a domestic of my father's, one of those, who in farmers' houses are called *Zagals* to whom I discovered my whole misfortune and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put in a pillow-case a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house,



accompanied only by the zagal, and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot. The desire of getting thither added wings to my flight, that if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at least demand of Don Fernando with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where Lucinda's father lived: and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what happened at the young lady's wedding: all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that on the night Don Fernando was married to Lucinda, after she had pronounced the *yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in



unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a written paper in Lucinda's own hand writing, in which she affirmed and declared that she could not be wife to Don Fernando, because she was already married to Cardenio (who, as the man told me, was a very considerable cavalier of the same town,) and that she had given her consent to Don Fernando, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so

doing : all which, they say, was confirmed by a poignard they found about her, concealed in her clothes. Don Fernando, seeing all this and concluding himself deluded, mocked and despised by Lucinda, made at her before she recovered her fainting fit, and with the same poignard that was found, endeavoured to stab her : which he would certainly have done, if her parents, and the rest of the company had not prevented him. They said farther, that Don Fernando immediately absented himself, and that Lucinda did not come to herself until the next day, when she confessed to her parents that she was really wife to the cavalier aforesaid. I learned moreover, that it was rumoured that Cardenio was present at the ceremony, and that seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong Lucinda had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth ; but the talk increased when it was known that Lucinda was missing from her father's house ; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find Don Fernando than to have found him married, flattering myself that the door to my relief was not quite shut ; and hoping that possibly, Heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect that he was a christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. These things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor."

"Being then in the town without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find Don Fernando, I heard a public crier promising a great reward to any one who should find me, describing my age, and the very dress I wore. As I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me, a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk ; as if it was not enough to say that I was



gone off, but it must be added with whom and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we penetrated into the most intricate part of these mountains, for fear of being found. But as it is commonly said that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befell me: my good servant, until then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him; and, with little shame, and less fear of God or respect to his mistress, he began to make love to me. Finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside entreaties, by which at first he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just Heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner that with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice where I left him, I know



not whether alive or dead. Then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprise and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design than to hide myself here from my father, and others who by his order were in search after me. It is, I know not how many months since, that I came hither, with this design, when I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him all this time as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and solicitude were to no purpose; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast that had possessed my servant. But as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more advisable to leave him and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech Heaven, with

sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life, so that no memory may remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of her own, has ministered matter to be talked of and censured, in her own and in other countries.



CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE GENTLE ARTIFICE MADE USE OF TO
WITHDRAW OUR AMOROUS KNIGHT FROM THE RUDE
PENITENCE THAT HE PRACTISED.



THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy. See now, and judge whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you had heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes. The quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all council is in vain, since a remedy is nowhere to be found.

All I desire of you is, (what with ease you can and ought to do), that you would advise me where I may pass my life without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those who are searching after me. I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents towards me for a kind reception; but so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face with the consciousness that they no longer see in mine that purity and innocence they had good reason to promise themselves from their daughter."

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel, when Cardenio prevented him: "It seems then, madam," said he, "that you are the beautiful Dorothea, only daughter of the rich Clenardo!" Dorothea was surprised at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly Cardenio was apparelled. She said: "Pray, Sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned it in the whole course of the account of my misfortune." "I am," answered Cardenio, "that unfortunate person whom, according to your relation, Lucinda owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the base actions of him who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see; to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when Heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, Dorothea, am he who was an eye-witness of the wrong Don Fernando did me; he who heard the fatal *yes*, by which Lucinda confirmed herself his wife. I am he who had not the courage to stay and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom. My soul could not bear such accumulated misfortunes; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together. Leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you. As I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, Heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a happier termination to our misfortunes than we expected. Since Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, because she is mine, as she publicly declared, nor Don Fernando, Lucinda,

because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope that Heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. Having this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I entreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. I swear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a christian, not to forsake you until I see you in possession of Don Fernando. If I cannot by fair means persuade him to acknowledge what he owes you, I will take the liberty allowed me as a gentleman of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries offered to myself, the revenge of which I leave to Heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth."

Dorothea was quite amazed at what Cardenio said; not knowing how to thank him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet to have kissed them, but Cardenio would by no means suffer her. The licentiate answered for them both, and approved of Cardenio's generous resolution. Above all things, he besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and consult how to find Don Fernando, or to carry back Dorothea to her parents, or do whatever they might think most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He briefly informed them of the cause that brought him and the curate thither, and of Don Quixote's strange madness; and added that they were then waiting for Don Quixote's squire, who was gone to seek his master. Cardenio here-upon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had had with Don Quixote, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

• At that instant they heard a voice, and knowing it to be Sancho Panza's, who, not finding them where he left them, was calling as

loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him. On their asking him after Don Quixote, he told them that he found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan and half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea. "Though I told him," added Sancho, "that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place and repair to Toboso, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty until he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour. If my master persist in that humour, he will run a risk of never becoming an emperor, as he is in honour bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which is the least he can be. Consider, therefore, in God's name, what is best to be done to draw him thence." The licentiate bade Sancho be in no pain about that matter, for they would get him away whether he would or no.

He then recounted to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had contrived for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which Dorothea said that she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; she added that they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. "Then there needs no more," quoth the priest, "to put the design immediately in execution. Doubtless fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of." Dorothea presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk, and out of a casket, a necklace and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home to provide against what might happen; but until then she had had no occasion to make use of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the affability of her disposition and her beauty: and



they agreed that Don Fernando must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he who admired most was Sancho Panza. Never, in all the days of his life, had he seen so beautiful a creature. He therefore earnestly desired the priest to tell him who that charming lady was, and what she

was looking for in those parts. "This beautiful lady, friend Sancho," answered the priest, "is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line to the great kingdom of Micomicon; she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant; and it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all Guinea, that has brought this princess to seek him." "Now a happy seeking and a happy finding," quoth Sancho Panza; "and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury, and right that wrong by killing the rascally giant you mentioned: and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor licentiate: it is, that you would not let my master take into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes. I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me that my master should be an archbishop, as I am unfit for the church, being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name." "She is called," replied the priest, "the princess Micomicona; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is clear she must be called so." "There is no doubt of that," answered Sancho; "for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as Pedro de Alcala, John de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and for aught I know, it may be the custom yonder in Guinea for queens to take the names of their kingdoms." "It is certainly so," said the priest. "As to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power." With this assurance Sancho remained as well satisfied as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were rivetted in his fancy as in his master's;

since he could so firmly persuade himself that Don Quixote would come to be an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard. Then they bid Sancho conduct them to the place where Don Quixote was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licentiate or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them; the latter that he might not put Don Quixote in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: accordingly they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed Dorothea in her part, but she said that they need give themselves no trouble, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered Don Quixote, by this time clothed, but not armed. As soon as Dorothea espied him, and was informed by Sancho that he was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber. When she came up to Don Quixote, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down Dorothea in his arms, who alighting briskly, went and kneeled at Don Quixote's feet; and, though he strove to raise her she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner:

"I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, until your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And, if it be true that the valour of your puissant arm is correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy damsel, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes." "I will not answer you a word, fair lady," replied Don Quixote, "nor will I hear a jot more of your business, until you arise from the ground." "I will not arise, Signor," answered the afflicted damsel, "if, by your courtesy,



the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me." "I do vouchsafe, and grant it you," answered Don Quixote, "provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty." "It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir," replied the doleful damsel. As she was saying this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: "Your worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere trifle—only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the mighty princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Ethiopia." "Whoever she may be," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession." Turning himself to the

damsel, he then said: "Fairest lady, arise, for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask." "Then what I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person will go with me whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, until you have avenged me on a traitor, who against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom." "I repeat it, that I grant your request," answered Don Quixote; "therefore, lady, from this day forward, shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits. By the help of God, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in spite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it. Now therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay." The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in every thing a most gallant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it. Making her arise, he embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered Sancho to get Rocinante ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. Sancho took down the armour, which was hanging like a trophy on the branches of an oak, and having got Rocinante ready, helped his master to don it. The latter, finding himself armed, said: "Let us go hence, in Heaven's name to succour this great lady." The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device. Seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity Don Quixote prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they sat her upon the mule. Immediately Don Quixote mounted Rocinante, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, Sancho remaining on foot, which renewed his grief for the loss of his donkey. But he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the right road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of Micomicon. He was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in



the land of the negroes, and that the people who were to be his subjects were all blacks. But he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? what have I to do but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can; and let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

- All this Cardenio and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join company. But the priest, who was a grand schemer, soon hit upon an expedient. With a pair of scissors which he carried in a case, he whipped off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then he put on him a grey doublet, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet. Cardenio made so different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way



before them while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road ; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain ; and when Don Quixote and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him : after he had stood some moments viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud : “In a happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gallantry, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant !” As he said this, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg ; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively. At length he knew and was surprised

to see him, and made no small effort to alight. This the priest would not suffer, whereupon Don Quixote said: "Permit me, Signor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot." "I will by no means consent to it," said the priest; "let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures that our age hath beheld. As for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them: and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a zebra, or the sprightly courser bestrode by the famous moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand city of Compluto."¹⁵⁴ "I did not think of that, dear Signor licentiate," said Don Quixote; but I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double." "I believe she will," answered the princess; "and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride." "Very true," answered the barber. And alighting, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which the latter accepted without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened that as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than a hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air; and had they come in contact with master Nicholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off. Perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift than to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen

¹⁵⁴ Zulema is the name of a mountain situated S. W. of Alcala de Henares, in Cervantes's native country. A ruin has been discovered on the summit of this mountain, supposed to be that of the ancient Complutum.



squire, said: "Odd's-life! this is very wonderful! no barber could have shaved off his beard, more clean and smooth." The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm ¹⁵⁵ for fastening on beards, as they should soon see. When all was adjusted he left them, and the squire remained as well bearded and as whole as before. Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening-on of beards, since it was clear that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure it must be good for other things besides beards. "It is so," said the priest; and he promised to teach Don Quixote the very first opportunity.

They now agreed that the priest should get up first, and that

¹⁵⁵ In Spain, they call *ensalmo* a miraculous method of curing illness, by reciting certain prayers over the patient. The charm derives its name (*en salmo*), from the circumstance of the sacramental words being generally taken from the Psalms.



they should all three ride by turns until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off. The three being now mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess and the priest; and the other three on foot, to wit, Cardenio, the barber and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote said to the damsel: "Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best." And before she could reply, the licentiate said: "Toward what kingdom would your ladyship go? toward that of Micomicon, I presume: for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms." Dorothea, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well what she ought to answer and therefore said: "Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom." "If it be

so," said the priest, "we must pass through our village; and from thence you must go straight to Carthagená, where you may embark in God's name; and if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea and no storms, in less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Palus-Meotides, which is a trifle more than a hundred day's journey on this side of your highness's kingdom." "You are mistaken, good Sir," said she; "for it is not two years since I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in Spain, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm." "No more; cease your compliments," said Don Quixote, "for I am an enemy to all sorts of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have or have not shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life. So, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire that Signor the licentiate would tell me what has brought him into these parts, alone, unattended and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it." "To this I shall answer briefly," replied the priest. "Your worship then must know, Signor Don Quixote, that I and master Nicholas, our friend and barber, were going to Seville to receive some monies which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me; and it was no inconsiderable sum, for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter. As we were passing yesterday through these parts, we were attacked by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), they have made him as if he were just born. The best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts that the persons who robbed us were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were liberated near this very place, by a man so valiant that in spite of the commissary

and his guards, he let them all loose. Doubtless he must have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, seeing that he let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority. He has, I say, disabled the galleys of their hands, and disturbed the many years' repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body."

Sancho had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do or say. The poor knight's colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the priest, "were the persons that robbed us. May God, of his infinite mercy, pardon him who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."



CHAPTER III.

WHICH TRBATS OF THE DELICACY OF WIT DISPLAYED BY THE
BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER MATTERS SINGULARLY
DIVERTING.



priest had no sooner ceased speaking than Sancho said: "By my troth, Signor licentiate, it was my master who did this feat. Not but that I gave him fair warning and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the galleys for being most notorious villains." "Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "it is not incumbent on knights-errant to enquire whether the afflicted, enchained and oppressed whom they meet upon the road are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults or their misfortunes. Knights-errant are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to

regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me. For the rest I care not; and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the licentiate and his honourable person, I say he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a rustic: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner." As he said this, Don Quixote set himself in his stirrups and clapped down the visor of his helmet; for the barber's basin, which in his account was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behind-hand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat: "Sir Knight," said she to him, "be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, in virtue of which you are engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent. Therefore assuage your wrath; for if the Signor licentiate had known that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship." "I would so, I swear," quoth the priest, "and even sooner have pulled off a mustachio." "I will say no more, madam," said Don Quixote; "and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and go on peaceably and quietly until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many and of what sort are the persons on whom I must take due, satisfactory and complete revenge." "That I will do, with all my heart," answered Dorothea, "if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes." "Not at all, dear madam," answered Don Quixote. "Since it is so," replied Dorothea "pray favour me with your attention."

She had no sooner said this, than Cardenio and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. Then Dorothea, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the following manner :

“In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is ——.” Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her: but he presently helped her out, for he knew what stopped her: “It is no wonder, madam,” said he “that your grandeur should be disturbed and in some confusion at recounting your misfortunes. They are often of such a nature as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who appears to have forgotten that you are called the princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate.” “You are in the right,” answered Dorothea; “and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them. To begin then :

“My father, who was called Tinacrio-the-Wise, was very learned in what they call the magic art. He knew, by the assistance of his art, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, should die before him, and that he himself must soon after depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much as the certain fore-knowledge he had that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pantafileando of the Gloomy-Aspect, (for it is averred that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and



this he does out of pure malignity to scare and frighten those he looks at); I say my father knew that this giant would take advantage of my being an orphan invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in. It was in my power, however, to avoid all this ruin and misfortune by marrying him; though as far as he,

could understand, he believed I would never consent to so unequal a match. In this he was right, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, however huge and colossal. My father said also that after his death, when I should find Pantafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was freely to abandon the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the diabolical power of the giant. He added that I ought immediately to set out with a few attendants for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress in meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame about that time should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Fricote, or Don Gigote." "Don Quixote, you would say, madam," quoth Sancho Panza, "otherwise the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." "You are right," said Dorothea. "He said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that, on his right side, under his left shoulder or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles."

Don Quixote on hearing this called to his squire: "Here son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king." "Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir?" said Dorothea. "To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho; "I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man." "It is enough," said Dorothea; "for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles. Whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh. Doubtless my good father was right in every thing; and I have not gone amiss in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all La Mancha.



"I was hardly landed in Osuna, before I heard so many of his exploits recounted, that my mind immediately told me that he must be the very person I came to seek." "But, dear madam, how came you to land at Osuna," interrupted Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town?"* Before Dorothea could reply, the priest interposing said: "Doubtless the princess meant to say that after she had landed at Malaga, the first-place where she heard news of your worship was Osuna." "That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "It is very likely," quoth the priest; "please your Majesty to proceed." "I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that having at last had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pantafilando of the Gloomy-Aspect, that he may slay that traitor and

* This geographical error of the princess, is probably a satire on the same mistake by the historian Mariana, who very gravely relates, that Quintus Fabius Maximus Emilianus the consul, having sent 15,000 men into Spain against Viriatus these troops were landed at a city called Orsuna (or Ussuna) in Andalusia; whereas this city is many leagues from the sea. Hence we may conclude there are many other fine satirical strokes in this work, on the Spanish writers, which we cannot point out for want of a thorough acquaintance with those authors.

restore to me what he so unjustly usurps. All this may come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of Tinacrio the Wise, my good father, who moreover left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him at the same time possession of my kingdom and my person."

"What think you now, friend Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote: "do you not hear what passes? did not I tell you so? See whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry." "I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and plague take him for a son of a gun, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pantafilando's wizen is cut. About it then: her majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." So saying, he cut a couple of



capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. What by-stander could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man? Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom,

when Heaven should be so propitious as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions as called forth new bursts of laughter

“This, gentlemen,” continued Dorothea, “is my history: it remains only to tell you, that of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. If I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what the Signor licentiate said at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory.” “I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady,” said Don Quixote, “under the greatest that can befall me in your service. So I again confirm the promise I made you, and swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of your’s whose proud head I intend, by the help of Heaven, and of this my



arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword, thanks to Ginès de Passamonte, who carried off my own. *” This

* It does not appear by the story, either that Ginès took away Don Quixote’s sword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying : “ After having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper ; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled and my understanding subjected to her—I say no more ; it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were with the Phoenix.”

What Don Quixote said last about not marrying was so displeasing to Sancho, that, in a great fury, he said, in a loud voice : “ I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your worship cannot be in your right senses. How is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is ? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers ? Is my lady Dulcinea more beautiful ? no indeed, not by half ; nay, I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady’s shoe-string. I am very likely to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil’s name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth *vobis, vobis* ; and when you are king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant, and then let Satan take all the rest if he will.” Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it. Lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows that he laid him flat on the ground ; and had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him on the spot. “ Thinkest thou,” said he to him, after some pause, “ pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on thy side and pardoning on mine ? never think it, excommunicated varlet ; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea ? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, cut off the head of this giant and made thee a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done,) but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her

exploits? She fights in me, and overcomes in me: and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O base born villain! what ingratitude, when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised thee!"

Sancho was not so much hurt, as not to hear all his master said to him; and getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and thence said to his master: "Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be your's, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? this is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her as it were rained down upon us from Heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady Dulcinea; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea."—"How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor!" said Don Quixote: "have you not just brought me a message from her?"—"I say, I did not see her so leisurely," said Sancho, "as to take particular notice of her beauty and her features, piece by piece; but take her altogether, she looks well enough."—"Now I excuse you," said Don Quixote, "and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power."—"I have found it so," answered Sancho; "and so in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end."—"For all that," quoth Don Quixote, "take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well—I say no more."—"Well then," answered Sancho, "God is in Heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so."—"Let there be no more of this," said Dorothea; "run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask his forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and censures. Above all, speak no ill of that lady Toboso, whom I do not know otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put

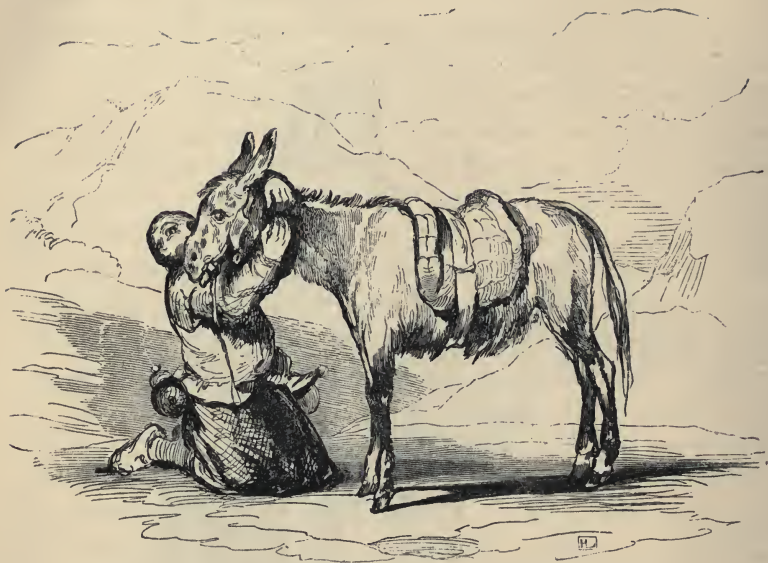
your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince."

Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he held to him with great gravity. When he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of vast consequence. Sancho did so; and when they were got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said: "Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried and the answer you brought back. Now that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news."—"Ask me what questions you please, Sir," answered Sancho: "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future."—"Why do you press that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "Because," replied Sancho, "the blows you were pleased to bestow on me just now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like any relic, (though she be not one,) only as she belongs to your worship."—"No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life," said Don Quixote, "they offend me. I forgave you before, and you know the common saying: 'For a new sin a new penance.'"

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy. But Sancho Panza, who wherever he saw an ass had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarcely seen the man when he knew him to be Ginès de Passamonte, and by the clue of the gipsy found his ass: for it was really his donkey upon which Passamonte rode. The latter that he might not be known, and that he might sell the animal the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him, and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: "Ah! rogue



Ginésillo, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight; fly rascalion; get you gone thief, and relinquish what is not your own." There needed not so many words, nor so much railing: for at the first word, Ginès nimbly dismounted, and taking to his heels as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his ass, and embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest donkey, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" And then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without



answering one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his ass; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not for all this revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest told Dorothea that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She answered, that she had often amused herself with reading such books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said at a venture that she landed at Osuna. "I found it was so," said the priest, "and therefore immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and stories, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?"—"It is, indeed," said Cardenio, "and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question whether, if one had a mind to dress up a

fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it.” “There is another thing remarkable in it,” said the priest. “Setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things ; insomuch that if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding.”



CHAPTER IV.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN
DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, WITH
OTHER ADVENTURES.



HE rest, meanwhile, being engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho: "Friend Panza, let us forget what is past, and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, enquiring after or being satisfied in: inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction." "Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all."—"It is as you say," quoth Don Quixote;

“for I found the pocket-book I had written it in two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back as soon as you should miss it.” “So I should have done,” answered Sancho, “had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down as I dictated, and said that though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter in all the days of his life.” “And have you it still by heart, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “No, Sir,” answered Sancho: “for after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose. If I remember aught of it, it is the beginning, *the high and subterrane*, I mean *sovereign lady*, and the conclusion, *thine until death*, *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*. And between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes.”

“All this does not displease me; go on,” said Don Quixote. “You arrived: and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight.” “No, I did not,” answered Sancho; “but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house.” “Then make account,” said Don Quixote, “that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?” “It was neither,” answered Sancho, “but of the reddish kind.” “Be assured, however,” quoth Don Quixote, “that when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet-bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it to her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did she do?” “When I was going to give it her,” answered Sancho, “she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me, ‘Lay the letter, my lad, upon that sack; for I cannot read it until I have done winnowing all that is here.’” “Discreet lady!” said Don Quixote; “this was, to be sure, that she might read it and entertain herself with it at leisure.



Proceed Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she enquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn." "She asked me nothing," said Sancho; "but I told her how your worship was doing penance for her service among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, * as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, but weeping and cursing your fortune." "In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss," quoth Don Quixote. "I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso." "So high indeed," answered Sancho, "that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am." "Why, how, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "have you measured with her?" "I measured thus," answered Sancho: "as I was

* In the description of Don Quixote's penance (book 3, ch. 11.) we find him naked from the waist downwards.

helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span."



"If it be so," replied Don Quixote, "does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a million graces of the mind? But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabeian odour, an aromatic fragrance, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious perfumer's shop?" "All I can say is," quoth Sancho, "that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking." "It could not be so," answered Don Quixote: "you must either have had a cold in your head, or smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber." "All that may be," answered Sancho; "for

the same fragrance often comes from me, as methought then came from my lady Dulcinea: but where's the wonder that one devil should be like another?"

"Well then," continued Don Quixote, "she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?" "The letter," quoth Sancho, "she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough. Lastly, she bid me tell your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you; and therefore she humbly entreated and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, to leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set off immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*. I asked her whether the Biscayan of the other day had been there with her; she told me he had, and that he was a very honest fellow. I asked her after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them." "All goes well, as yet," said Don Quixote. "But, tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and an ancient custom among knights and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgement for their welcome news." "Very likely," quoth Sancho, "and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore: for now-a-days the custom is to give only a bit of bread and cheese; for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's milk." "She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote: "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had

not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter. * I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

“But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? It is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been



little more than three days in going and coming between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither. I therefore conclude that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendence of my affairs and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant, I say I conclude that this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it. In fact there are sages who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. Were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour

* A proverbial expression, signifying that “a good thing is always seasonable.” The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter until about Easter; but if the weather continues cold sleeves may be proper after Easter.

one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting in the mountains of Armenia with



some dreadful monster, or fierce andriague, or perhaps some other knight; he has the worst of the combat and is just upon the point of being killed, and lo! on a sudden when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who just before was in England. The latter takes his part, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. All this is brought about by the industry and skill of sage enchanters, who undertake the care of valourous knights. Thus, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing that you went and came in so short a time between this place and Toboso, since, as I have said, some sage our friend must have expedited your journey without your being sensible of it." "It may be so," quoth Sancho; "for, in good faith, Rocinante went like any Bohemian's ass with

quick quicksilver in his ears.”¹⁵⁶ “With quicksilver!” said Don Quixote; “ay, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle



that travel and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.

“But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me about going to see her? Though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself at present under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess who is in our company; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me; on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. But what I propose to do is this: I will travel in all haste and get quickly to the place where this giant is; having arrived, I will cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant return and see that sun which enlightens my

¹⁵⁶ In allusion to a trick practised by the Bohemian horse-dealers, who, to give paces to the most stupid mule or to the idlest ass, were in the habit of pouring a small quantity of quicksilver into its ears.

senses. I will make such an excuse that far from being irritated she shall allow your delay was necessary, seeing that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me and from my being her's." "Ah!" quoth Sancho, "how disordered your worship is in your head! Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castille together? For the love of God, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; follow my advice, pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and if there be none, here is our licentiate who will do it cleverly. I pray you to take notice that I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing;



and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill." "Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if you advise me to marry, that by killing the giant I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire. I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom to bestow on whom I please; and when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it but to yourself?" "That is clear," answered Sancho; "but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them, as I said before.* And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for before Heaven, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit." "You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and I take your advice as to going first with the princess before I go to see Dulcinea. Be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me should discover them." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "why does your worship send all those you conquer by the might of your arm to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, unless it is to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?" "How dull and foolish you are!" said Don Quixote. "You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation: for you must know that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any

* Sancho had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his negroes, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy.

other reward for their manifold and good desires than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights." "I have heard it preached," quoth Sancho, "that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; though for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me." "The devil take you for a bumpkin," said Don Quixote; "you are ever and anon saying such smart things that one would almost think you have studied." "And yet, by my faith," quoth Sancho, "I cannot so much as read."

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little, for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote, halted much to the satisfaction of



Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile, Cardenio had put on the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her; and though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and with what the priest had furnished himself at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

They were thus employed, when a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road. He stopped, and looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, began weeping in good earnest, and said: "Ah! dear Sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am Andrew, the lad whom you delivered from the oak to which I was tied."

Don Quixote knew him again, and taking him by the hand he turned to the company and said: "To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men, you must know, good people, that a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, towards the place whence the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad whom you see here—I am glad, in my soul, he is present, for he will attest the truth of what I say—I say he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country fellow, whom I afterwards found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle. As soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity.—On which this boy cried: 'Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him

home and pay him every real that he owed him, and interest into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andrew? Did you not observe with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road."

"All that your worship has said is very true," answered the lad; "but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine." "How otherwise?" replied Don Quixote: "did not the rustic instantly pay you?" "He not only did not pay me," answered the boy, "but as soon as your worship was got out of the wood and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes that I was flayed like Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid me on in such a manner that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship was the cause of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you were not called, nor meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But by your worship's abusing him so inopportunately and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him than he discharged the tempest upon me in such sort that I shall never be a man again while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away too soon: I should not have stirred until I had seen you paid. I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word longer than he finds it convenient so to do. But you may remember, Andrew, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly." "That is true," quoth Andrew; "but it signifies nothing." "You shall see now whether it signifies," said Don Quixote; and so saying, he

arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rocinante, who was grazing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered that he would go and find out the rustic, chastise him for so base a proceeding and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure until he had accomplished her's; and since he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment until his return from her kingdom. "You are in the right," answered Don Quixote; "and Andrew must have patience until my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest until he is revenged and paid."

"I do not depend upon these oaths," said Andrew; "I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God prosper your worship and all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me." Sancho pulled a lump of bread and a piece of cheese out of his knapsack, and giving them to the lad, he said: "Here, brother Andrew, we all have a share in your misfortunes."—"Why, what share have you in it?" said Andrew. "This piece of bread and cheese which I give you," answered Sancho: "God knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told."— Andrew took the bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. He only said at parting, to Don Quixote: "For the love of Heaven, Signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though yon see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great but a greater will follow from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of Old Nick light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world!" Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he fled so fast that nobody offered to pursue him.

Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andrew's story ; and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.



CHAPTER V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFEL DON QXIXOTE'S WHOLE
COMPANY IN THE INN.



LEAVING the vicinity of the fountain, their notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them

with signs of joy. Our knight received them with a grave deportment and a nod of recognition, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before; to which the hostess answered that, provided he could pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before; and he immediately threw himself down upon

it, for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, than the hostess fell upon the barber, and taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my horse tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again, for my husband's property is tossed up and down so, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail." The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, till the licentiate bid him give it up, as there was no farther need of that artifice, and he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape. "You can tell Don Quixote," added he, "that being robbed by those thieves, the galley-slaves, you fled to this inn; if he should ask for the princess's squire, we can tell him she despatched him before, with advice to her subjects that she was coming and bringing with her their common deliverer." The barber then willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent in order to Don Quixote's enlargement.

All the folks of the inn were surprised at the beauty of Dorothea and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded; and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befel him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. The priest happening to say that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: "I cannot conceive how that should be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world. I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. In

harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, while above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs. At least, I can say for myself that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows which the knights-errant lay on, I have a great wish to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night." "I wish you did," quoth the hostess; "for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; you are then so besotted that you forget to scold for the time." "It is true," said Maritornes; "and in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things, for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady and her knight lie embracing



each other under an orange-tree, and how a duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey.” “And pray miss, what is your opinion of these matters?” said the priest, addressing himself to the inn-keeper’s daughter. “I do not know, indeed, Sir,” answered the girl: “I listen too, and though I do not understand it, I really take some pleasure in hearing it. But I have no relish for those blows and flashes, which please my father so much: what I chiefly like is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really sometimes they make me weep out of the pity I have for them.” “You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman,” said Dorothea, “if they wept for you.” “I do not know what I should do,” answered the girl; “only I know that several of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die or run mad. For my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, why not marry them, for that is what the gentlemen would be at.” “Hold your tongue, hussey,” said the hostess; “methinks you know a great deal of these matters, and it does not become young maidens to know or talk so much.” “When this gentleman asked me a civil question,” replied the girl, “I could do no less than answer him.” “It is mighty well,” said the priest; “pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them.”—“With all my heart,” answered the host; and going into his chamber, he brought out a little old portmanteau, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes and some manuscript papers written in a fair character. The first book he opened he found to be *Don Chongilio of Thrace*¹⁵⁷, the next *Felixmarte of Hircania*¹⁵⁸,

¹⁵⁷ Romance was composed by Bernardo de Vergas; it is intituled: *The books of Chongilio of Thrace, son f the noble king Elesphron of Macedonia, as they are called, in Greek by Novareus, and by Promusis in Latin.* Folio, Seville, 1545.

¹⁵⁸ See note 19, *antè*, page 57 of this volume.



the third the *History of the Grand Captain, Gonzalo of Cordova*¹⁵⁹, with the *Life of Diego Garcia de Parédès*. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned to the barber and said: “We want here our friend’s housekeeper and niece.”—“Not at all,” answered the barber, “for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire.”—“What, Sir, would you burn my books?” said the inn-keeper. “Only these two,” said the priest, “that of *Don Cirongilio*, and that of *Felix-marte*.”—“What then, are my books heretical or phlegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?”—“Schismatical, you would say, friend,” said the barber, “and not phlegmatical.”—“It is true,” replied the inn-keeper; “but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others.”

¹⁵⁹ Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova. His history, without the author’s name, was printed at Saragossa, in 1559.



“ Dear brother,” said the priest, “ those two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits ; this on the contrary, of the *Grand Captain* is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain ; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As

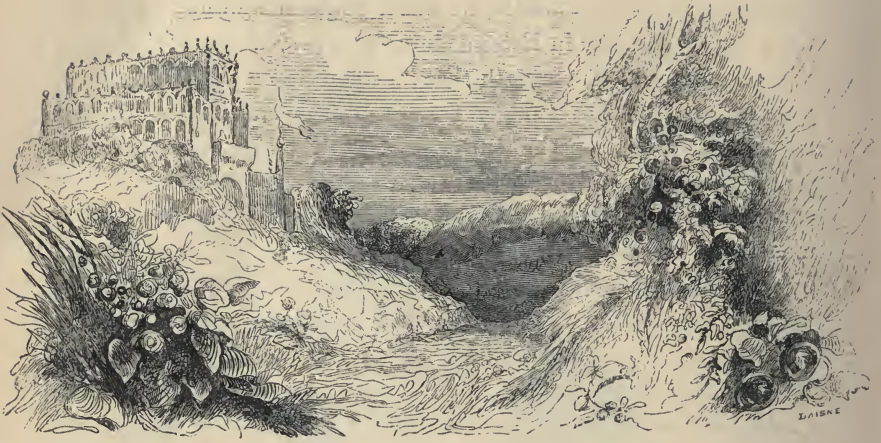
for Diego Garcia de Parédès, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura¹⁶⁰, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength that he could stop a mill-wheel in its greatest rapidity with a single finger. Being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it¹⁶¹. If that and his other exploits, instead of being related by himself with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian¹⁶², had been written by some dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, Achilleses and Orlandos." "Tell that to my grandmother," quoth the inn-keeper; "do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! Before God your worship should have read what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hircania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars.* At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book wherein is related, that as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon his scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, and with so much force that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy, but to

¹⁶⁰ In 1469. He died at Boulogne, in 1533.

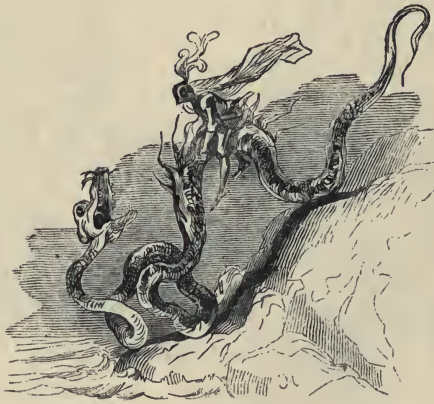
¹⁶¹ In the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* this adventure is thus related: "Diego Garcia de Parédès put a two-handed sword over his shoulder—and placed himself on the bridge of Garellano which the French had recently thrown up, and, fighting against them, he began to perform such mighty feats, that Hector, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, nor other valorous captains of antiquity, in their respective times, never surpassed, seeming, by his resolution and intrepidity, to be actually another Horatius Cocles."—(chap. cvi.)

¹⁶² At the end of the *Chronicle of the Grand Captain* is given a *Memoir of the Life and actions of Diego Garcia de Parédès* (Breve suma de la vida y hechos de Diego Garcia de Parédès), written by himself, and having his signature attached to it.

* Children in Spain, it is said make puppets resembling friars out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.



let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him



the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful to behold; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, Sir; for if you were but to hear all this you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of."

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio : “ Our landlord wants but little to act the second part of Don Quixote.”—“ I think so too,” answered Cardenio : “ for it would appear that he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact ; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe others.”—“ Look you, brother,” said the priest ; “ there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hircania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention. All is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of wiling away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them. I vow and swear to you there never were any such knights in the world, nor were such feats, or extravagant exploits ever achieved in it.”—“ To another dog with this bone,” answered the host ; “ as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches : do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap ; for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed ! that your worship should endeavour to make me believe that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king’s privy-council ! as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of lies, battles and enchantments as are enough to make one distracted.” “ I have already told you, friend,” replied the priest, “ that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts : and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis and billiards are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not or cannot work ; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed ; presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. If it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry as should perhaps make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons. But I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it. In the meanwhile, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you ; take your books again, and settle the point whether they contain truths or lies as you please ; and much good

may you do with them. God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does." "Not so," answered the inn-keeper, "I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded and very pensive at hearing that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and, if it did not succeed happily as he expected, he determined to leave him and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

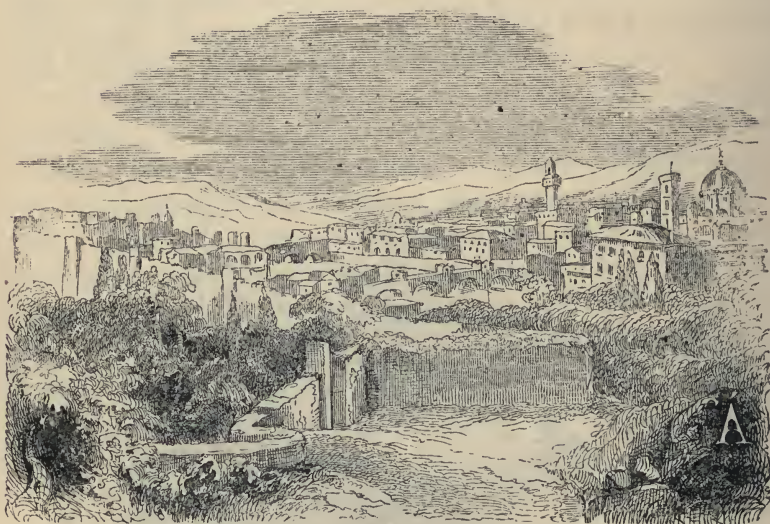
The inn-keeper was about to carry away the portmanteau and the books when the priest said to him: "Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and on the first page a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: "In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all." To which the inn-keeper answered: "Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness: but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person who forgot and left behind him this portmanteau with these books and papers. Perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and, though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, if I am an inn-keeper, thank God I am a Christian." "You are much in the right, friend," said the priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it." "With all my heart," answered the inn-keeper. While they were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to peruse it; being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it aloud so that they might all hear it. "I will," said the priest, "if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading." "It will be as well

for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful." "Well then," said the priest, "I will read it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: then the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure and receive some himself, said: "Be all attentive, for the novel begins in the following manner."



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CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH IS RECITED THE NOVEL OF
"THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT." *



IN Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province of Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends that all who knew them styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, *the Two Friends*. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same taste: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to

* In strict propriety of speech, the novel ought to be entitled, *The Impertinently Curious*, since it is certain the subject of it is, not Anselmo's Curious Impertinence, but his Impertinent Curiosity.

amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony that no clock kept such exact time. Anselmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of quality in the same



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city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents and herself so good, that he resolved (with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing,) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario who carried the message; and it was he who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that in a little time he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her.

For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends when married in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend.

Anselmo soon took notice of Lothario's remissness. He complained greatly of it, telling him that, had he suspected that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of *the two friends*, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him, if such a term might be used between them, to return and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure or will than he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these and many other reasons which Anselmo urged to

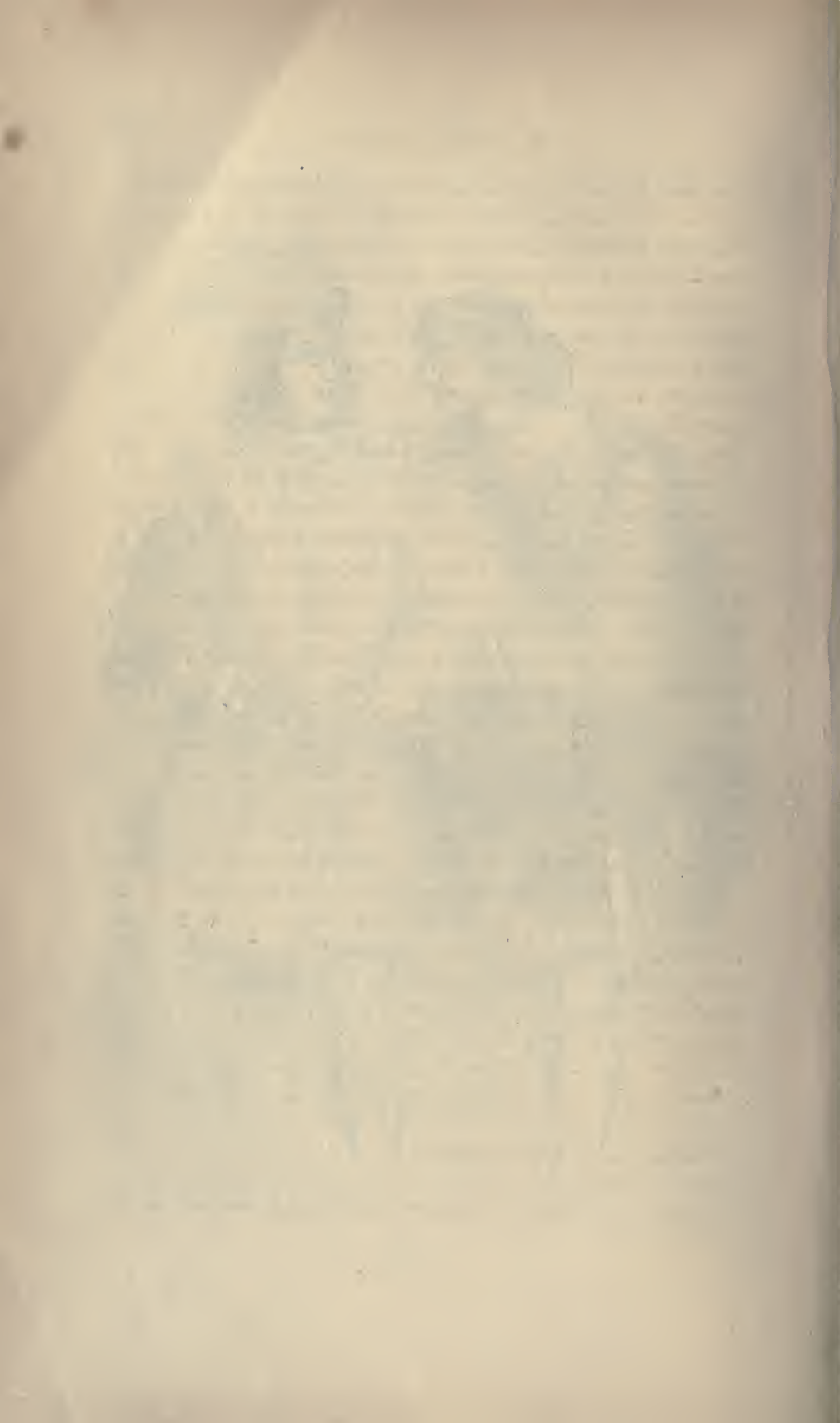
Lothario to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed that, two days in a week besides holidays, Lothario should come and dine with him. But, though this was concerted between them, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife should be as careful what man he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that which cannot be done nor concerted in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies, (things which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a female friend or relation of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens that the fondness a man has at first for his wife makes him either not take notice, or not tell her for fear of offending her, that she ought to do or avoid doing some things, the doing or neglecting whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful and sincere as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest idle eyes, and malicious tongues, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born and of such accomplishments as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla; for though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour or that of his friend should be in the least suspected. He, therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. Thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

One day, as the friends were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect:

“I know very well, Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me, with so liberal a hand, what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which if I value not so highly as I ought, I value at least as highly as I can. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts; and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. Since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting that through your secrecy and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly.”

Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark. To be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said that it was doing a monstrous injury to their great friendship to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. “It is very true,” answered Anselmo; “and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing which disquiets me is a desire to know whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of





this truth but by trying her in such a manner that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is or is not courted and solicited *: and that she alone is really chaste who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. What thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. For these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, I desire that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her. If she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune. I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast that the virtuous woman has fallen to my lot, she of whom the wise man says, ‘Who can find her¹⁶³?’ And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear without regret the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. Further, as nothing you may urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved and disinterested

* “*Casta est, quam nemo rogavit.*”——OVID.

“The nymph may be chaste that has never been tried.”——PRIOR.

“She must be chaste who ne’er was tried.”——THURSTON.

¹⁶³ Proverbs, Chap. XXXI.

woman. Among other reasons which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain that if Camilla should be overcome you will not follow up the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done which for good reasons ought not to be done. Thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence of which our friendship assures me."

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario ; to all which he was so attentive that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips until his friend had done. Perceiving that he was silent, after gazing at him earnestly for some time as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him : "I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest : certainly, if I had thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far, but, by not listening to you, I would have prevented your long harangue. I think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no : I well know you are Anselmo, and you know I am Lothario : the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and that you must imagine I am not that Lothario I ought to be ; for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo, nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario whom you know. True friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it *usque ad aras* ; as much as to say they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an heathen ¹⁶⁴ had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship

¹⁶⁴ Pericles. (Vide Plutarch.)

whatever. When a friend goes so far as to set aside his duty to Heaven in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and at the same time myself too of both. For if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man without honour is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and consequently rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo; have patience, and forbear answering until I have said all I have to say concerning your unreasonable desire. There will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you.”—“With all my heart,” said Anselmo: “say what you please.”

Then Lothario went on, saying: “Methinks, O Anselmo, you are at this time in the same disposition that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *If from two equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal*; and, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and after all no one can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire which possesses you is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mis-spending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly, for at present I can give it no better name. I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have

for you will not let me deal so rigourously with you, nor will it consent that I shall desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. That you may clearly see that it is so, answer me Anselmo: have you not told me that I must solicit her that is reserved? persuade her that is virtuous? bribe her that is disinterested? court her that is prudent? Yes, you have told me all that. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested and prudent wife, what is it you would have? If you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards than those she has already? Will she be better then than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty and treat her as such? But if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. Hence we must conclude that to attempt things whence mischief is more likely to ensue than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men, especially when they are such as we are no way bound or obliged to attempt, when it may be easily seen at a distance that the enterprise itself is manifest folly. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together. Those which are done for God's sake are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those which are taken in hand for love of the world are done by men who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, many foreign countries, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune; and those which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-ball, than, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, without regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths

that await them. These are difficulties which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory and profit to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that which you say you would have attempted and executed will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured than you are at present, and if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined. Then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. As a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat a stanza of the famous poet Luigi Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of Saint Peter* ¹⁶⁵.

“ When conscious Peter saw the blushing east,
He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
And, though by privacy secured from blame,
Saw his own guilt, and seeing died with shame.
For generous minds, when once to evil wrought,
No witness want, but self-condemning thought;
To such the conscious earth alone, and skies,
Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.

“ Thus, the circumstance of its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who as the poet relates of him made trial of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldo more wisely declined ¹⁶⁶. If that be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood and imitated.

¹⁶⁵ Luigi Tansilo, of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, wrote the poem called *Saint Peter's Tears* (*Le Lagrime di San Pietro*), to do away with the odium cast on his name by his other (licentious) poem, entitled the *Vintager* (*il Vendemmiatore*). The former was translated into Spanish, partially, at first, by the Licentiate Gregorio Hernandez de Velasco, the celebrated translator of Virgil; then, completely, by Fray Damian Alvarez. The version of the stanza quoted in the text is by Cervantes.

¹⁶⁶ In allusion to the allegory related by Ariosto, in the XLIII canto of his *Orlando Furioso*, whence Cervantes borrowed the idea of the present novel. Ariosto himself borrowed the story of the trial vase from the first book of Tristan de Leonais.



But I have still something more to say upon this subject which I hope will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you would commit. Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven, or good fortune had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of a diamond whose goodness and beauty all jewellers who had seen it were fully satisfied; if they should all unanimously declare that, in weight, goodness and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by dint of heavy blows, try whether it were so hard and so fine as it was thought to be? Supposing this put in execution, and the stone to have resisted so foolish a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and if it should break, as it might,

would not all be lost? yes, certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Know then, dear friend Anselmo, that Camilla is an exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame yourself for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them; and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may without hindrance advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us that the ermine is a little white creature with fine fur, and that



when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it towards those places; when the ermine comes to the dirt it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and clearer than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermine: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments. It is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relics are, to be adored but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers nobody to walk among them, or touch any thing; but only at a distance and through iron rails, to enjoy their fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises the father of a young maiden to look well after her and lock her up; among several other reasons, he gives the following:

If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because perchance she may be so.

Who that is wise, such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which, broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?

In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.

“All that I have hitherto said, O Anselmo! relates only to you; it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet against all rules of friendship, you would deprive me of my honour; nor is this all: you would have me take away yours. That you will rob me of mine is plain; for when Camilla finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour and modesty, since I attempt to do a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt; for Camilla, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured affects you, as being her husband. Hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those who are not unacquainted with his wife’s incontinence are apt to look upon him with an eye rather of contempt than of pity. But I will demonstrate to you why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is or has been at all in fault, or connived at or given her occasion to become such. Be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

“When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise,

(as the holy scripture informs us,) he infused a sleep into Adam; and while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve. When Adam awaked and beheld her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.' And God said: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.' And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties as death only can loosen. This miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh. It doth more in the properly married; for, though they have two souls, they have but one will. Hence it is that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it, so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and as those of the naughty wife are of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it¹⁶⁷. Behold then, O Anselmo! the danger to which you expose yourself in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys; consider through how vain and impertinent a curiosity you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, you must look out for some other instrument of your disgrace and misfortune; for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive."

¹⁶⁷ Guzman d'Alfarache comprises all this reasoning in a few words: "My wife alone has the power of dishonouring me, according to the Spanish idea, by dishonouring herself; for, as she and I make but one, my honour and hers likewise make only one and not two, even as we are but one flesh." (Book II, chap. 2.)

Here the virtuous and discreet Lothario ceased, and Anselmo was so thoughtful and troubled, that for some time he could not answer him a word. At last he said: "You have observed, friend Lothario, with what attention I have listened to all you have been saying to me; and in your arguments, examples and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to. I see also and acknowledge that, in rejecting your opinion and adhering to my own, I fly the good and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider that I labour under the infirmity to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. Therefore some art must be made use of to cure me. It may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court Camilla, though but coldly and feignedly, for she cannot certainly be so yielding and pliant that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset: with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. There is one reason especially which obliges you to undertake this business, which is that whereas I am determined as I am to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve. Though your own should lose ground in Camilla's opinion while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since in a short time, when we shall have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. Thus, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risk, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined."

Lothario, perceiving Anselmo's fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to adduce, nor what farther reasons to offer to dissuade him from his purpose; finding also he threatened to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to

avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and to undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter that, without giving Camilla any disturbance, Anselmo should rest satisfied. He therefore returned for answer that he trusted his friend would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer as if he had done him some great favour. Then it was agreed between them that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with Camilla alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her music, and to write verses in her praise, and if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. Lothario consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what Anselmo imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had stayed abroad longer that day than usual. Lothario, after some time, retired to his own house, and Anselmo remained in his, as contented as Lothario was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely from this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a method to deceive Anselmo without offending Camilla. The next day he went to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by Camilla, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner ended and the cloth taken away, Anselmo desired Lothario to stay with Camilla while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in an hour or two. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company; but it signified nothing with Anselmo; on the contrary, he importuned Lothario to stay and wait for him, for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired Camilla to bear Lothario company until his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and Camilla and Lothario remained by



themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself entered into the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers. Think then whether Lothario had no cause to fear! The first thing he did, was to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and, begging Camilla to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in and lie down there. Lothario excused himself, and slept where he was until Anselmo's return. When the latter returned and found Camilla retired to her chamber and Lothario asleep, he believed that as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he waited impatiently until Lothario awakened, that he might go out with him and enquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awaked, and presently they went out together, and Anselmo questioned him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. Lothario answered that he did not think it proper to open too



far the first time, and therefore all he had done was to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town spoke of her wit and beauty. "This I think a good introduction," added he, "as it may insinuate me into her good-will, and dispose her to listen to me the next time with pleasure; I have made use of the same artifice which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; when he, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning." Anselmo was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day without going abroad; for he would so employ himself at home that Camilla should never suspect his stratagem.

Many days passed thus, and Lothario, though he spoke not a

word to Camilla on the subject, told Anselmo that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least thing that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; that, on the contrary, she threatened to tell her husband if he did not quit his base design. "It is very well," said Anselmo; "hitherto Camilla has resisted words, we must now see how she will resist deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels, by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well dressed and going fine. If she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble." Lothario answered that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed.

The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new fable to invent. Eventually, he resolved to tell him that Camilla was as inflexible to presents and promises as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain. But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key-hole how they behaved themselves. He saw that, in above half an hour, Lothario said not a word to Camilla; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded that all his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was mere fiction. To try whether it was so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling Lothario aside, asked him what news he had for him, and what disposition he found Camilla in? Lothario replied that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. "Ah!" said Anselmo, "Lothario, Lothario! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken a word to Camilla; whence I con-



clude that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire?"

Anselmo said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave Lothario abashed and confounded. Thinking his honour touched by being caught in an untruth, he swore to Anselmo that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell no more lies, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; which however he might save himself the trouble of doing, for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure him satisfaction that there should be no room left for suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and, to give him an opportunity more secure and less liable to surprise, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city. To excuse his departure to Camilla, he contrived that his friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy Anselmo! what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is

it you are contriving? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse Camilla is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; nobody disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her Heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours and the dictates of honour. If then the mine of her truth, beauty, virtue and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Consider that he who seeks after what is impossible ought in justice to be denied what is possible, as a certain poet has better expressed in these verses:

“ In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.

“ But adverse fate and Heaven's decree
In this, to baffle me, are joined,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.”

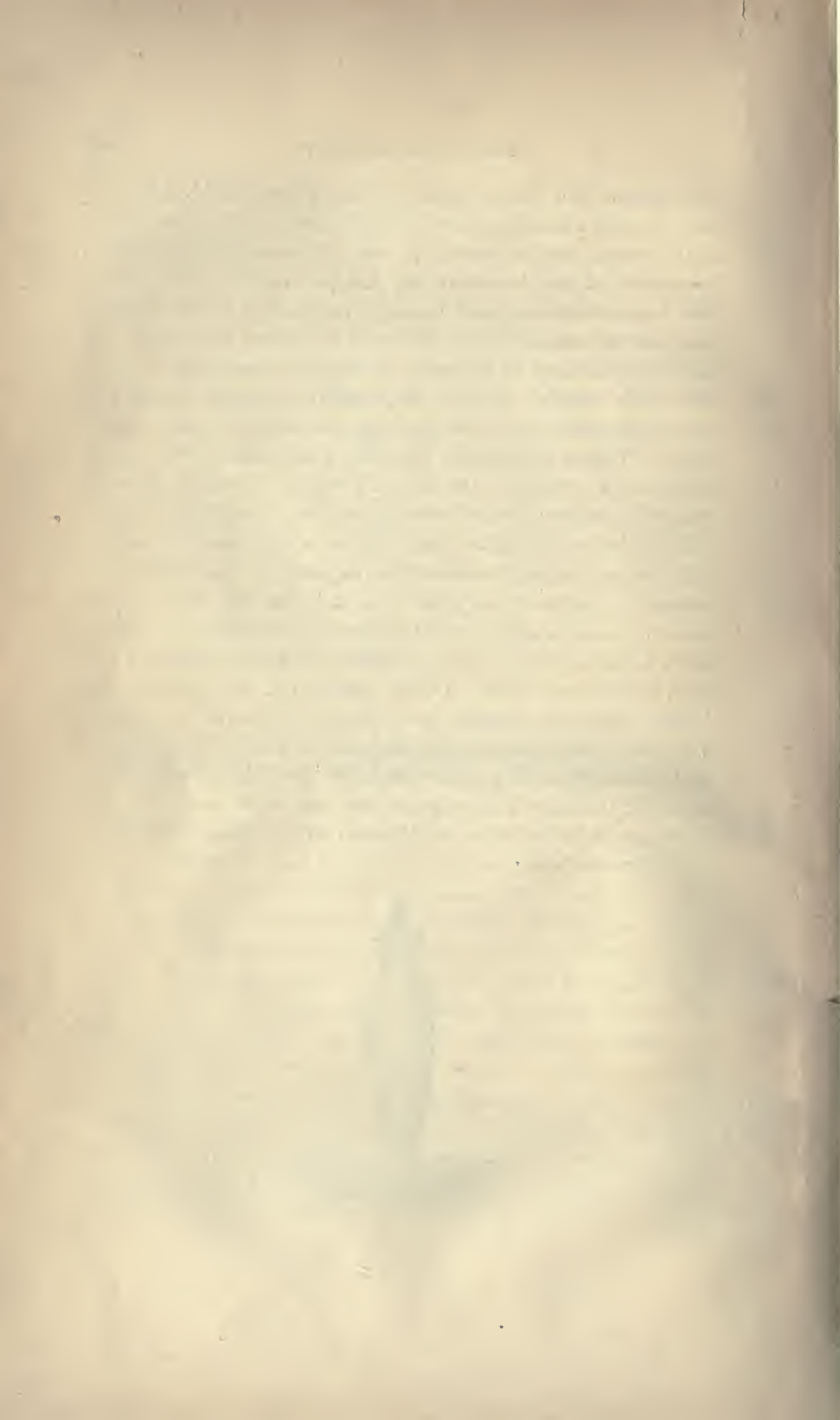
The next day, Anselmo went to his friend's house in the country, telling Camilla that, during his absence, Lothario would come to take care of his house and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. Camilla, as a discreet and virtuous woman should be, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him how improper it was that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and if he did it as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see by experience that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. Anselmo replied it was his pleasure it should be as he had said, and that she had

nothing to do but to acquiesce and be obedient. Camilla said she would, though much against her inclination.

Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was received by Camilla with a kind and modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with Lothario, being constantly attended by her men and maid servants, especially by her own maid, called Leonella, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and whom, upon her marriage with Anselmo, she had brought with her. Lothario said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner; for so Camilla had directed. Leonella even had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side; but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours and that opportunity to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders. On the contrary, she often left her alone with her guest, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled Lothario's tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing Lothario's tongue, redounded to the greater prejudice of them both; for, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion, and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty of which Camilla was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved; and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regard he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he thought of withdrawing from the city and going where Anselmo should never see him, nor he Camilla, more; but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing

at Camilla. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad Christian. He reasoned on and made comparisons between his own conduct and that of Anselmo, and concluded that Anselmo's folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity; and that, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before God as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned Lothario's integrity. Without heeding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of Anselmo's absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggles with his desires, he began to solicit Camilla with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that Camilla was astonished, and could only rise from her seat and retire to her chamber without saying a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, Lothario's hope was not withered; for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pursuit of Camilla; who, having discovered in Lothario what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe nor right to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, to send that very night one of her servants to Anselmo with a letter, conceived in the following terms:







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